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MARCH 4, 1944
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I HATE ACTORS

A NEW
HOLLYWOOD
MURDER SERIAL

By **BEN
HECHT**

THE MYSTERIOUS GERALD SMITH

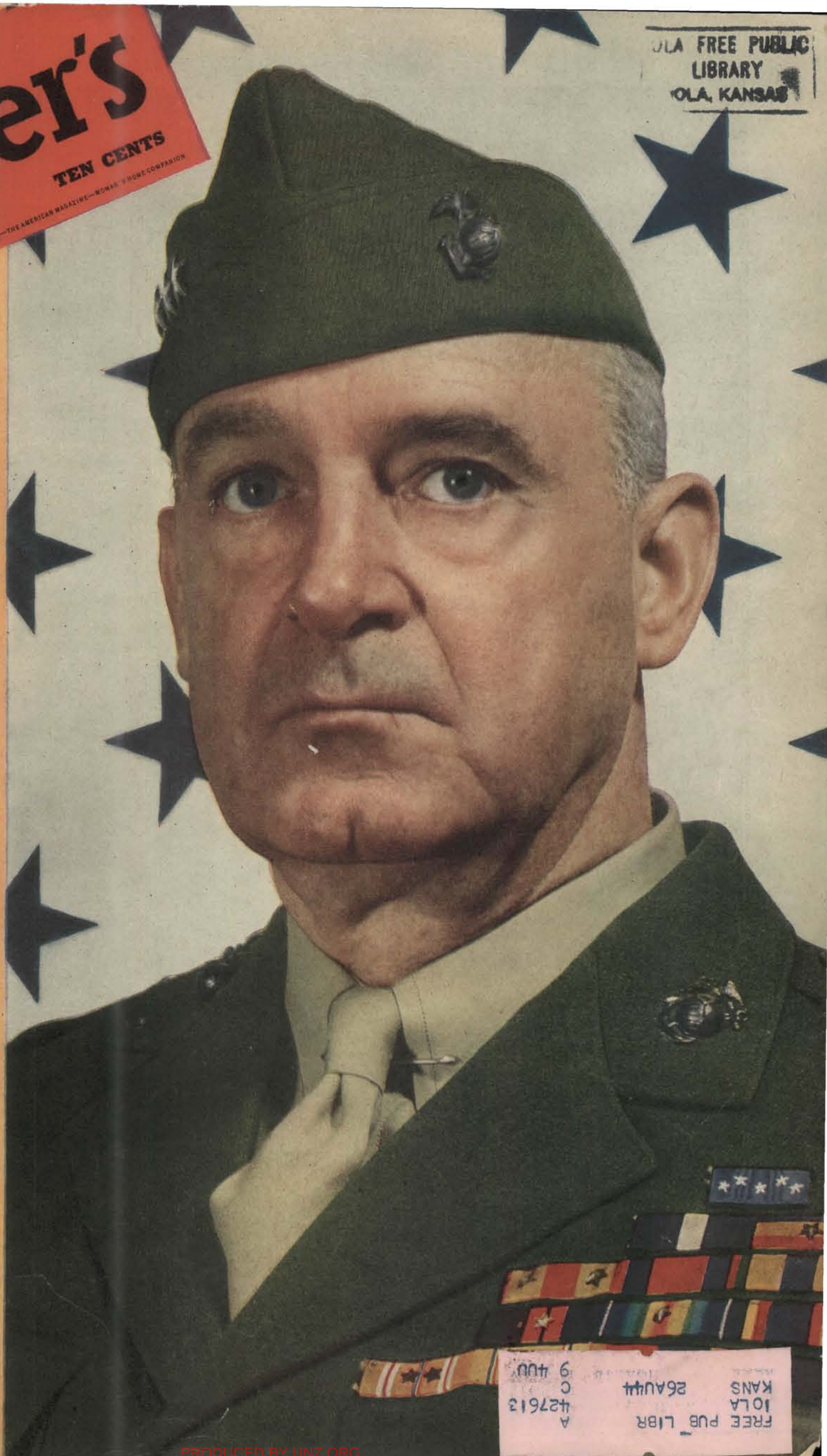
DETROIT'S
RABBLE ROUSER

By **WALTER
DAVENPORT**

LIEUTENANT GENERAL
ALEXANDER A. VANDEGRIFT
Commandant, U. S. Marine Corps

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB LEAVITT

March, 4, '44



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T H E A R I S T O C R A T O F B O N D S



Fully as unusual as its distinctive flavor and absolute uniformity, is the fact that Kentucky Tavern has been the proud possession of the same family for 73 years.

Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

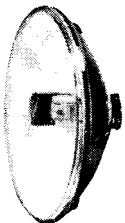
T H E R E ' S O N L Y O N E B E T T E R B U Y I N B O N D S . . . W A R B O N D S !

Night Patrol

"**W**E were flying routine night patrol," said the bomber pilot, in relating the incident which won for him a letter of commendation from the Commanding General. "Flying at 1000 feet, we saw the sub surface. Descending to 300 feet and flying at 300 miles per hour, we switched on our landing lights; and as we passed over the sub, bracketed it with four depth charges."

In accordance with Army regulations, names are omitted in this story from COMMAND POST, McClellan Field, Calif.

This is the G-E Airplane landing lamp—generally used for safer landings, but employed by this pilot to help blast a sub. Built in the same way as your G-E Sealed Beam head-lamps, it is only one of over 200 lamps used on the average big bomber.

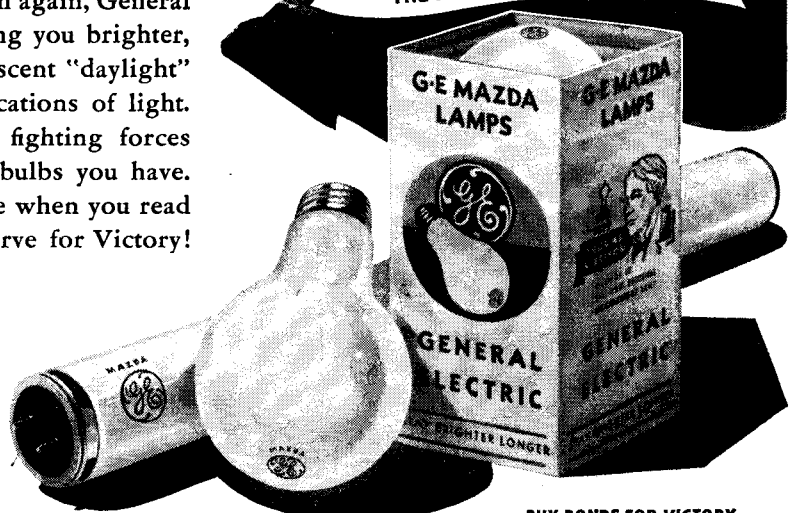


When the last patrol has flown and the lights come on again, General Electric Research will be seeking new ways to bring you brighter, happier living. Health-giving ultra-violet . . . fluorescent "daylight" for kitchen or bedroom . . . and other new applications of light. Right now so many G-E lamps are serving our fighting forces that it is important to make the most of the lamp bulbs you have. Keep your G-E Mazda lamps clean, keep them close when you read or work, and turn them off when not in use. Conserve for Victory!

G-E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra", Sunday 10 p. m. EWT, NBC; "The World Today" news, every weekday 6:45 p. m. EWT, CBS.



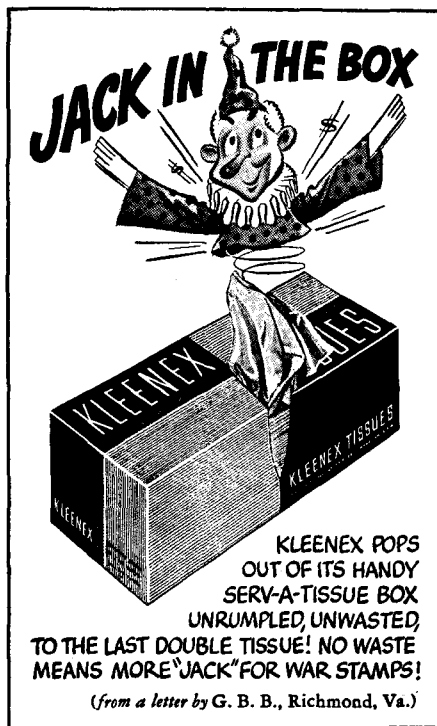
BUY BONDS FOR VICTORY

That's My Brand Pard

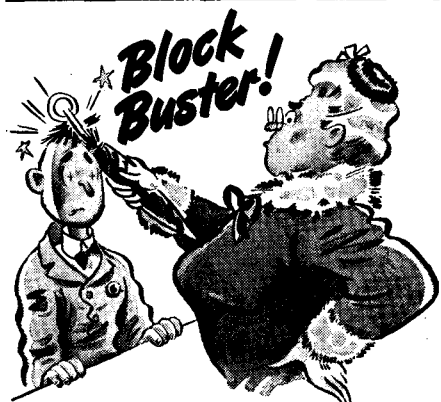


I'VE TRIED OTHER BRANDS
OF TISSUES BUT I'VE FOUND
YOU CAN'T BEAT **KLEENEX***
TISSUES FOR QUALITY...
THANKS FOR KEEPING
KLEENEX "TOPS"!

(from a letter by J. V.,
Gloucester, Mass.)



(from a letter by G. B. B., Richmond, Va.)



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not enough Kleenex to go around! We're
making our full quota every day but it
seems like everybody wants it!

Regardless of what others do, we are
determined to maintain Kleenex Quality
in every particular, consistent with
government regulations.

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Tissues bearing any other name are not Kleenex
(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Collier's

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ANY WEEK

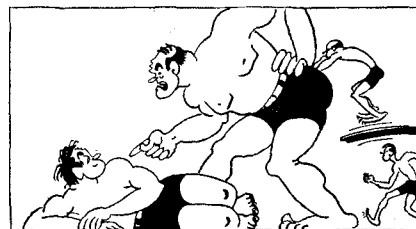


THE COVER: Lieutenant General Alexander Archer Vandegrift is the new commandant, United States Marine Corps. He succeeded General Holcomb early in December, 1943. When you say Vandegrift, the automatic reflex is "Guadalcanal!" Which is natural, since he launched and led the fight to victory there. He is 56, son of a Southern Civil War veteran. A graduate of the University of Virginia, he became a second looney in the Marine Corps in 1909. Now he commands the Corps, and wears the Navy Cross and the Congressional Medal of Honor. In 1910, he married Mildred Strode of Senator Carter Glass' Lynchburg, Virginia. They have a son, Major Alexander Archer, Jr., USMC. General Vandegrift once wrote his wife from Guadalcanal: "Remember that I am coming back, and that together you and I will live out the late autumn of our lives in Virginia, in peace and quiet..."

WE HAVE just interviewed Frank D. Morris, our correspondent with the United States Navy in the Pacific. Mr. Morris has come ashore for a brief leave. But the only interesting bit he had for us was that The Whistle Wren of Waikiki is very unhappy. Mr. Morris describes her as "comely," a word we never held with much. Anyway, every morning on her way to work, she passed a park where many soldiers were encamped; the lads were wont to

whistle at her. One day the boys were very busy as she passed. So busy that none was at the gates to see her pass and to whistle. She paused, waited and even cleared her throat noisily. But no whistles from the boys. So she went back home, swiped her small brother's Scout whistle, returned to the camp gate and began to blow. She blew six or eight mighty blasts. Nothing happened. Boys very, very busy. She blew another blast. Then a sentry appeared. "Listen, babe," said he, "lay that whistle down. One more toot and you land in our sneezer and it ain't no place for a lady."

AT PENSACOLA they're teaching Merchant Marine men to swim—an enterprise which we'd say is strictly laudable. They've found out that you never can tell. We've just heard from one of the students about it. He says that at least one of their swimming instructors is a fellow who tolerates no fooling. In the class in front of him were newly inducted sailors and old tars of two years' service, but they were all one to this instructor. One morning, he gave the lads a terrific going-over. He was outraged, therefore, to notice that one of his class was sound asleep. He woke him up, scornfully telling the others that he was a fellow who doubtless would drown sooner or later. "You," he cried, pointing his finger at the slowly waking lad. "What will you do if your ship's torpedoed—a tanker? It's going down. The sea is ablaze with oil. You're in the water. Now what



would you do?" The fellow yawned. "Me? Oh, I'd sorta swim under water as long as I could. Then I'd just swim around, float some and maybe hang on to some wreckage for a few hours until maybe somebody'd pick me up. Only thing to do. It's happened to me twice, sir. Wanna hear about it?" ... W. D.

THIS WEEK

MARCH 4, 1944

SHORT STORIES

ISABEL SCOTT RORICK

Bad Dream. Mr. Cugat disco how unwise it is to recount a dream—especially to one's wife. Page

EDWIN LANHAM

The Prize. It's not getting the ribbon, but the knowing you could have won it, that counts. Page

GEORGE HARMON COXE

Partners in Blue. She didn't care much about the job as about the she released for active duty. Page

THE SHORT SHORT STORY

Comeback, by David Vern. Page

SERIAL STORY

BEN HECHT

I Hate Actors. The first of four parts. Page

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WALTER DAVENPORT

The Mysterious Gerald Smith. A following running into mill Rev. Smith constitutes a serious political factor in the fall election. Page

ROBERT DE VORE

Skyway Markers for You. Before family plane becomes a reality must have a safe system of air route. Page

RUTH CARSON

Black Market. No longer naughty (and still nice), black lingerie is vogue. Page

MARTHA GELLHORN

Children Are Soldiers, Too. In a land a whole generation has grown up which knows no life other than that of the war. Page

HENRY F. PRINGLE

Your Change, Madam! Only a remarkable feat of production brought out the new ration tokens on schedule. Page

MYRON S. JONES

Rabbit Out of a Hat. Second Oscar is the only animal to have made a tour of the Pacific battle zone. Page

BERNT BALCHEN and COREY FORD

War Below Zero. Conclusion. comes to the Western Hemisphere in earnest as our Air Forces battle the Nazis out of Greenland. Page

ALBERTA PIERSON HANNUM

Little No-Shirt. Beatien Yazz, a vaho boy of Arizona is, at thirty, an accomplished artist. Page

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"Father Knows Best"

\$200,000,000 for the Red Cross. Page

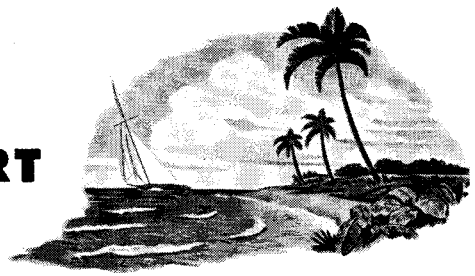
COVER

ROBERT LEA

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YOUR BATHROOM is flooded with luxurious extra heat... Your little skipper sails his ships — has his bath — in summertime comfort all the year around.

THE NEED for extra heat in bathrooms knows no season. At some time, almost every day, there's a chilly edge to be tempered — especially in the morning, when the furnace fire is low. Arvin provides those extra degrees of heat at the touch of a switch. A gracious comfort and protection that mother appreciates for baby's bath — and her own as well. Dad enjoys it, too — for his early morning shower and shave. But the bathroom is not the only realm for an Arvin. It puts the chills to flight in any cold corner of the home — and in small offices, too.

► Thousands have come to know the joy of owning an Arvin Electric Circulating Heater — and thousands more are waiting for the time when these heaters are made again. Now, they are at war — in the form of fighting radios for airplanes and other equipment built by Noblitt-Sparks. But when our war-work is done, there'll be an Arvin for every home. If you have one, write for folder "Care of Your Electric Heater."

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Awarded to the men and women of four of our Columbus plants

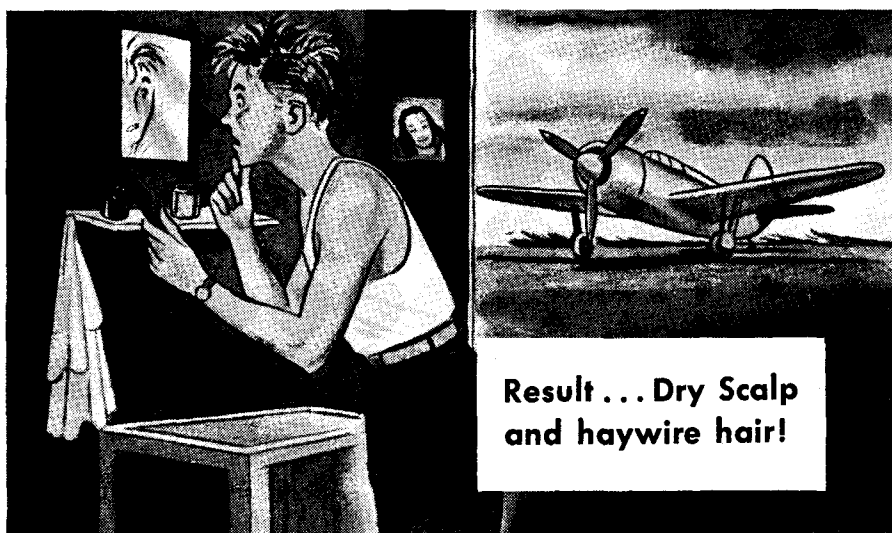
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they're in sun, wind
and dust all day...



Result... Dry Scalp
and haywire hair!

but...5 drops a day keeps DRY SCALP away

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WITH SERVICE MEN IN AMERICA!



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By checking Dry Scalp, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic keeps your hair healthy-looking, well-groomed. That's true whether you're a war worker, business man, or in the armed services, where hair takes the toughest beating of all. Just shake a few drops on your comb daily and run it through your hair—or apply it directly to your scalp. Then before each shampoo massage with *plenty* of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Get a bottle today and see what it will do for your own hair.

BUY AN EXTRA WAR BOND TODAY!



Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

40¢
and
70¢



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

In Japan, 1944 is the Year of the Monkey, during which those born under the sign of this animal are supposed to undertake many "crazy" journeys with great expectations but meet only with bitter disappointment.

An analysis of 79,390 words used in 1,900 telephone conversations has confirmed the belief that Americans no longer make a distinction between the auxiliary verbs, *will* and *shall*, in spoken English. The summary shows that *will* was employed 1,305 times in 402 conversations and *shall* only six times in six conversations.

The only woman to be awarded America's Medal of Honor was Doctor Mary E. Walker, who received it in 1866 for her work as a Federal Army surgeon on the battlefields of the Civil War. But in 1917, two years before her death, the decoration was revoked by the Board of Medal Awards because the War Department records did not contain the specific reason for its presentation.

Of 142 declarations of war by 43 countries since September, 1939, Russia has made none; Japan only two—against the "British Empire" and the United States; Germany four—against Russia, Greece, Yugoslavia and the United States; the United States six—against Germany, Italy, Japan, Bulgaria, Hungary and Rumania; and Great Britain seven—against Germany, Italy, Japan, Bulgaria, Hungary, Rumania and Finland.

The largest aerial bomb in use today is England's new "supercooky," which weighs four tons. As this monster explodes on contact instead of several seconds after penetrating the ground, its lateral force is not impeded and, consequently, it blasts to bits virtually everything within an area of 50,000 square yards.

Broker's Tip was the only horse in American turf history whose first and last winning race was the Kentucky Derby, which he won in 1933.

Since 1823, members of 18 different U. S. Congresses have introduced 26 joint resolutions proposing a Constitutional amendment to limit the Presidency to one or two terms. But only two of these resolutions, made in 1824 and 1825, ever reached a vote on the floor of either house and they, although passed by the Senate, died in committee in the House of Representatives.

For every 100 daily newspapers in this country that now list radio programs free of charge, 48 publish them only as paid advertisements.—By Constance Elliot, Burlington, N. J.

The two men who write the 60-odd types of income tax forms for the Bureau of Internal Revenue did their greatest job of "compressing" in the preparation of the Instructions for filling in the 1040 and 1040A blanks for 1944. Into these five pages, the writers had to compress a law that, with its regulations, consists of more than 650 book-sized pages.—By Larston D. Farrar, Washington, D. C.

The people of Australia and New Zealand, whose total number is only three quarters that of the population of the metropolitan area of New York City, lent the U. S. troops stationed among them \$247,000,000 worth of food and other supplies in 1943.

Carbon dioxide, bottled in liquid form obtained by compressing it to 1/450th of its normal volume, returns to its gaseous state with such speed and force, when uncorked, that Army and Navy airmen use it for many purposes, one being to open jammed bomb doors in emergencies. Two pounds of this liquid produce sufficient energy to raise 25 tons one foot in the air.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.

ADVANCING TOWARD



... THE BENDIX "INVISIBLE CREW"

HAVEN'T you ever wondered why, in this automatic age, women should have to strain at a brake pedal... or grope for the starter on the car floor... or tug and struggle at the steering wheel, in parking?

There will be no excuse for that, tomorrow. You can stop your car surely, effortlessly, with sensationally improved and war-tested hydraulic or vacuum power braking... product of the same unmatched experience that has made Bendix* four-wheel brakes, with Eclipse* Brake Linings, the standard of the industry. You can, right now, have Startix*... the ultimate development of the Bendix* Drive... which starts your engine at the turn of your ignition key, and automatically restarts it in any traffic stall. Your wife can have Bendix* Hydraulic Power Steering, to swing the wheels of her parked car at the touch of a finger. And you can both enjoy vastly smoother power transmission, with Bendix-Weiss* constant velocity joints... livelier engine response, with

Stromberg* or Zenith* carburetors... and the ease of vacuum gear shifting.

Other Invisible Crewmen will come out of the skies... out of the planes which Bendix* electric and hydraulic controls have made so impressively safe and automatic. And your War Bonds... that now help send "The Invisible Crew" to every front... can be your means of buying the dream-car of tomorrow!



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Look, lady!

**This set of Sealed Power
Piston Rings installed in your
car is like extra gas coupons**

"GASOLINE is vaporized and exploded in your engine to move your car. Worn piston rings allow the force of the millions of explosions to blow past the pistons wasting gas and oil—causing engine wear—giving sluggish, peopless performance. You can get more mileage out of every rationed gallon of gas, save oil and save engine wear by installing Sealed Power piston rings."

Sealed Power piston rings are best for these reasons:

1. 30 years' experience manufacturing rings used as original equipment by most American makes of

cars. 2. Finest laboratories, plants, precision machinery and skilled craftsmen in the industry. 3. Packaged sets—each set individually engineered for a particular make and model of engine.

Women are learning to watch for smoky exhaust, peopless performance, or high oil consumption—signs of worn piston rings. And they are learning that Sealed Power piston rings cost no more than ordinary rings. Ask your mechanic. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan and Windsor, Ont. *Pistons, Cylinder Sleeves, Valves, Water Pumps and Chassis Parts.*

**SEALED POWER
PISTON RINGS**

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BEST IN NEW CARS! BEST IN OLD CARS!



This German Ju.-88, surrendered in the Mediterranean by the enemy, was flown by Air Forces pilots more than 12,000 miles to the U. S.

THE ground crew at a base in the Mediterranean area had completed the work of readying a German Ju.-88 bomber for an unusual, long-distance mission. Two pilots took over, and the plane was on its way. Charts and instructions called for an Atlantic crossing to a certain point in the United States.

Ultimately a civilian spotter on American soil excitedly reported the passing of a German plane. Then came a similar report from another member of the aircraft-warning system. Others checked in with the same startling tidings—enemy plane overhead—and three of them actually recognized it as a German Ju.-88.

You hadn't heard about it? Here's why: The German plane never did toss any bombs over the United States, and now the War Department has come through with an explanation.

The official story discloses that last September a 28-year-old Nazi pilot, tired of war, walked out to the flight line of an airport in the Balkans, picked himself one of the newest and best of the planes ready to go—the Junkers—and climbed away.

Later, lost and beset by bad weather, he picked an island, set the Ju. down on an airfield which turned out to be in Allied hands and surrendered.

The Army decided to send the plane to Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, for study by the experts. So two AAF pilots hopped the Atlantic after the plane's range had been stretched by extra tanks. They weren't shot at because American defenses were advised in advance, and United States markings had replaced the Nazi Swastika. They say it's a good airplane.

WHEN a B-17 completes a required number of missions over Germany, it comes back to its field in England and fires green flares in celebration, prior to landing. This usually also means that the crew can start back across the Atlantic soon for the valuable assignment of telling the trainees over here how it's done. It was one of those green-flare days for Captain Jack Farrar of Mattoon, Illinois, and the Yardbird's crew. So as he came back, he buzzed the field at control-tower height, not once, but twice, pulling up like a fighter at each run across the airdrome. Then he set her down hard and fast, and when the Yardbird rolled to a stop, both wings dropped down until the tips touched the ground. A cannon shell had cut the main spar, but in such a manner that as long as there was stress on the wing from below, it held.

Your reporter can sweat more sympathetically with the astounded crew than most people, because long, long ago something akin to that happened to him. With Lieutenant St. Clair Streett, now major general commanding the Second Air Force, he had flown out to California in an Army DH-4B to survey the possibilities of future air passenger service across the continent. On the way home by the southern route, at Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas, a mechanic set fire to the plane while cleaning the engine with gasoline and a metal brush, and the ship was destroyed. So they gave us a new one, one stressed and beefed for stunting, as that was part of the advanced training at Kelly Field.

We romped all the way home, diving at trains, chasing cattle, taking off in chandeliers and doing as we pleased, for there were no regulations then, and we knew the ship could stand that unusual treatment. Back at Bolling Field, the chief inspector made a thorough examination of the plane and then hung a red tag on the propeller hub marked "Condemned and Unsafe to Fly."

MANY an airman returning from combat would like to give the negative side of his experiences with the enemy, but good reporters are interested in his positive accomplishments and naturally feature them. So it remains for a good reporter to report on himself a seldom-told tale of how he didn't get his man. Captain John C. A. Watkins, former aviation editor of the Baltimore Sun, and back home with a medal and four enemy fighters to his credit, reports on his first time out against the Nazis:

"I was flying straight and level. Suddenly in front of me appeared a Messerschmitt 109. The enemy pilot climbed straight up into a stall and hung there, almost close enough for me to touch him. I just sat there and I remember repeating to myself, 'You damned fool, you damned fool!' But I didn't press the button. I don't know why. Surprised, I guess."

UNTIL we can get around to talking again about this "best airplane" controversy, we think the observation of Colonel Robert Scott, author of *God Is My Copilot* and a legendary fighter pilot of the China war, should hold you: "A second-rate plane at the front is worth a million of the hottest ships in the world on the production line at home."

F. R. N.

"CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN..."

They kept one gun going . . .

And it swept the dunes like a breeze from hell . . . and the sound of bullets ricocheting was the sound of sandpipers crying along all the dreary beaches of the world.

I don't remember very well . . .

The air stank of cordite and the earth quaked under the roar of our bombs and the surf-beat of our shells. And we figured they'd either come out of their box or the walls would fall. Our orders were to take it . . . God knows how . . . and we had to take it, even if we died, because if we didn't we were done for, anyhow.

I don't remember very well . . .

Except, somebody faked and drew their fire and I went in and put both grenades through the slit, but the one in my left hand I held a little too long . . .

I don't remember very well.

Somehow, I never thought it would end this way. I never thought I'd go home like this. But whatever comes next, I'll take in my stride because in my home town, in my home state, in *my* America, you can't keep a good man down!

I'll get along . . .

Because my America was built by men who kept working and fighting and moving on when they looked licked and their time was up and they were done . . .

And all I ask is the chance *they* had, the chance of an individual fighting man when the chips are down . . . and the opportunity to go ahead in a land where nothing and nobody cuts great men down . . . where no false power builds little men up . . . where *every* man is free to make the most of himself and his ability . . . where every man and woman and child is a free *individual* . . .

free to live their lives as they want them, in liberty, and equality.

That's the America I fought for.

That's the America I'll be looking for when I come back.

.

Here at Nash-Kelvinator we're building Pratt & Whitney engines for the Navy's Corsairs and Grumman Hellcats . . . Hamilton Standard propellers for United Nations bombers . . . governors, binoculars, parts for ships, jeeps, tanks and trucks . . . readying production lines for Sikorsky helicopters. All of us devoted to winning this war . . . to speeding the Peace when our men will come back to their jobs and homes and even better futures than they had before . . . to the day when together we'll build an even finer Kelvinator, an even greater Nash!



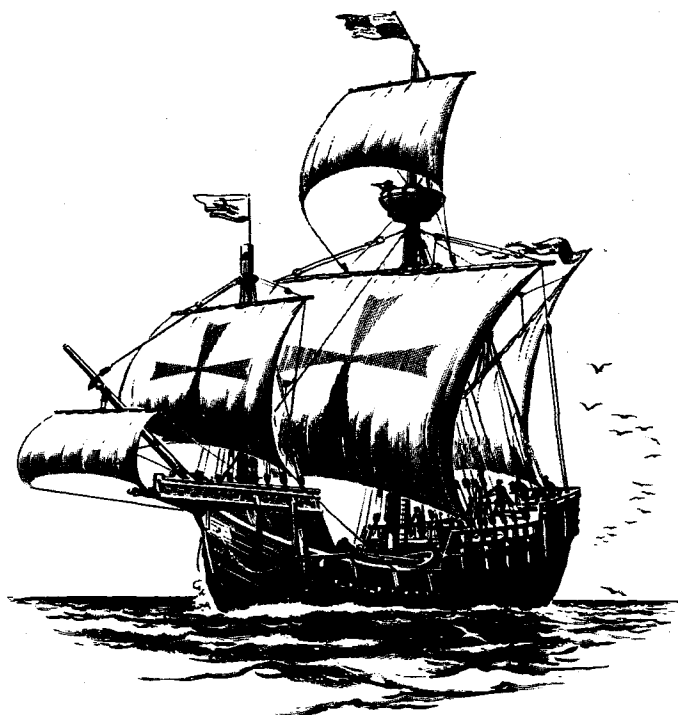
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Let's All Back the Attack
Buy Extra War Bonds



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AUTOMOBILES
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REFRIGERATORS • ELECTRIC RANGES



THERE ARE STILL UNDISCOVERED CONTINENTS

COLUMBUS had a definite goal—a west-bound sea route to Asia. But what he found was a new continent—a new source of Nature's wealth.

Modern research also has its goals: it, too, discovers new resources. Starting from the knowns of science, it charts its voyages into the unknown. Behind each voyage is a theory that there is a passageway.

But research doesn't hold stubbornly to its theories. If it finds islands instead of a continent, it accepts them, for it

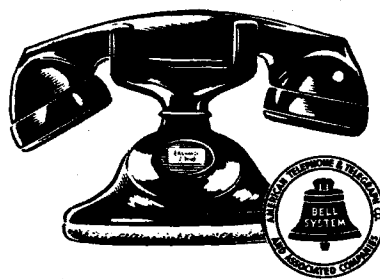
expects the unexpected. It studies their relation to the known lands of science. And on the basis of its increased knowledge, it makes revised plans for progress. In science there is always a continent ahead.

Just what research will disclose can never be forecast. But history has proved that from research flow discoveries of value to mankind. From Bell Telephone Laboratories there has poured a full stream of improvements in the telephone art.

Bell Laboratories has kept America leading the world in telephony. And its researches have contributed importantly to other arts of communication—to the phonograph and sound-motion pictures, to radio broadcasting and television.

Today, as ever since Pearl Harbor, its efforts in research and design are devoted to the war needs of the nation.

When peace comes, its organized teams of research scientists and engineers will continue to explore and invent and perfect for the improvement of telephony.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING


I HATE
 by Ben Hecht

Mr. Albert squeezed Orlando's face for several minutes. "It's a h'Oriental science," he whispered, "that I'm willing to teach anyone, for a small sum"

Beginning a brilliant new novel by the author of *Concerning a Woman of Sin*—a story of sudden death in the land of make-believe

IN HOLLYWOOD, anybody is liable to have a breakdown. I've known movie producers who haven't had a thought in their heads for ten years, who have suddenly collapsed as if they were overworked geniuses. Among actors, the breakdown rate is possibly the highest, and certainly the most mystifying.

Actors who live in rajas' palaces and earn three thousand dollars a week doing

little more than making faces and wearing a false mustache, and who spend most of their time listening to how breath-taking and brilliant they are, will suddenly become victims of a most vicious sort of frustration and take to shaking like leaves.

The same goes for actresses. Fame, fortune, a fine husband and the love of several other good men, plus the veneration of our Armed Forces overseas, are too much for them. Down they go, unable to face any longer the miseries of their lot.

The truth is that movie-making, though offering a small tax on the mind, is, of all human endeavors, the most dangerous to the nervous system. If you set fifty thousand people to blowing soap bubbles, day in and day out (and the whole world criticizing them relentlessly for making them

too big or too lopsided or with corners on them) you would get similar medical results.

Not that the movies are soap bubbles, but there is something about the way they are made and the way they disappear that gives you in Hollywood the feeling that you are mysteriously wasting your time—and not using your real talents. The secret of this hallucination is that in cinemaland, egos grow like mushrooms and get so big that nothing (not fame and fortune and the love of the world's shapeliest women) is enough to satisfy them.

Whenever I arrive in Hollywood to write a movie for one of the studios, I always expect to find half my friends lying incommunicado in darkened rooms—all but Orlando Higgins. In the twenty years

that Orlando has been my agent in the movie capital, he has not only never broken down, but has grown healthier and happier in that bedeviled town. He is the only man I ever knew who honestly loved hysteria and disaster. When I was reading once about fish, I ran into an Orlando Higgins with gills. It seems there is a certain kind of fish that can swim only in muddied waters. In nice, clear water, this fish mopes and expires. But if the water is muddied so that it sticks in your eye and looks ominous and uninhabitable, then this fish darts about blissfully and lives forever; which is Orlando to the life.

Bill, who is Orlando's liveried chauffeur, met me at the Los Angeles station this time, however, with tidings that would have startled me, had I believed them. The

boss, he told me, was having a nervous breakdown and had been removed to a cabin in the hills. He was lying there, said Bill, attended by two nurses, and nobody was allowed to speak to him or send him telegrams.

Bill used to be a rumrunner and is as evil a looking character as you could find in a gangster movie—a swarthy, bulbous fellow with a contempt for his betters. He was once involved in a plot to kidnap Orlando and hold him for ransom, but the plot fell through because Bill didn't have the heart to bash his boss unconscious at the crucial moment.

On learning the whole story, Orlando rewarded Bill with a silver-fitted traveling bag and said, "You can't beat that for loyalty—in Hollywood."

Getting into the Higgins limousine, I said to Bill, "It must be some gag, this breakdown."

At which he shook his head and cackled, "No, sir. He's a hundred per cent cuckoo. I saw him yesterday for a minute. He was red in the face and hollering."

"Sounds normal," I said.

"Not this hollering," Bill sneered. "He was complaining about an ice pick havin' been run through his head."

Nevertheless I doubted the news. I couldn't imagine my old friend Orlando engaged in anything as undeviant as a breakdown. There was obviously something remarkable afoot, and as I rode up Wilshire Boulevard, I pondered the matter. No prescience of the cockeyed and horrendous events that were to befall during my visit came to me. I am a psychologist, not an astrologer. As a psychologist, I knew there was something special and fascinating about Orlando's breakdown—and I grinned. An astrologer would have shuddered.

The firm of Orlando Higgins, Inc., occupies a gabled blue and white plaster building that looks like a cross between a love nest and an illustration out of Mother Goose. It stands coyly in a grove of eucalyptus trees a hundred feet off the boulevard. Yet out of this naive little building, three million dollars' worth of genius of all kinds is peddled to the movie industry every year. Of this sum, Orlando collects ten per cent from his clients who, despite their genius, apparently haven't wits enough to get jobs by themselves.

MISS FLANNIGAN, who is Orlando's head secretary and mental bodyguard, corroborated Bill's story. The boss was going to be removed tomorrow to a distant spot in Mexico and held there incommunicado until his nerves healed.

"What," I asked, "brought this thing on?"

"Oh, things in general," Miss Flannigan sighed. "Maybe that horrible Bison helped."

"What Bison is that?" I asked.

"The actor," said Miss Flannigan coldly.

"I never heard of him," I said.

"He's an old-timer," said Flannigan. "He's making a comeback—or thinks he is. Poor Mr. Higgins went crazy on account of him. That's my theory."

This was an absurd idea—an actor driving Orlando potty! If there ever was a duck's back for the pelting tears of Thespis, it was Orlando's.

"Well," Flannigan answered me moodily, "there were some other things too, I guess. It all just got too much for poor Mr. Higgins. You know," she added a little eagerly, "he broke all the windows in his office last Friday. It was a much worse breakdown than Mr. Montague had last autumn." Mr. Montague was a former partner of Orlando, who had bolted the firm and tried to set up a rival agency.

Orlando's collapse disturbed me. I had a six months' stretch to do at the Empire Studios, and the vision came to me of myself being carted off to the hills with

the fantods. If Orlando had fallen, no man was safe.

Miss Flannigan instructed me briefly in some gossip she thought I should know—a few impending divorces, some recent seductions, and two instances of bigamy—and then gave me a number of telephone messages. Among them was a request for my attendance at a party being given this night by Dennis Wilde.

THE first fifty or a hundred Hollywood parties I attended startled me, one way or another, and were a great strain. But I no longer react. Rooms filled with schizophrénics, world-famous beauties and genius at grips with alcohol have lost their wonder for me. Even the presence of Movie Royalty—the satraps who run the studios (usually from a box at the race track)—fails to stimulate me.

Ordinarily, I would never have gone to a Dennis Wilde shindig, for Dennis, despite his youth, is an old-fashioned sort of Hollywood host who is liable to stage archery contests in the parlor, or start throwing the more elderly guests into the pool. But I went, nevertheless, because it is hard going to bed early the first few nights you are in Hollywood. At the first whiff of palm trees, studio conferences and famous faces, a desire to slide down banisters lays hold of you.

The movie idol was entertaining in his Kubla Khan bungalow, and I trailed in around midnight. The place was asurge with celebrities, and the party had already divided itself into little inglenook kingdoms, over each of which one of the mightier guests presided.

You have to make up your mind quickly at these parties whether you will enroll as courtier in one of these kingdoms or prowl around on your own like a belled leper. On this night, I could find no kingdoms to my liking, not even the realm over which the lovely Elvina Bliss held sway. Elvina's publicity stills, featuring her pneumatic charms, were tacked up in a thousand barracks all over the world. Her secondary sex characteristics, recklessly photographed, had done much for the morale of our far-flung battle lines. Yet though this glorious creature cried "Darling" at me as I passed, she halted me not.

I was full of that high-class yearning for solitude which often overtakes guests at a Hollywood party (but never prevents them from attending the revelry they disdain) and I made my lonely way toward a deserted room. Here on a chair, slumped down, with his long legs thrust out like a pair of stilts, a highball glass in his hand and a snarl on his boyish face, sat Orlando Higgins. I sat down next to him.

"I thought you were dying," I said.

"You damn' right I am," Orlando screwed up his face. "I can't even see straight. My head—it's full of ice picks."

"So I heard," I said. "What are you doing here?"

"It's a party in my honor," Orlando glared at guests in the other room. "I'm going to Mexico tomorrow to try and shake this headache, if I don't drop dead first." He regarded the merrymakers in silence. "Actors!" he muttered. "I hate actors!"

An orchestra had started playing, and the guests were lining the walls.

"Entertainment!" Orlando snarled. "That's treachery. I told that fathead Dennis just to have a few close friends in to say goodbye. And this is what he does. Two hundred drunks. And every enemy I got in the world. And now this junk!"

A curious-looking, dark-haired girl in an embarrassing lack of clothes was executing a sort of Hindu dance in the room.

Orlando closed his eyes. "Tell me when it's over," he said.

I watched the performer who obviously couldn't dance for sour apples, but there was an absorbed and secretive air about her that held the eye. I wondered why

anybody so proud and rather virginal-looking should hop about in such an absence of attire.

The dance was on the religious side. As far as I could make out, our entertainer was taking part in some processional. She leaped up and down a great deal and was too preoccupied to notice the audience. Considering that there is one of everything in Hollywood, I decided that she was an Egyptian priestess on the loose, and turned to Orlando.

"How's Elvina getting along with Wilde?" I asked.

"Who cares?" Orlando retorted. "They were going to get married last week. But Wilde was off with some tootsie and forgot the appointment."

I inquired if Elvina was sore about this.

"She's got no right to be sore," Orlando sneered. "She forgot, too. She spent the week end with a fiddle player, on some mountain. Isn't that dopey dance over yet?"

"Just finishing," I said.

Orlando opened his eyes and muttered, "Holy Ike!"

I was a little startled myself. A short man with a lavender turban on his head had taken the dancer's place in the center of the room. This newcomer, without warning, had stuck his tongue out and was pushing a ten-inch steel skewer through it. I had read about people who could control their circulation and pierce themselves without discomfort, but I had never seen one of these talented gentry in action. Observed at close range, the thing seemed a foolish and stomach-turning achievement.

Our yogi, having impaled his tongue, started sticking a second skewer through his right cheek. I watched the point emerge out of the left cheek and then sat bug-eyed as a third skewer passed through the man's face from left to right.

Encouraged by the gasps and plaudits around him, our performer clapped his hands and the Egyptian priestess, still as devoid of plumage as an eel, came forward, bearing more skewers. These the man thrust through his hands slowly and with the most self-satisfied smirk I have ever seen, even in Hollywood. No drop of blood had been shed during all these operations. More cheers sounded.

"That's a fake," Orlando muttered. "Those are fake skewers. They fold up or something."

At this point the human pincushion walked toward us, followed by his scantily clad associate. He addressed Orlando in a mumble.

"What's he talking about?" Orlando demanded nervously.

The Egyptian priestess spoke in a tinkling voice. "He says that, if you wish, you may have the honor of pulling them out."

"Let him pull them out himself," Orlando answered petulantly. "He stuck 'em in."

He watched the fellow unskewer himself.

"What are you, a Hindu?" Orlando chirped.

"Not at all," the turban answered in a Cockney accent. "I go by the name of Mr. Albert." He looked fondly at the girl. "May I present my daughter, Caroma."

Orlando shivered and closed his eyes. "You 'ave a 'eadache," Mr. Albert said brightly.

"Ice picks," Orlando muttered.

"Very good," Mr. Albert placed a pair of nasty-looking, puffy hands over Orlando's face. "Allow me. I take them away in a moment. By osmosis."

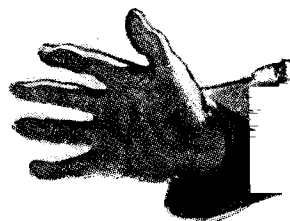
HE STOOD squeezing Orlando's face for several minutes, and the certainty came to me that our magus had been a barber, a Cockney barber.

"It's a h' Oriental science," he whispered, "that I'm willing to teach anyone 'oo is curious, for a small sum." He removed his hands and asked in a solemn tone, "Is the pain gone, Mr. 'Iggens?"

Orlando felt his head gingerly. "Well, I'll be damned!" he said. "It's clear as a bell. No pain whatsoever."

The dozen guests who had been watching the treatment chuckled politely and drifted off, amused by the "fraud." I

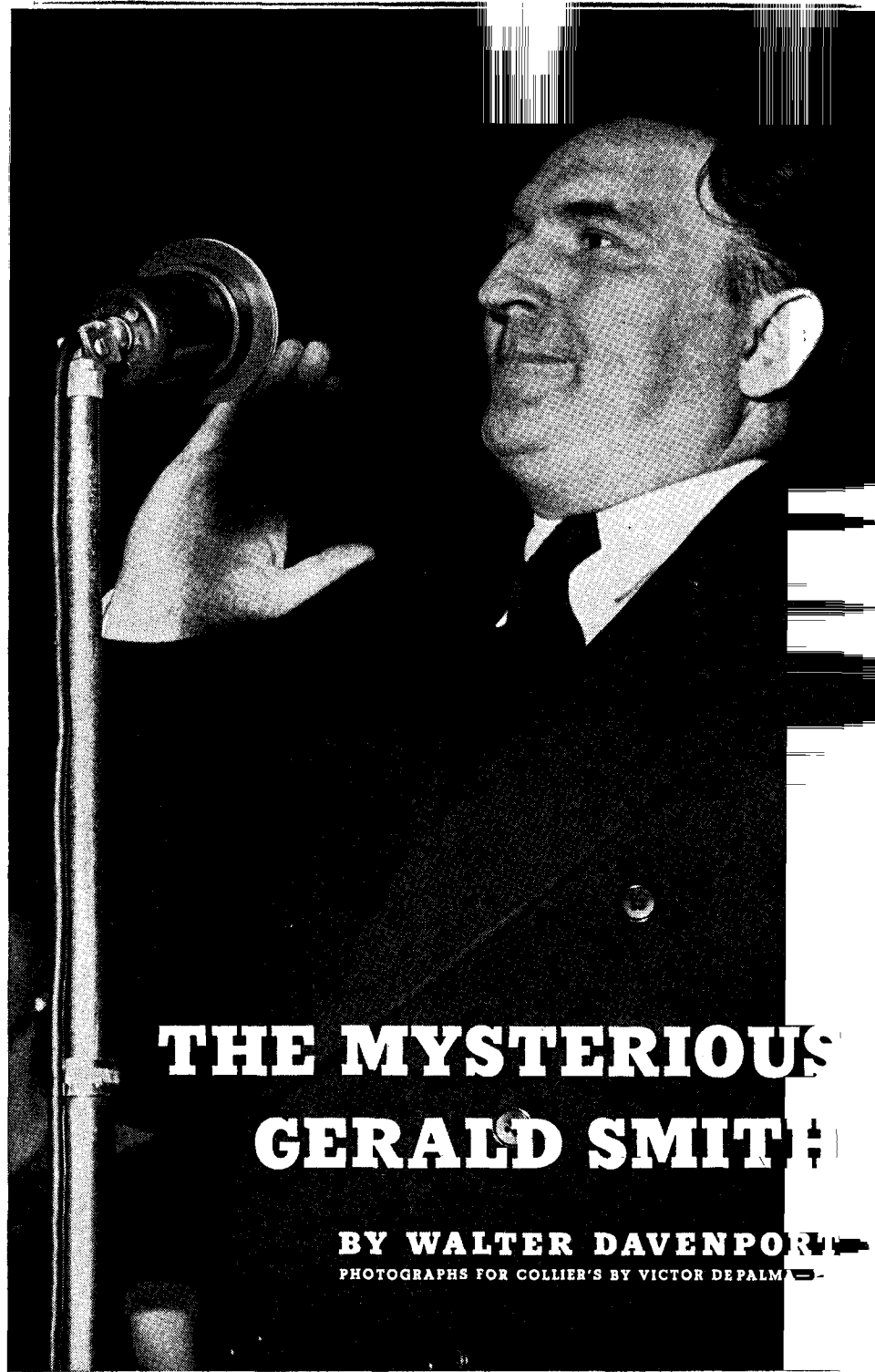
(Continued on page 30)



Elvina Bliss provided her quota of incidents. She slapped Dennis Wilde's face in the middle of a love scene and attacked Potnik with a sword snatched from one of the extras and cut his hand badly







At a recent meeting at the Book-Cadillac Hotel in Detroit, the reverend's followers sit spellbound. No admission was charged, but a collection was accepted

The Reverend Smith is very much of an enigma. By his own assertion he's an isolationist, a rabble rouser and a bad, bad man. Yet the F.B.I., G2 and the Income Tax boys have put their okay on him. But to perspiring Republican Presidency seekers he represents the kiss of death

WHEN the Honorable John W. Bricker, governor of Ohio, had finished speaking in behalf of his own aspirations to the Presidency of the United States, the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith, who currently aspires to be nothing but Bad News for Republican Globalists, barged forward and solemnly shook his hand. No noticeable warmth was generated by either gentleman, Mr. Bricker being somewhat apprehensive and Mr. Smith being less than satisfied with the governor's discreetly given generalities.

Shaking hands with Mr. Smith is not one of the campaign privileges looked forward to with keen pleasure by seekers for the Republican nomination. Nor, contrariwise, is any ambitious Republican Presidency seeker any too eager to forgo the opportunity to be greeted genially by Mr. Smith. Neither they nor any of their

skills are quite sure whether the huge, handsome and ruddy Mr. Smith is the powerful and persuasive voice of two or three million home and fireside votes or just a great big quaint character. Anyway, these are not days when any Republican who yearns to be his party's nominee for Mr. Roosevelt's job may high-hat Mr. Smith and sleep soundly thereafter.

On the other hand, Mr. Smith is outspokenly frank, and his candor is buttressed by the fact that the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Internal Revenue Bureau and Army Intelligence have investigated him, his activities and his books with aggressive diligence and have gone back to Washington to report briefly what may be summed up in a single word: Nope.

Mr. Smith says that they're all perfectly dandy fellows, particularly the F.B.I. He greets them at the doors of his publication and organization offices (which occupy the entire twentieth floor of the Industrial Bank Building in Detroit) with a hearty handshake and a smile that would fetch compassionate tears to the eyes of Heinrich Himmler. He gives loud, cheery commands to his many employees that they should give these government boys every possible assistance in investigating him—and not only him but his three concerns, the America First Party, the Committee of One Million, and the Federation of Americanization of Michigan, the latter a sort of holding company.

Gerald L. K. Smith of the powerful and persuasive voice lashes out against F.D.R. and the New Deal. Below: Bulwarked by committeewomen, the reverend trumpets for mustering-out pay plus a rehabilitation bonus for veterans



The Federation of Americanization is apt to add a touch of mystery to Mr. Smith's already enigmatic setup, but actually it was created for no better reason than to satisfy those who say that, after all, there should be a charter of some sort around the place somewhere.

As we left the hall wherein Governor Bricker had taken a few tentative whacks at the welkin, Mr. Smith gave out the immediate facts. He was a little disappointed, we thought, by Mr. Bricker's obvious disinclination to come out frankly either for Globalism or Nationalism. However, at the moment, Mr. Bricker was at some pains to explain why he, eager to administer to our national ailments, was unable to do much about mowing down a crop of cheap roadhouse gambling traps in Ohio.

"You see," roared Mr. Smith, his ruddy face suffused with a smile of compassionate understanding, his vast chest rising and falling with what we'd guess was emotion, "I'm a bad, bad fellow. I'm an isolationist. I'm the organizer and leader of the America First Party. Oh, I'm a rabble rouser. Put that down—a rabble rouser. God made me a rabble rouser. God made me a rabble rouser of and for the right. Better spell that word right with a capital R. That's so I won't be confused with Franklin Roosevelt's rabble rousers of the Left. Spell left with a capital L, will you? You know—the Roosevelt rouse and retreat boys. Rouse and rule! Rouse and ruin! Me—I rouse and recover. Rouse and revive.

"Yes, sir, I'm a bad, bad man. I'm the candidate's kiss of death. Say, isn't it wonderful to hear candidates talk of fearless crusading, courageous attacks and all that and then suddenly wilt when asked to come out with guts and tell you what they stand for? Why, most of these candidates would as lief shake hands with old Beelzebub himself as with Gerald Smith. Liefer! What's old Satan got that's going to count in this campaign? Nothing but an old iron tail, a couple of hot horns and a pair of cow hoofs. Huh?

"And what's Gerald L. K. Smith got? Well, all he's got is more than three million fine patriotic Americans with sons

and brothers and husbands and other kin fighting that crazy butcher Hitler and treacherous Tojo, so's we can keep on having political campaigns and calling each other names. That's all.

"Some say I'm a liar, that I have no such following. They call me a racketeer, a Fascist, a political pitchman, a boob bumper, a Nazi. No wonder the F.B.I. boys were trying to find out whether I should be indicted for subversive activities. No wonder the Internal Revenue spent six weeks digging into my affairs. No wonder Army Intelligence was around, looking after rumors that I was trying to do something unpatriotic. Why, even Republicans—my own party—have been spreading rumors about me.

"Just a Bad, Bad Egg"

"There's a fellow named Willkie for instance. Remind me to tell you how I ruined his latest Michigan appearance before a couple of thousand Presbyterian preachers and prominent laymen. I'm just a bad, bad egg, that's what I am. I'm a mystery."

Mr. Smith was bound for the railroad station to meet the Reverend Harvey H. Springer of Denver, Colorado. Mr. Springer, the Cowboy Evangelist and pastor of a large Baptist congregation, was coming on to lend his presence and talents to a great revival rodeo, whereat he and Mr. Smith were to hold forth with song, prayer and tub-thump against permitting "Winston Churchill to name our next President and Joe Stalin to write our foreign policy."

While they were at it, they intended to "retire all Roosevelts from public life, send Wendell Willkie to Moscow, and make Henry Wallace a milkman in China"—the last one being the chief slogan of the America First Party. Mr. Springer was due to stand 'em up with three slam-bangs: Will this war end in Armageddon? Will we go back to the Gold Standard? Will the Jews go back to Jerusalem?

Lest you leap to the conclusion that a tinge or so of anti-Semitism might be detected in the third of Mr. Springer's sirococos, Mr. Smith hastens to disabuse you.

"But," he sighed loudly and wearily, "what can I do? I, too, am accused of being anti-Semitic. I have tried and tried to convince the Jews that I'm their friend. But it seems that I have failed. What can I do?"

In addition to being the boss of the America First Party, chairman of the Committee of One Million and chairman of the board of the Federation of Americanization, to say nothing of being a pain in the neck to the International Branch of the Republican Party, Mr. Smith is the editor of a 25-cent monthly magazine, *The Cross and The Flag*.

This tidy journal ("Application for entry as second-class matter pending") hasn't minced a word since it was launched two years ago to fill the gap left by Father Charles E. Coughlin's dull, defunct *Social Justice*. It swings straight from the inkpot against internationalism, and what it says about the Messrs. Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin, Willkie, Harry Hopkins, Justice Frankfurter and Mrs. Roosevelt (to name but a handful) is hair-raising. It doesn't like them at all.

It demands and predicts a brand of isolationism which, Mr. Smith says, will make the 1920 variety look like an international conspiracy; and yet its circulation is only 7,000, indicating that it has quite a way to go before entrancing a renumerative number of Mr. Smith's 3,000,000 followers. Its contents are written almost exclusively by Mr. Smith, Mrs. Smith, Mr. Bernard A. Doman, a pair of shears and a large pastepot.

Mr. Doman is Mr. Smith's secretary, associate editor of the magazine, treasurer of the Federation of Americanization and general manager of Mr. Smith's offices occupying the entire twentieth floor of the Industrial Bank Building. For these offices Mr. Smith pays \$762.50 a month. Out of what goes on in these offices comes Mr. Smith's personal income which he places at \$6,500 annually, Mrs. Smith's salary as secretary of the Federation of Americanization, Mr. Doman's salary and the wages of a varying number of clerical help—from thirty to fifty.

Out of this twentieth-floor industry, too, comes the rent of Mr. Smith's apartment

in the Statler Hotel (about twelve dollars a day, the upkeep and carrying charges of the Smith residence in suburban Detroit, the maintenance of the Smiths themselves, possible deficits in the publication of *The Cross and The Flag*, and other costs of running a large emotional business.

Mr. Smith, who learned the wahoo business at the clay feet of the late Huey Pierce Long (when Smith was pastor of the Kings Highway Christian Church in Shreveport, Louisiana), told us that the twentieth floor and all its works operate on a budget of \$1,500 a week. This sum is derived from voluntary contributions from "those of my people—poor people in this world's material goods—who are crying in the dark for leadership away from those who would sell them back into British bondage."

Mr. Smith assured us that these are chiefly one- and two-dollar contributions. Occasionally someone sends along five dollars, thereby arousing Mr. Smith's suspicion that perhaps a ringer is trying to horn in. But if a gift should be as much as twenty dollars, Mr. Smith forthwith assigns one of his cellular chairmen (to be explained in due course) to investigate with both eyes alert for signs of spies and their dirty work.

No Interviews Allowed

Before one ascends to that twentieth floor, Mr. Smith exacts a promise that the visitor will not interview any person there. Mr. Smith does all the talking for everybody, and you would have to go very far indeed to find a man who could do it louder, longer and better. You may read the Industrial Bank Building's directory for weeks and not find Mr. Smith's name thereon, or the name of any of his enterprises.

You arrive on the twentieth floor and walk the corridors from end to end, and find only two doors bearing any name or legend whatever. One of these lettered doors bears the word Men; the other Women. That's all. Thus, seeking Mr. Doman's office entails some poking

(Continued on page 60)

Smith's various enterprises occupy the entire twentieth floor of Detroit's Industrial Bank Building. Vast amounts of mail, tracts and contributions are handled by a large staff, some of whom seem remarkably young



Literature sells at meetings. *The Cross and The Flag* is yours for a quarter per copy

A plan to make private flying cross-country as simple as driving a car, without guesswork, radar or a course in navigation

YOUNG men in Kansas who made small airplanes for private fliers before the war have shed their preoccupation with aircraft production for Uncle Sam just long enough to prepare and submit to officials in Washington a plan to enable the postwar family pilot to fly across the nation without getting lost. Theirs is a scheme of aerial navigation requiring no technical operating skill beyond that of a Grade-A automobile driver.

These young men hope to make it possible for the private plane driver to steer a course from the earth beneath him, with no reliance placed upon the ability of an inexperienced flier to guide himself solely by rivers, railroads, highways and towns. They would mark the countryside for him with aerial road signs. They would have each sign bear large numerals of high visibility in accordance with a well considered numerical pattern, similar, in many respects, to the street-numbering systems used by some municipalities. The numbers on the skyway markers would tell the pilot where he is and in what direction he is flying. They believe a person of average intelligence could be taught to navigate his airplane in fifteen minutes.

These men and others like them in every section of the country, where light airplanes were built, are convinced that the date is only a few years away when the families of America will buy and fly airplanes costing no more than a good automobile. But they know that between them and that prosperous day stand two major obstacles—a marked deficiency in this country—of (1) visual aerial navigation aids and (2) landing facilities.

The plan for skyway markers was born in Kansas and conceived, largely, in the restless mind of Prentiss Cleaves, a test pilot for the Cessna Aircraft Company of Wichita. Cleaves would remove both obstacles with what he has called the Skyway Marker System, which has received encouragement from members of Congress and administrative officers of the federal government. The plan not only would place uniform markings at regular intervals over the countryside, but in the vicinity of these road signs, wherever the terrain would make it practicable, he would have prepared, simple, graded but unpaved, landing strips.

"Good Roads" for Aviators

By planning these markers in a symmetrical pattern, it would be possible for a pilot to orient himself by circling his plane to find, in a few minutes, a road sign that would tell him where he is. With flight strips located near markers, the hazards of weather and mechanical failure would be minimized by affording the family aviator an adequate number of landing areas, easily found. What has been started is a "good roads" movement for the private airplane industry.

Back in 1918, when a good paved road was a thing of wonder, the men of Detroit emerged from the first World War with the productive capacities of their factories enormously expanded and with the know-how to make vast numbers of cars at relatively low cost for a populace anxious to buy them, provided they could be widely used. The breadth of use of the automobile was supplied by road builders, financed by taxpayers. At the end of this war, a large segment of the aircraft industry will find itself precisely in the position of the auto industry of 1918.

Americans won't buy airplanes just to go out to the local airport for an occasional afternoon's flight. The postwar airplane will be bought if the public can be convinced that not only will it provide the fastest, cheapest and safest mode of transportation available but that, without first qualifying himself as an expert navigator, a man will be able to fly where he wants without losing himself a hundred miles from nowhere—or just around the corner from home.

No one needs to be convinced that the airplane is the fastest form of transportation on the market. As for operating costs, at least one manufacturer who, before the war, was making an airplane that could be flown for a cent a mile, plans to produce, after the war, a ship than will run on a gasoline and oil outlay of about three quarters of a cent a mile. That plane will sell for about \$2,000.

As yet, there are no air roads. There are rivers, hills,

Skyway markers beside landing strips at lower left and right are ten miles apart. "33" designates route east and west; "26" and "27" point north and south

SKYWAY MARKERS FOR YOU

BY ROBERT DEVORE

ILLUSTRATED BY JO KOTULA





highways, towns, water tanks and a multitude of markings, natural and man-made, upon the face of the continent, by which the air traveler, flying his own plane, may locate himself, after a fashion. There is nothing, however, that will give the wandering skyman comfort comparable to that of the motorist who, momentarily uncertain of his course, spies ahead of him a sign that says "U. S. 20."

All the mechanical wonders that make aerial navigation a precise science—radio direction finders and that mystic, secret thing called radar—may not be available to the small-plane owner for years because these instruments may be too costly (about \$3,000), too heavy (nearly the weight of a passenger), and they require too much technical knowledge on the part of the man of moderate means who wants to fly his own airplane without taking an intensive course in navigation.

It appears that the man or woman who wants to fly after the war may have to navigate "contact"; that is to say, by whatever landmarks may be seen from the air. They will have to be content with flying in the daytime and when visibility is good—at least for the first few postwar years.

The Temperamental Compass

Why could not the postwar pilot navigate by compass? The compass, contrary to its reputation among the Boy Scouts and Campfire Girls, is a somewhat temperamental guide. It varies from true north because of its attraction to the magnetic pole. This variation is greater in some localities than in others. The compass is persuaded to additional aberrations by metal in the airplane and by rough air.

The pilot faces yet another navigational variant. He has to contend with the wind. He may be smart enough—and have enough time and patience—to call his weather bureau, learn that the wind at the altitude at which he expects to fly is blowing in a certain direction at a certain speed, and, from this knowledge, calculate the extent to which that wind will cause his airplane to drift off course. But it is not likely that the weather bureau will be able to tell him how the wind may be blowing, say, 75 miles away—and an hour later.

Why may not the postwar pilot find his way by the shape of the landscape, the bend of the rivers, the towns over which he will fly? Routes of commercial airlines, until the advent of instrument flying, lay largely along rivers, railroads and arterial highways.

Well, in those days, experienced pilots occasionally were lost; and the aspiring postwar pilot will learn how this could happen when he makes his first flight and finds that, from three or four thousand feet, hills tend to look like plains, one bend in a river like another, one town like the last town. The postwar pilot could learn to navigate by laying a course on an air map and making himself familiar with the sequence of towns, oil tanks, railroads, etc., but this again requires classroom study.

For maximum safety, the young men of the small-plane industry offer the Skyway Marker system, or an approximation of it. Not all private-plane manufacturers accept the plan *in toto*, but many feel that its two basic principles are desirable: (a) aerial route signs be of a uniform design, (b) erected in a symmetrical pattern.

The family pilot will recognize his route sign readily if the markers look alike and are spaced regularly. The objection has been raised that companies manufacturing radio aids to navigation may quickly develop equipment for small planes that would make visual guides obsolete. The answer has been given that when the time comes, markers can be equipped with transmitters and automatic record players, or squawkers, that will give plane drivers their bearings by radio as they fly over

each marker. Furthermore, no new magic in navigating equipment ever will make landing strips unnecessary. This country can use thousands of them.

In this plan, latitude and longitude lines are used in laying out, on a map of the United States, a grid of lines, running north and south and east and west. They are ten minutes of latitude—or, approximately, ten miles—apart. Essentially, they would form a network of imaginary streets and avenues. At intersections of these lines, markers would be erected, bearing the "numerical address" of each intersection. The "numerical address" would be derived from the second and third digits of the latitude and longitude in minutes.

For example, a pilot flying into Kansas City (located approximately at 2,340 minutes latitude and 5,640 minutes longitude) from St. Louis (approximately 2,280 minutes latitude and 5,400 minutes longitude) would fly north until he encountered a marker having 34 as one of its numbers and would continue west, crossing "34-50," "34-60," etc., until he reached his destination, "34-64." In other words, he would fly route "34" west, and if he strayed from his road he would have merely to fly his plane in a concentric circle to get back on it.

Flying into Denver (at the "numerical address" of 38-29) from the south, a pilot would know he was on the right course if the first number on the markers increased by one every ten miles while the second number remained 29, thus: "36-29, 37-29, 38-29."

Experiments have been made with a pylon type of marker, which had a high degree of visibility, but it is now thought that the most satisfactory arrangement would be a 125-by-32-foot snow-fence platform, one end of which would be four feet off the ground, the other end about eight feet off the ground.

To blanket the country with markers at every intersection of ten minutes of latitude and longitude where the terrain would permit their erection, the system calls for about 20,000 markers. In the vicinity of as many markers as possible, it is proposed to build landing areas consisting of two runways running at right angles and having a length of 1,500 to 2,000 feet and a width of from 150 to 200 feet. For the purpose of arriving at an estimated cost, it has been assumed that it would be possible to grade landing areas in the vicinity of each marker, an assumption which must remain hypothetical by reason of the existence of swamps and other inaccessible areas where neither landing strips nor markers could be maintained. On this basis the total cost has been estimated at 90 million dollars.

How the Public Will Benefit

Private plane manufacturers believe that a sum of money thus invested by Uncle Sam would return many more millions to the United States public in the form of vastly improved air transport facilities and direct employment of thousands of construction and airplane factory workers after the war. They argue that federal taxpayers have invested huge sums in waterways and highways and that the individual taxpayer, in each instance, has benefited from the investment whether or not facilities for which the money was spent were used by him.

New York's La Guardia Field cost about 50 million dollars. For less than twice that sum, the nation, it is contended, could acquire a system of air travel facilities that would be used, not by the mere thousands who are flown in and out of La Guardia every year, but by millions of private fliers whose out-of-the-way communities would be as much on the country's air highways as New York or Chicago.

★★★



GOWN FROM SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Joan Caulfield, ingénue lead of *Kiss and Tell*, switched from her pale pink, young-girl prettiness of the play to black lace and chiffon to pose for the picture above. "Wonder what my public will think?" she murmured as she snuggled into bed. We've heard nothing but applause



Black Market

BY RUTH CARSON

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY KARGER-PIX

TAKE lipsticks, short hair, short dresses, no stockings—and who wore them first? Hussies. You were a hussy, sure enough, if you painted your lips. Irene Castle cut her hair, the first of 10,000,000 shingle bobs, and ladies shook their heads. As for knee-high dresses and bare legs—well, you know what people said.

So it's no wonder black underwear, a hussy fashion in the last war, is now a sellout. Young girls, even old ladies, and mostly the Army, the Navy, the Coast Guard and the Marines have cleared the counters.

"It's terrific," says Mr. John N. Levene, complacently. Mr. Levene is a white-haired gentleman who looks like a judge. He is, instead, a manufacturer of black lingerie, who is known in the market as the Black King, since he makes only black lingerie and makes more of it than anyone else. His company, for no reason, is called Danche, Inc.

"We are putting our business on an allotment basis this year," he says. "They'll get what they bought last year, not a dollar's worth more."

This means a neat \$680,000 worth (wholesale) of black allure all owed up for the year, at no sales expense. It could easily rise to outdo last year's \$2,000,000 demand, if labor and machinery and materials were to be had. Other manufacturers are also turning out the stuff to the limit of their resources.

There's no season on black lingerie any more. Three years ago it was a holiday gift item. "We were busy in October and November and starved in the spring," is what that meant to Mr. Levene. Now he eats all year, and well.

Demand is biggest around the camps and war plants, but it's countrywide. Texas with its airfields and camps and California with its war industry and ports are big markets. But so are Idaho and Missouri and Illinois and New England.

Gossamer-sheer, lace-rich nightgowns are the most popular pieces of this black magic. They sell for from \$5.98 to \$60, the latter being for pure silk chiffon and imported lace, of which there is very little any more.

Panties come next in demand, from \$1.95 to \$35 for a wisp of lace. There are dance sets (bras and panties), girdles, corselets, slips and, newest for spring, half slips—which mean petticoats, so that there won't be any slip showing up above for the low-cut dresses that are coming along.

Ask the boys who buy it, and they say they like black lingerie because it's feminine, alluring, and more than a little bit wicked. We encountered the Coast Guard at Macy's, in the persons of Seaman James Hartley, clutching a pair of chiffon and lace panties he had just bought for Mrs. Hartley, to match her black nightgown, and Seamen Ray Fought and Walter McCarthy, acting as escort fleet.

"It's nice around the house," explained Seaman McCarthy about black lingerie. "Better than that winter stuff," gesturing toward the rayon knit counter.

Ask the clerks who sell it, and they'll throw up their hands and say your guess is as good as theirs about why. The war, new money, desire for extravagance and allure.

"We think every man in town has bought a black nightgown for his wife or sweetheart," they tell you in New York.

In San Diego, buyers say black lingerie has become traditional for Navy officers' wives. In Washington, admirals and generals line up at the counter along with everyone else. In Des Moines, Wacs buy it for themselves.

Ask the girls who buy it, and they'll give you the same reasons as the men—plus another: It's practical. It's good for traveling. And didn't Paulette Goddard's famous black nightgown (in *So Proudly We Hail*) double for an evening gown?

★★★

Dance sets (bras and panties) are popular black lingerie items. Imogene Carpenter, who is a singing star of the Ziegfeld Follies, keeps her eye on the birdie as she models for you at the left

Arleen Whelan, one of the stars of *The Doughgirls*, is redheaded and pretty and knows a becoming costume when she gets into it—that black lace and chiffon ensemble (gown and robe) at the right



"There I was," said Mr. Cugat, "chasing across the tenth green in my bathing suit after Laura Maxwell—of all people!"

Bad Dream

BY ISABEL SCOTT RORICK

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Freud did great things with dreams, but what Mrs. Cugat did with Mr. Cugat's dream made Freud look like a piker

HEH, heh, heh," chuckled Mr. Cugat with a reminiscent look in his eye, as he slowly stirred his breakfast coffee. Mrs. Cugat raised her brows in polite inquiry. "I had the *daminedest* dream last night," he elucidated. Mrs. Cugat went back into her newspaper. There is, perhaps, nothing in the world as peculiarly devoid of interest as somebody else's dreams—and Mr. Cugat seemed to have been dreaming an awful lot lately. Overwork, she supposed. Like all dreamers, of course, he had to tell you.

Mr. Cugat's dreams were, generally, of the marvelous variety, involving him in complicated situations like being atop a

roof, surrounded by frogs and unable to climb to the ridgepole without stepping on some of them. The details, meticulously related, usually went right into one of Mrs. Cugat's ears and out the other without intruding, in any way, on what she was thinking. But this morning, right in the middle of Terry and the Pirates, she suddenly heard him say, "And there I was, chasing across the tenth green in my bathing suit after Laura Maxwell—of all people!"

"Laura Maxwell!" exclaimed Mrs. Cugat, lowering her paper.

"She had on a bathing suit, too," went on Mr. Cugat innocently. "Green—one-piece."

"And did you catch up with her?" inquired Mrs. Cugat. Mr. Cugat appeared to think. Then he slapped his knee and wagged his head.

"Aren't dreams amazing?" he chortled. "Do you know what I was trying to catch her for?" Mrs. Cugat was silent. "She

had a picture of a fish tattooed on her leg," he exploded, weak with merriment, "and I wanted to ask her why! After that," he went on slowly, frowning in an effort at recollection, "we seemed to come to a sort of lake and she said she'd like me to teach her to swim!"

Mrs. Cugat put down her napkin. "Well," she said, "this is interesting. How long has it been going on?"

Mr. Cugat looked up, startled. "What?" he asked.

"You and Mrs. Maxwell—Laura, to you."

Mr. Cugat put down his spoon. "Honey," he said gently, leaning toward her over his plate, his eyes calm, "this was in a dream."

"It would have to be," she retorted caustically, "nowhere else would a cow like that ever dare come out in a 'one-piece' bathing suit!"

Mr. Cugat picked up his spoon again. "She looked pretty darned good in it, as

a matter of fact," he said dryly and dipped into his egg. Mrs. Cugat dipped into hers.

"How long have we been calling her Laura?" she inquired.

Down went Mr. Cugat's spoon again. "For Pete's sake," he said softly, "what is all this? I don't call her Laura. I don't even know her—except in a business way. She carries an account at the bank. Her husband's a Marine or something. She's called me up a couple of times about his checks coming through and since we met her that time at the Delanceys' cocktail party, she naturally always says, 'This is Laura Maxwell speaking.'" He lifted his coffee cup, drained off its contents, threw down his napkin and came around the table to kiss her goodby. But Mrs. Cugat, without being able to help it, turned her head away, and so after standing motionless a moment, he turned on his heel and went out—slamming the door.

She was instantly ashamed. What in

(Continued on page 63)

London's heroic kids got a war to grow up in. They're facing it with realism and dignity, waiting, without illusions, for the half-remembered world of peace to come again

Children Are Soldiers, Too

BY MARTHA GELLHORN

RADIOED FROM LONDON

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE DEARING

THEY are fifteen and sixteen years old now, and they are at home in the war. They have never bought food except with ration books, or clothes except with coupons. They grew up to find trenches in the playgrounds, bunks in the subways, queues for everything, and they have never had a date except in the blackout.

Almost before they began to notice where they lived, they saw their streets bombed; they take the curious gaps or the gutted houses of the neighborhood for granted. They are so at home in the war, since it is all they know, that they have to think twice before they can remember what peace was like.

These are the poor kids of London, the cockneys, speaking a rare and funny language of their own, which is sometimes as hard to understand as a foreign tongue. They are short and strong, not beautiful at all, but made of some material that endures.

At fourteen, they leave school and at fourteen, life descends on them without gentleness. They work from 45 to 48 hours a week at least, and earn an average of less than eight dollars for it.

Since the men of the family are mostly away at war, they are the vital wage earners, and a boy of sixteen may easily be the head of the house. They work in war industries or they release older people for the services by carrying on in essential civilian factories or trades. In winter, they get up in the dark and return home in the dark, and one might imagine they would be tired on Sunday. Besides, there is no place much to go.

The routine of living ought to crush them, you would think; a factory and a crowded, poor home on a stony street, and the black London night. For fun, there are the movies and their own clubs, and that is all. It would seem pretty grim, and you would expect to find kids who had to live like this very sad. They are anything but sad. They are the liveliest, toughest, brightest people you would ever hope to meet.

My friends belong to one of the several Feathers Clubs for working children. Their clubhouse is No. 4, so they call it the Four Feathers. To them, it is the Racquet Club, the University Club and the River Club rolled into one. The club is on a short, narrow, dirty and treeless street called Mulready Road. In the daytime, the street is full of little children roaring around on handmade scooters and shouting to one another from the windows and the balconies of the identical two-story brick buildings that line the street. My friends, of course, are working during the day—making anything from cosmetics to the intercommunication telephones used in bombers. At night, the neighborhood is a black wasteland.

Blackout No Barrier to the Young

My friends find their way around this wilderness with perfect ease, mainly without flashlights, since flashlights cost too much or break or run out of batteries. At night, they seem like jolly young leopards out for a stroll in their home jungle. Three nights a week, they go to the neighborhood movies; they know exactly what every seat costs in every cinema in their district. The other four nights, they go to their club.

The club is three bare, grayish rooms (two downstairs and one upstairs) which need paint as does everything here but which succeed in being friendly and cozy, anyway.

On an average night, the boys are playing table tennis in one room, more boys are doing PT (physical training) in another room, wearing stocking feet instead of gym shoes, and slightly soiled undershirts and their everyday trousers.

Upstairs, the girls sit around an electric fire and knit, smoke, drink cocoa and eat buns. They gossip with one another and with whatever boys have deigned to join them. They might even do a mild spot of jitterbugging, which they have learned by watching it in American movies.

They stay until ten-thirty and then prowl forth into the night back to their homes and sleep. The next day starts at six in the morning.

The girls adore the movies. "Did you ever see Lloyd Nolan?" "Have you met Humphrey Bogart? He's my dream man." They want to know whether this actress dyes her hair, how much money that actress earns, and if all those dresses they wear in the pictures belong to them. Are their houses really (Continued on page 27)



Younger children gather at the club at noon for hot lunches, loiter in the street before returning to neighborhood factories or household chores

At night, older children take over the club. Jitterbugging, picked up from American movies, ends the evening at 10:30; day begins again at 6 A.M.



YOUR CHANGE MADAM!

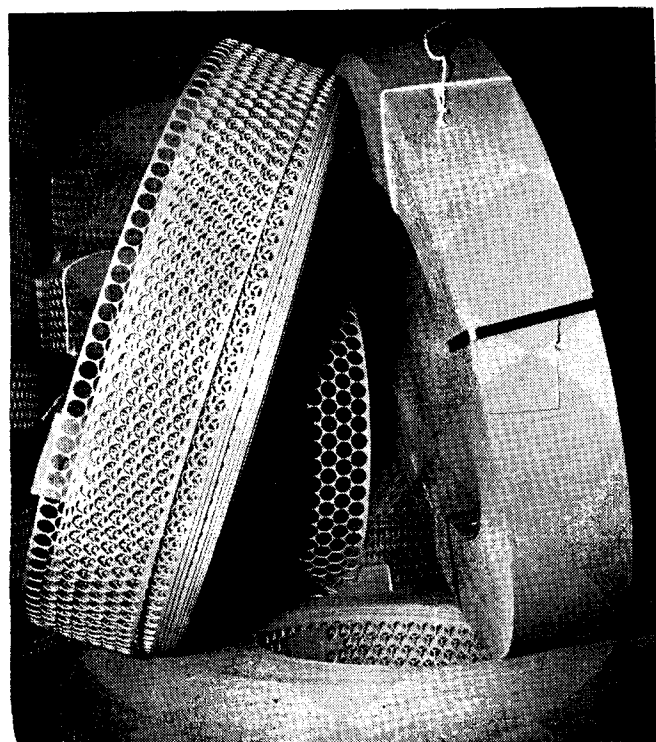
BY HENRY F. PRYOR

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY



Food-point tokens will cure rationing's worst headache—the accounting involved in making change for stamps

Tokens are punched from strips of vulcanized wood fiber. To forestall counterfeiters, the punched-out strips are counted and destroyed



Problem of workers' resentment of searches for tokens was solved by a dice cage. Those who lose (about 1 in 10) submit sportingly to frisking



Those little red and blue food tokens are not as simple as they look. It took a major production miracle to get this new-style currency into your purse on schedule time

AMONG the problems confronting the Office of Price Administration in providing two billion tokens for its revised food-rationing machinery was Willie. The OPA had to worry about Susie, too, for one thing was certain: The two-to-seven-year-old Willies and Susies of the nation would swallow the tokens in appreciable quantities.

So the United States Public Health Service was consulted and extensive tests were made to determine that the dyes on the red (meats and fats) and blue (processed foods) tokens are harmless and that the little disks of vulcanized fiber will not be dissolved by juvenile gastric juices. That was that.

The purity of the tokens was only a minor perplexity in OPA's gigantic job of creating a new currency for 130 million Americans. Others were to find a low-cost nonstrategic material, insuring durability and protection against counterfeiting, and one that would not operate or wreck vending machines, turnstiles and coin-box telephones.

But the biggest headache of all was to locate a manufacturer who could meet all these specifications and yet turn out two billion tokens of any material at all in six months or less. Numerous concerns produce tokens for transit companies and for sales-tax programs. None of them had ever averaged more than 1½ million tokens a day, however. The manufacturer accepting OPA's bid would have to step his production up close to 50 million a day if the new tokens were to be ready in time.

Threat to the Rationing System

Nor could OPA, once having decided to use tokens, delay its program. Grocers, butchers and other food retailers were groaning under the burden of handling more than 4,000,000,000 stamps a month. Their clerks were spending long hours each night counting and sorting stamps of various denominations. Help was getting scarcer. The whole system was in danger of breaking down.

Tokens were the obvious answer, but haste was vital. A new ration book would have to be circulated in the spring unless the tokens were ready. And who could make 2 billion of them in anything like that time?

A middle-aged engineer of Cincinnati, Ohio, thought that he could. In the process, he nearly lost his shirt a dozen times and actually lost fifteen pounds from an already thin frame. But he designed, manufactured and delivered the specified total.

The manufacturer who took on OPA's two-billion-token order is M. P. Pfeil. He is president of the Dayton Acme Company, a research and engineering management concern. Among the other corporations he controls is the Osborne Register Company, also of Cincinnati, which makes medals, souvenir coins and tokens of every description.

Last June, Mr. Pfeil called in W. W. Osborne, head of his token manufacturing subsidiary, and then went to Washington. The OPA people were a trifle vague because the whole thing looked impossible. They found the War Production Board unsympathetic. The only metal even discussed was lead antimony, but this would quickly cause black smudges on ladies' gloves, and before this danger OPA quite properly quailed. Glass was considered, although it would break. Plastics were possible, although they were increasingly being used for war. Ordinary card- and paperboard tokens would wear out.

Everybody finally agreed that the material should not be specified in advance, and 104 manufacturers were invited to bid. Only three did so, and the bids of two of these were too high. By this time, it was October. The tokens must be ready in five months if printing another ration book was to be avoided.

Pfeil went ahead making his dies. Only two sizes were possible—.888 inches in diameter and .642 inches. These are the so-called "free sizes" for tokens. They will not operate telephone coin boxes. OPA decided on the larger size.

But here came a serious hitch. Pfeil's bid was for vulcanized fiber tokens. Vulcanized fiber is a form of wood pulp, so hard after its processing that it is used for the faces of pile drivers, for helmets for shipyard workers, even for connections where the passage of an electrical current has to be blocked. WPB refused to give OPA enough fiber unless the size of the tokens was reduced. So Pfeil and Osborne had to scrap their



Punching out tokens is a simple operation, but presses had to be operated on a three-shift, seven-day week to meet the staggering daily quota of 50,000,000 tokens



Token-makers to America were Cincinnati's housewives. This one controls winding of fiber strip. Note makeshift wooden spindle, used to save steel

.888 dies and begin making the .642 size.

The Osborne Register Company had to order new presses and counting machines. It had to expand its staff 1,000 per cent. Three weeks out of the precious months had been lost. For workers, Pfeil appealed to the housewives, mothers and grandmothers of Cincinnati and its environs. He advertised for women over 45 and asked them to help with making tokens for their fellow housewives of the nation. Nobody, he announced, was too old to learn.

The building selected was an unimpressive auto salesroom. Nine weeks later, it housed 1,200 workers in three shifts, seven days a week, and was turning out 50,000,000 tokens a day.

The process of making vulcanized fiber tokens is simple. Long batteries of presses punch them out. Then they are automatically counted and boxed.

The manufacturers of counting machines had to be helped in designing the particular kind needed. Pfeil's engineers did this, too.

The Osborne Register Company was instructed to pack the tokens in boxes of 50 and in cartons of 100 boxes, to be sent to more than 15,000 banks for ultimate delivery to 450,000 retailers.

Other Concerns Co-operate

This meant getting not only the boxes but 400,000 cartons, a terrific job for the box manufacturers. Pfeil went to see them. He also had to insure an adequate supply of the vulcanized fiber. Three concerns agreed to furnish it—the National Vulcanized Fiber Company of Wilmington, Delaware, the Continental Diamond Fiber Company of Newark, Delaware, and the Spaulding Fiber Company of Tona-wanda, New York. If they missed on their deliveries, the jig was up.

Laminated vulcanized fiber was ordered so that an inner strip, orange in color, would give further protection against counterfeiting. Application of an ultra-

violet ray will show whether the red or blue dye is genuine. Thus each of the three manufacturers had to use dyes of precisely the same shade. Every single strip of fiber shipped to Cincinnati is marked and recorded. Each token bears a mark, secret, of course, by which it can be traced back to the fiber from which it was made. Criminals idiotic enough to attempt counterfeiting have small chance of success.

Safeguarding the Fiber

A score of guards are scattered through the converted garage. They ride on the trucks which bring the fiber from the railroad yards to a near-by warehouse. Throughout the building are signs warning the workers that illegal possession of tokens may bring a fine of \$10,000, imprisonment for a year, or both.

Pfeil had a great deal of trouble with an order that all his employees had to be searched when they left the building. Rooms with matrons and guards were set aside for the purpose. Careful explanations were given the workers. But the respectable elderly housewives bitterly resented the indignity. High turnover in employees, as a result of this, was beginning to cut production.

Then Pfeil had an inspiration. He set up a chuck-a-luck cage at the doors of the plant. Each worker was asked to turn it as she left; if the dice showed a high number, she was searched. If low, she just walked out.

This scheme appealed to the sporting blood of the ladies. The examination became a gambling loss, not an insult. About one in ten tossed a high number, and this average was adequate for security purposes.

The Osborne Register Company's chance of getting rich from making two billion tokens is slight. It will receive about \$2,300,000 for the job, but Pfeil figures that his real profits lie in enhanced reputation ★★★

Packaged tokens, ready for shipment to retailers via banks. Men in picture are M. P. Pfeil, right, and Vice Pres. K. H. Glanton of the Osborne Register Co.





COMEBACK

BY DAVID VERN

ILLUSTRATED BY ROWE NEWHALL

I WAS tired and there was nothing more to do, nothing I or anyone else could do, but I sat in the anteroom with Patterson waiting for Dr. Sterling to come out. Patterson looked older and smaller than the pictures of him I'd seen in the sports pages. He sat with his hands folded gently in his lap, looking at the window, and the sunlight gleamed in silver flecks against the stubble on his face and modeled its weary lines. There was a disturbance in the corridor outside—police had been posted in the hospital after a photographer was sneaked upstairs on a stretcher—then everything was quiet again.

I was the resident physician in neurosurgery. The hospital was near Madison Square Garden, and when Terry Logan collapsed in his dressing room he had been brought in. That was less than an hour after he'd won the championship. Now, almost fourteen hours later, "Tiger" Terry Logan—who had never quit in his life—was still unconscious.

"He's dying," Patterson said. He was Logan's manager, and I knew from the papers he'd been Logan's friend when there weren't many others. The toneless voice was hardly audible. His bewilderment had long exhausted itself but nothing had replaced it.

"Mr. Patterson, you ought to get some sleep," I said. "There's a room next door

prepared for you. Just for an hour or two."

"No," Patterson said. He took out his cigarettes. "No, Irene's coming. Irene and the kids." He looked up at me and the movement spilled the tears from his eyes. He rubbed a hand across his face, lit a cigarette and kept the spent match in his fist. He closed his eyes and I could hear him draw the smoke in.

"I'll call you the minute Mrs. Logan gets here," I said.

AFTER a while the door to Logan's room opened and a nurse came out, and then Dr. Pryce and Dr. Sterling. Sterling said quietly, "I imagine you want another bulletin, Doctor."

"Yes, sir," I said.

He nodded reflectively, as if he'd had a diagnosis confirmed, and he flexed his blunt, stubby fingers and thought before he told me what to say. I kept looking at his hands. I had seen what they could do. It was largely because of my advice that he had been flown in from Boston that morning. When he finished, I told him about the room for Patterson and went out.

A cop in the elevator told me the press had been moved to the internes' lounge, and on the second floor I picked up another escort. Somehow they knew I was coming. When I went in they had stopped

doing whatever they were doing and were ready for me. I told them Logan was still in a coma but the operation had gone well and Dr. Sterling was hopeful.

"Are Mrs. Logan and her children flying from St. Louis?" someone asked. "We had a report they're flying here."

"I'm sorry, I don't know," I said and left the room.

When I went up, one of the police told me Mrs. Logan had arrived, with her two children—a boy and a girl, and was in her husband's room. She had been brought in through the laundry entrance. I left word at the desk, went to my room and set the clock to allow four hours of sleep. The phone woke me before then because Sterling wanted me.

He was in street clothes, waiting in the corridor with Pryce. He took me aside and told me Mrs. Logan and the children were still inside. "I've explained the situation, Doctor," he said. "I told her that if he comes out of the coma he has every chance." He was phrasing it for me now so I'd be careful what I said. "The question is whether he will come out of the coma," he said, then thought about it until finally he amended: "Whether anything will bring him out."

I nodded and said, "Yes, sir," when he told me to look in on the patient while he went out to eat. He left with Pryce then, and I stayed in the corridor for the dura-

The little boy turned back to the bed. "Are you listening, Daddy?" he asked. "I can count. Do you want to hear me count? One," he said, "two . . . three . . ."

tion of a deliberately smoked cigarette before I went in.

Patterson was in the same chair in the anteroom. I had the feeling he had been asleep until the doorknob turned, but there was no sleep in the eyes that followed me. I walked by him and into the next room, and as Mrs. Logan turned toward the opening door I was aware of the sameness, the continuity, in the way they had both looked at me. I knew the look.

MRS. LOGAN sat in a chair near the foot of the bed, with her son on her lap and her daughter standing beside her. She was a slender, fair-haired woman in a tailored suit, perhaps thirty years old. The girl had her soft features, the boy had her light eyes. The boy stirred and for a moment I thought he was going to speak.

I introduced myself and Mrs. Logan nodded. The nurse brought me the charts for temperature, pulse and blood pressure. They showed no change. I returned them and looked at Logan. His head was covered with bandages that formed a white skullcap. The whiteness of everything provided a brutal contrast for his face, for the purple eyelids in purple sock-ets, for the raw cheekbones and the deep, bruised line of his lower jaw. His breath came slowly and deeply through partly open, swollen lips.

I spoke to the nurse for a moment and then, as I went to the door, the boy said, "Isn't the man going to wake up Daddy like you said?" Before I heard what his mother answered, I closed the door. I sat down across the room from Patterson but I could still hear the boy. His voice had an edge to it and it kept getting louder until it broke and he began to cry. I had decided to go in when the nurse appeared at the door and held it open for me.

The boy's sobs were muffled now because his face was pressed against his mother. I thought the girl was going to cry too, but instead she said softly, "Be still, Sonny. Daddy's not sleeping. He can hear us but he's too tired to get up now. He's so tired."

The boy stopped crying, and his mother put him down and let him stand. He kept a hand on her knee and looked at me and asked, "Are you going to wake my daddy up?"

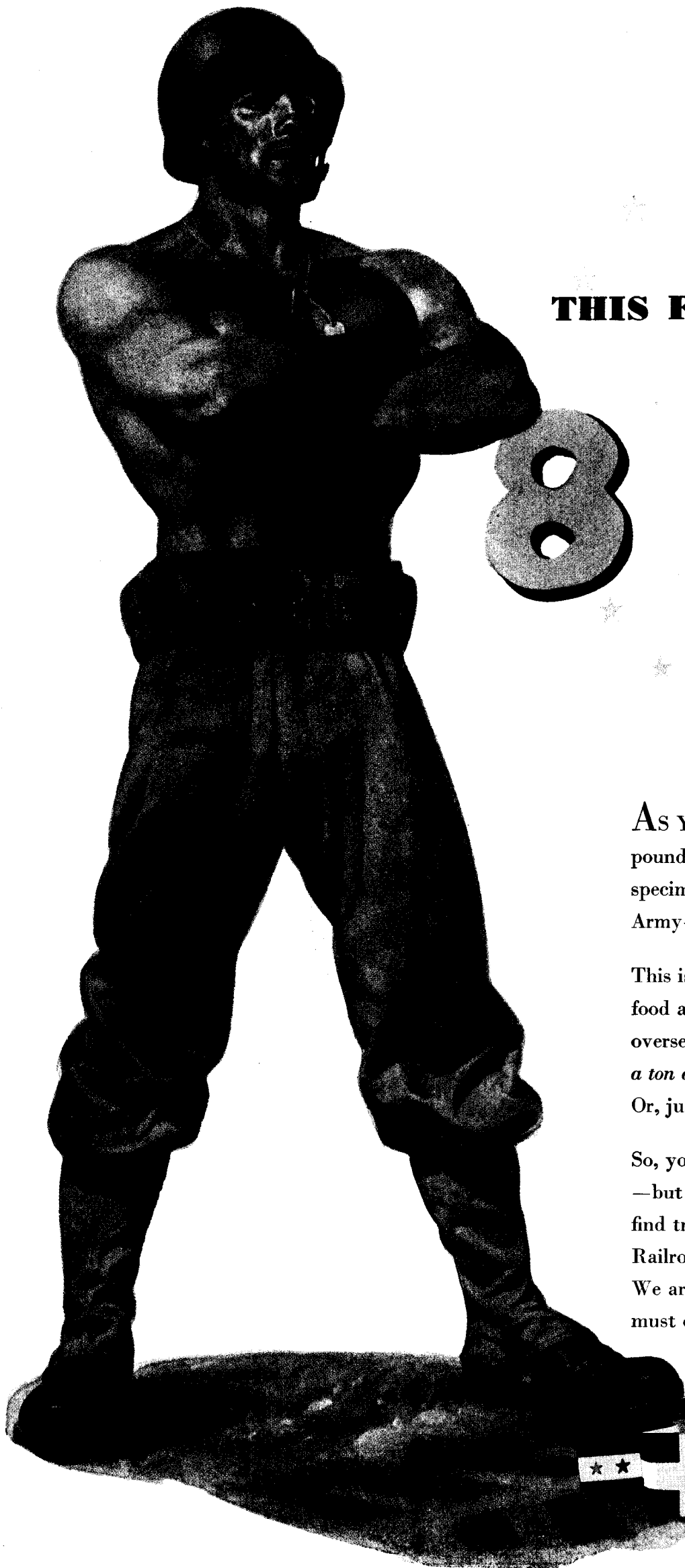
The girl walked around the chair and took his hand. "I told you Daddy isn't asleep," she said. "He knows we're here." She got behind him with her hands on his shoulders and half led, half pushed him close to the head of the bed. "Show Daddy what you learned since he went away with Uncle Johnny," she said.

The boy turned to look at me again, his face puzzled and hesitant. When I nodded he looked at his mother. He almost started to cry again but at the last moment his mother said very quietly, "Show Daddy."

He turned back to the bed then. "Are you listening, Daddy?" he asked. "I can count. Do you want to hear me count, Daddy? One," he said, "two . . . three . . ."

Slowly, patiently, the child's voice continued. When he said, "Five," his father's eyelids quivered. At "Six" his head moved on the pillow. At "Seven" the eyes were opening. We could sense from beyond consciousness the fighter's spirit responding with a desperate refusal to be counted out. At "Eight" the boy stopped and laughed, "Hello, Daddy. I can count." He kept laughing all the time his father's eyes were growing clear.

That was one bulletin I delivered on my own. I thought I could phrase it as well as anyone.



THIS FIGHTER WEIGHS IN AT

8 TONS

ON OUR SCALES

AS YOU would see him on a scale, he would weigh 180 pounds of bone, muscle and fighting energy—a fine specimen of American manhood. But on the scales of the Army—and the Railroads—his “fighting weight” is...8 tons.

This is why: the equipment, supplies, ammunition, food and other items required for every man going overseas average close to 8 tons. What is more, he needs *a ton a month* of all these things as long as he is over there. Or, just *twice* as much a day as the soldier in World War I.

So, you see, the railroad’s job isn’t only moving troops—but all they require, too. Therefore, if you should find travel not all that it used to be, the Pennsylvania Railroad asks you kindly to remember the above facts. We are doing our best to serve you. But military needs must come first, as all Americans would have it.

UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



Pennsylvania Railroad

Serving the Nation

★ 41,560 in the Armed Forces ★ 99 have given their lives for their country



At New York's Center Theatre, America's only Ice Theatre, "Stars On Ice" is a year-round hit, equally popular with New Yorkers and visitors from all parts of the country.



The 3 Kilties' nimble comedy thrills huge audiences daily. Regularly every day these ice comedians take their "VITAMINS Plus."



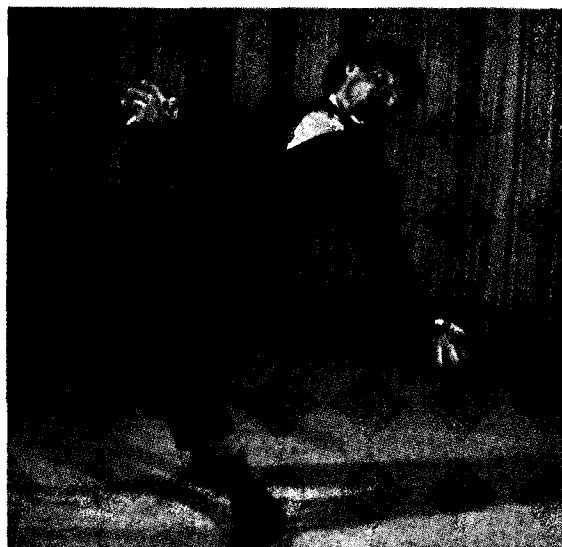
Rudy Richards' strenuous acrobatics naturally require steadfast nerves and unfailing vigor. Always in training, Rudy takes "VITAMINS Plus" regularly.



Lovely Hertha Grossman holds her audience spellbound with her graceful mile-a-minute skate-dancing. To help sustain her amazing vitality and nerve Miss Grossman makes sure to take her "VITAMINS Plus" every day.



Bob and Peggy Whight, whose act demands perfect coordination, can't risk jumpy nerves due to vitamin shortages. "VITAMINS Plus" is one of their standbys.



Freddie Trenkler mixes breath-taking speed and lightning stops with his superb clowning. To help avoid energy let-downs, daily he takes "VITAMINS Plus."

MOST STRENUOUS SHOW ON EARTH

These stars of "Stars On Ice" rely on
"VITAMINS Plus" to help keep them up to par

These topflight folks of the ice know they can't be and look their best unless they have enough vitamins every day. In "VITAMINS Plus" they get *full protective amounts of all* the recognized essential vitamins along with iron, all precisely balanced for health-defensive needs.

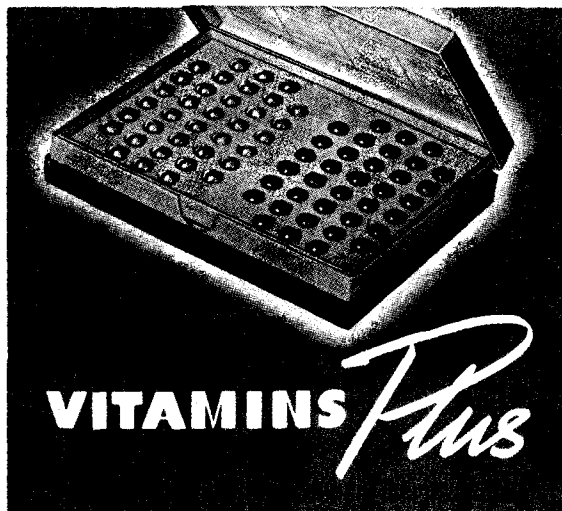
With "VITAMINS Plus" you can safeguard yourself and your family from the wretched discomforts and ailments millions of people are suffering today because of a lack of vitamins. It helps you resist lurking ills and the resulting unkind marks of age, caused simply by not getting as much of certain vitamins as you need.

Start today taking "VITAMINS Plus" regularly, begin now to enjoy these benefits of its vitamin

health protection — benefits that are helping so many folks to keep up to par and thus get so much more out of life. And it costs but a few cents a day.

Two-Capsule Idea assures full protective amounts. In "VITAMINS Plus" the oil-soluble vitamins are sealed in one air-tight capsule, the water-soluble vitamins in another, resulting in less chance of chemical reactions that may result in deterioration and loss of potency.

Don't Risk Your Child's Future. Especially during the growing years — 6 to 16 — not enough vitamins may cause children life-long handicaps through impaired growth and poor tooth and bone and muscle formation. "VITAMINS Plus" every day protects them against these vitamin-shortage risks.



Children Are Soldiers, Too

Continued from page 21

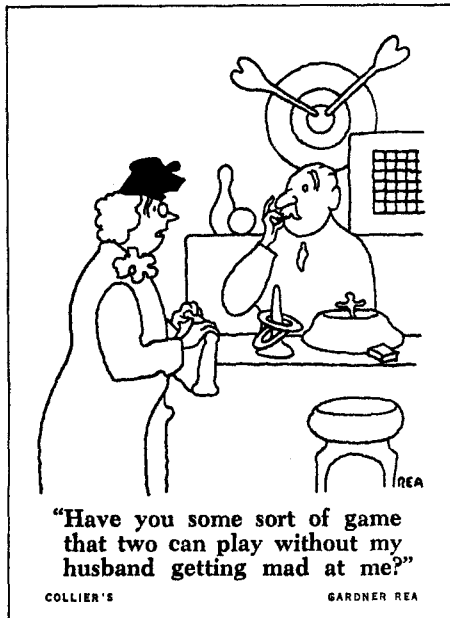
so big? Why do they all get married so often? "Bing Crosby is a good man," one girl said firmly. "He's been married to the same wife for thirteen years."

They love the movies because the movies are an escape, and if by any chance a film star is shown rising at six A. M. to go to work, she is a beautiful girl who will soon marry a magnificent boy and live in a divine bungalow with ruffled curtains and an electric refrigerator. But these kids do not fool themselves with movie dreams. Someone asked what they would do after the war, and the girls around the fire laughed. One of them said, with such a wise face and such a wise, mocking voice, "Go on working. What do you think?"

The boys like to argue and have done a rare amount of thinking for such kids. They were talking about this war and what difference it made in their lives, and first they said the war didn't make any difference at all.

As Ben, who is sixteen and a plumber, remarked, "If you've got pots and pots of money, probably you don't eat so much now, but we're working-class people and we never did eat so much as all that, and it's about as good now as it ever was."

Then John, who makes radio parts, said



he thought they were better off because of the war, because they got ahead quicker and they learned much more. "Like before," he said, "we'd be doing little jobs because of our age, but this way, we are doing big jobs that would take two or three years to learn before."

But didn't they mind being bombed? Amazingly enough, it became clear that they didn't really remember the blitz. It made you mad, they said reflectively; it made you mad at the time.

They said that, of course, if you had some of your family in the war, it made a great deal of difference—that is, if anything happened to them.

What They're Fighting For

What did they think they were in this war for? Oh, that. Well, they were in it because the Germans started it—much as you would be in a tornado if one blew up.

"Hey, Bill," said John, calling over a very young sailor who was visiting tonight. "What are you in the war for?"

"I'm fighting for the honor of my country," said the sailor, without a moment's hesitation.

They looked at him with pleased and slightly embarrassed wonder. In a way, they'd grown up so entirely in the war that they never questioned it.

They had a lot of ideas about the peace, even if the war remains a state of nature that can scarcely be explained or analyzed.

"After the war," a blond, slight, gentle-faced boy said, "I'd like to get more schooling. At night, or maybe some afternoon in the week. And be paid like I was working. Just general schooling," he said shyly, "to learn some more."

Another boy spoke of old-age pensions and a good house for his family and a free doctor if anyone were taken sick. Another said that after the war, he'd like to see "happiness for all and social security." A dark boy with tight curly hair and a very worn, almost colorless coat said he'd like to travel, "just to see if all those other countries was there."

One boy said with bitter and proud obstinacy, "I'm quite content as I am."

"He knows he won't get no better," a girl announced.

And finally a boy who had been listening to a lot of sober, realistic talk about wages and hours and pensions and housing, said, like an explosion, "I know what I want. I want a greyhound to race at White City and I want to go to college. Not night school nor nothing like that, but a real gents' college."

They shouted with laughter, all of them. Here was a true joker. Here was a man who didn't care what he wanted—a greyhound and to go to college! He'd be asking for Buckingham Palace next.

They are too young and too modest to consider what the combined working efforts of about two million of them—kids between the ages of fourteen and eighteen—mean to this country.

Center of the World is Home

They do not realize what they add up to in war industries; they do not recognize the value of their work in simply keeping things going. They think in a child's terms; there is the world, which is the neighborhood, then the street and their club, and the center of this world is home.

Here they are on sure ground and here they see what their job is. Their job is to earn. The families are large, and all must share in keeping the family alive. They have worked since they were fourteen and, in one way or another, they expect to work until they die. Even when they talk of what they want, they always remind themselves that whatever they want has to be adjusted to the family needs.

"What would you do about your folks, then?" says one fifteen-year-old to another, and the weight of this responsibility does not break their backs.

The war was what they got to grow up in, and they take it without complaint. The peace will be a surprising new climate, and who knows how they will live in it? Perhaps they will demand that their dreams come true. They may not get a greyhound and a gents' college, but perhaps they will insist on "happiness for all and social security."

But they are curiously wary of dreams, even of the smallest ones. It was closing time at the club, and a girl aged about sixteen with a turned-up nose and long, rather straggly dark hair rose, rubbed her eyes, sighed and remarked that she was going home.

"Got to work tomorrow," she said, and yawned and added with real feeling, "I could do with a nice long holiday."

Her pal, a jolly, hefty kid of the same age, snorted at this statement. "Oh, could you?" she said. "Well, I could do with a nice autographed photo of Clark Gable and I don't expect I'll get that, either."

THE END

THE

Guilty

JOSEPH BUERCKEL

XXXI

UNHAPPY Alsace-Lorraine! Torn from France in 1870, regained by the motherland in 1918, and now once again the victim of German hate and fury. Alsace, under one Wagner, has its story of suffering, but it is Lorraine that is being made to feel the full force of Nazi brutality. The *Gauleiter*, Joseph Buerckel, as much of a savage as though he still wore skins, is Hitler's invariable choice when it comes to crushing a stubborn people.

A soldier in the first World War, he had no taste for peace after the loot of Belgium and France and joined Hitler when the Party was in its hoodlum stage. Showing a very definite gift for thuggery, his rise was rapid, and when the Saar was reoccupied in 1935, to Buerckel went the job of eradicating all French and Catholic influence. Not the least of his infamies was the organized circulation of vile charges against the clergy, and venerable prelates were actually arrested and tried for degeneracies invented by Buerckel's paid agents.

In 1939, he was switched to Moravia, where the people were evidencing considerable dissatisfaction with the New Order. There he tortured and killed on a scale that even drew words of commendation from Himmler, and as a consequence, he was chosen to teach Austrians the German way of life. A rare judge of men, his choice of a chief of police for Vienna was Josef Fitzhum, twice convicted in Viennese courts, once for swindling and the second time for the murder of his mistress. By way of a climax to months of terrorism, Buerckel kidnaped the 13-year-old son of Ex-Chancellor Schuschnigg from the Jesuit college of Kalkberge and killed him so secretly that his body has never been found.

With the fall of France in June, 1940, the question of a *Gauleiter* for Lorraine became of supreme importance. Fifty years of Prussian rule had not been able to Germanize the Lorrainers, and it was a certainty that they would present a problem. Joseph Buerckel, by reason of his splendid record in the Saar, Moravia and Austria, was the unanimous choice. If any man could bring the Lorraine *schweine* to their senses, that man was Buerckel.

The manner in which he started off gave every promise of success. A first order called for the burning of all French books and the banning of the French language. A second order confiscated all banks, stores and factories, taking them away from the French owners and turn-

ing them over to Germans. A third order rounded up all males between 18 and 50 for deportation to the factories of the Reich. A fourth decree expropriated the farms of all Frenchmen, German "colonists" taking them over. Nothing was permitted to be taken away except what could be carried on the back or in the hands. Houses, livestock, crops, farm implements—everything was to be left behind for the new owners.

Death was the penalty for the violation of an order, and by way of proving that he was not indulging in any figure of speech, Buerckel staged several mass executions in the public squares. What followed must still be a source of surprise to the *Gauleiter*. Even firing squads could not make the Lorrainers quit talking French. Factories were mysteriously blown up before the Germans could take possession, and the farmers burned their homes and their crops rather than turn them over to the Boche. Young men, instead of submitting tamely to enslavement, hid out in the hills and woods, and grouped themselves into guerrilla bands that inflicted heavy casualties on German troops.

The Cross of Lorraine, that symbol of unconquerable spirit, blazed on every dead wall and public building. German schools were shunned, and the children gathered for their lessons in the open fields. No man or woman spoke to an invader under penalty of ostracism, and when Buerckel staged a public demonstration, the streets were deserted, people locking their doors and drawing down the blinds. Nothing that he can do improves the situation. Hostages, sentenced to be shot in reprisal for sabotage, call on their families and friends to continue resistance. Thousands have been killed, and thousands deported, but all to no avail.

Instead of Joseph Buerckel breaking Lorraine, Lorraine is likely to break Joseph Buerckel. Choleric Hermann Goering, responsible for production, curses him as a bungler for letting factories be blown up. Drunken Robert Ley, head of the Labor Front, quarrels with him for falling short in his quotas of slave workers. When Hitler hears of farms and crops being burned, he eats a whole rug. Worst humiliation of all, Pierre Laval, from the safe distance of Paris, has made repeated complaint to Berlin of *Gauleiter* Buerckel's "incompetency."

But how can he be blamed? When cold, hunger, torture and death mean nothing to a people, what can he do? G. C.



CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

THE PRIZE

BY EDWIN LANHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES ANTHONY KELLY



One of America's important young novelists writes of a kid and a giant watermelon which didn't win a blue ribbon but still took a prize

"It's a big one, Bert," his father said. "You sure ought to win that prize."

Bert's heart was suddenly compressed like a coil spring; but the expression of the boy's lean brown face did not change. His shining eyes watched his father's face.

Sam Roberts knew all there was to know about watermelons, and now he knelt in the sandy loam, thumping the monster melon Bert had raised. It lay in the shade of castor-bean plants, its skin a dark jungle green, beaded with diamonds of morning dew.

"Yes, sir," Sam Roberts said. "She ought to go about one-twenty-five."

A hundred and twenty-five pounds! It wasn't the world's record, maybe, but it was the biggest melon Bert had ever heard of. It was bigger than Jim's. It was . . .

"Pop, Jim's weighed one-twenty-three!" he burst out.

"That's so. Yes, that's what it weighed." "Pop, you really think it's bigger than Jim's?"

Sam Roberts got to his feet, smiling faintly. Bert's brother's melon, which had won the prize at the county fruit show seven years ago, when Jim was fifteen, was a family legend. A tinted photograph of the melon hung in the kitchen, and

pinned to the bottom of it was the blue ribbon it had won, faded now to the pale tone of the colors in the photograph.

Sam Roberts' smile broadened, and he put his hand on Bert's shoulder. "Son, would you want to beat Jim out?"

"You bet," Bert cried, and stopped. He dug his big toe into the coarse, granular soil. "Well, I don't know. I see what you mean, Pop. No, I guess I wouldn't want to beat Jim out when he don't have a chance to show what he can do." He raised his head. "But, Pop, when the war's over, he'll come back and grow another big one. He can grow a bigger one than ever I could."

"He couldn't work harder at it than you have, though, Bert; and I believe you've got that prize already won."

The sheen of the fat watermelon was almost bright enough to reflect Bert's proud smile. He said softly, "All I hope is Jim gets here in time to see it. I hope he gets here for the fruit show tomorrow."

"I hope so," Sam Roberts said. "I want to see what the Navy has done for the boy. I expect we'll see him any day now."

Jim had written that he would be given leave in a few days and was coming home from San Diego. The letter had been in the tray on the parlor table for a week now, but no further word had come. Jim wrote as little as he talked, and the family knew that he would turn up any day and was prepared.

Sam Roberts started back up the hill to the farmhouse. The watermelon patch was on low ground, near the creek, and the big watermelon was bedded near the

rail fence, beyond which lay the road. There was a day when Sam Roberts had raised watermelons by the freight carload, but a dozen years ago, the county agent had analyzed the soil and found it suited to raising peaches, a produce of less bulk and better prices. Sam Roberts had set out peach trees, and now the watermelon patch had been given over to Bert, as it had to Jim seven years before.

Bert had worked hard. He had already sent a truckload of melons to market, long Tom Watsons that ran from twenty to forty pounds, but he had given them only routine attention. For weeks now his greatest care and most of his waking thoughts had centered on the monster melon near the rail fence.

It had been the sturdiest melon on the strongest vine, and he had culled the other melons from the vine. The sandy soil was good for melons, but he had enriched it.

The big melon was delicate, and too much sun would shrivel it, so he had set out castor beans for shade. The melon probably would have reached its full growth a week before, but he had been force-feeding it. He had inserted the ends of lengths of wool yarn into the stem and dipped the other ends of the yarn in shallow pails of water, lightly sugared, so that the water seeped through the yarn into the stem of the vine and fed the big melon.

Now he brought water from the creek to refill the shallow pans, made sure that the yarn was soaking it up, and took one last look at the dark, dewy melon before following his father to the farmhouse. In the morning he would pick the melon

The big man's voice became a menacing whisper. "Say nothing, poy. Do you hear me?" "Yes," Bert said. The pressure on his wrist brought tears to his eyes as he saw Mary come into view and call to him

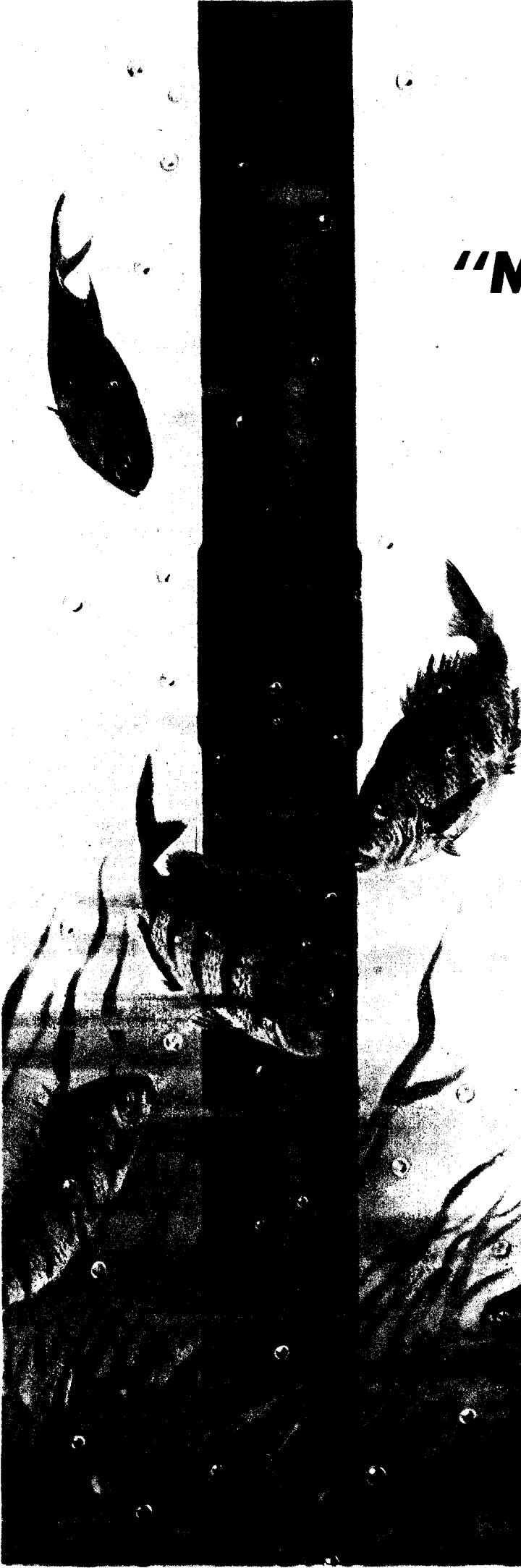
when the dew was still on it, and he and his father would stow it in the old truck with the choice peaches and his mother's watermelon-rind pickles and preserves and they would be off to the county seat.

Bert paused at the back steps. For days, there had been a prodigious bustling not altogether due to the nearness of the county fruit show. There were cookies that would not be exposed to public view, mincemeat for pies, and in a hot July, in a hot sun, his mother had been making a fruitcake. One glance at the kitchen would tell any farmer's wife that a son was coming home.

But Bert looked sullenly into the kitchen. Mary Tolbert was there again. He remembered how she had hung around all day when Jim went off to the Navy, how she had kissed him on the station platform, in front of everybody, and how his mother had smiled and his father had chuckled. Mary lived a quarter of a mile away and when her household duties were in order she hurried over to the Roberts farm like a child let out of school.

Now she sat at the kitchen table, chopping up bits of ginger for the fruitcake, her blond hair swept back from her face

(Continued on page 49)



"MORE OIL...MORE OIL!"

Texaco engineers reach down into Davy Jones' locker for new supplies of oil.

DOWN into the oil-bearing formations beneath the coastal waters, sinks the drill pipe . . . *on its way to find oil.*

It got there with the help of a strange kind of barge . . . a barge that is sunk to rest on the bottom of swamps or lakes. It is called a *submersible drilling barge* . . . and was developed by Texaco engineers to drill for oil under water.

Resting on the bottom, the submersible barge forms a firm foundation for drilling machinery. After the well has been drilled, the barge is refloated and moved away to another location—leaving the pipe in position, to bring up new supplies of precious oil.

This is one of numerous ingenious devices developed by Texaco to speed up production of oil, now so urgently needed by the fighting forces of Democracy. At Texaco refineries, this all-vital oil is converted into 100-octane aviation gasoline . . . into quality fuels and lubricants for all kinds of vehicles . . . into *Toluene* for high explosives and *Butadiene* for synthetic rubber.

When peace comes, the lessons learned in Texaco's great war job will be applied to making finer fuels and lubricants for your car.

THE TEXAS COMPANY



Coming . . . a finer  **FIRE-CHIEF** gasoline and a finer  **Sky Chief** gasoline because of Texaco's work in this war

I Hate Actors

Continued from page 12

understood their cynicism, for it was difficult to conceive of Orlando as a participant in anything bona fide. Likely as not, he was auditioning a client.

"Come on, Mr. Albert," Orlando grabbed the healer's arm. "I want to talk to you in private. Let's get out of here, quick."

"I can't leave my daughter," Mr. Albert protested, as he was pulled away.

"Okay. Done and done. Come on, honey," Orlando called to the girl. "Put on a veil or somethin'."

"You're really cured?" I asked, following the trio to the door.

"It's absolute magic," Orlando beamed, "that osmosis. See you tomorrow at the office."

I turned and looked at the party after the door closed. Everyone had, apparently, forgotten all about the skewer man, the girl, Orlando and the miracle cure. The little inglenook kingdoms were back in place and, in a corner of the patio, Dennis Wilde was threatening to knock the block off one of his guests in an argument over Communism.

IF YOU would like to understand a great actor, put yourself in his place. In the theater or in the movie house every night, fifteen hundred or fifteen million people roar at your wit, weep over your troubles, tremble with suspense until you have the heroine in your arms. Consider what would happen to you after just a week of this.

There are some actors who, nevertheless, keep their heads and who manage also to keep from drifting off the earth like balloons. Mr. Laurence Bison was not one of these.

I met Mr. Bison the next afternoon, still unaware that the fates were tuning up a rigadood under my window, for in Hollywood murder is the only enterprise that works without a publicity department.

Mr. Bison was standing on the other side of Orlando Higgins' twenty-two-foot table desk that had once served as a dining board in an Italian monastery. He was bellowing at Orlando. I lay on one of the office couches and listened. The comely Flannigan kept appealing to me with her eyes, but I sensed no danger to her boss. He was offering Mr. Bison the blank, washed-out face which he reserves for the troubles of others.

Although I had never seen Mr. Bison before, I soon knew him well enough. He was a dark, dashing-looking fellow in his forties, with a pencil-line mustache borrowed from Dumas, a rolling eye filched from Richelieu, and a strut from Hamlet's wardrobe. A fierce and tissue-paper man, as gaudy as a Chinese kite and as obsessed as the child who might be flying it, was the impression Mr. Bison made on me. And by this, I knew he was an actor such as resents wars, earthquakes, and the spread of Communism as matters interfering with and distracting from his importance.

Mr. Bison, however, was not bellowing against these phenomena (much as he would have liked to) but offering criticism of Dennis Wilde.

"This creature, Dennis Whatyoumay-callhim," he cried, "is the hollow dream of a press agent. He knows less about acting than my big toe. I've watched him. The man can't walk, sit down, or utter a sentence the ear can understand. He speaks through his nose like a college boy. I am ready to take my oath on it that this Wilde is the worst actor—if you can call him actor at all—who ever lived."

"I agree with you there," said Orlando, happy always to hear honest criticism of any of his clients. "I could never see

him for sour apples. I always said his success was an absolute fluke."

"But you are his agent!" Mr. Bison thundered. "You got him the lead in Sons of Destiny."

Orlando sighed contentedly at this accusation. It was one he rarely heard. The more accepted theory was that he stood between his clients and employment like a stone wall.

"How could you do that?" Mr. Bison wailed. "Why, man—that's my picture! My part! I made history playing Erik Periwinkle. I put the Empire Studio on its feet with Periwinkle—"

"Twenty years ago," Orlando interrupted by way of argument. "You can't play boys' parts any more. 'You're fifty if you're a day.'"

"That's a lie!" Mr. Bison roared. "Can a man of fifty do this?" And Mr. Bison vaulted suddenly over the table desk, knocking over a silver jar bristling with fifty different colored pencils. "Or this?"



"If we brought our wars to your country, I'll bet you'd be sore as hell, too"

COLLIER'S

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

he cried, and upending himself on the same table top, walked on his hands down its length, thrusting numerous piles of documents out of his path.

Orlando looked on admiringly. "Not bad," he said.

Miss Flannigan sighed and looked remissively at the new windowpanes.

MR. BISON regained an upright position and sat on the table, swinging his legs like a hoyden.

"Listen, Larry," Orlando grew confidential. "This remake of Sons of Destiny is a three-million-dollar proposition, and they need stars. I grant you Dennis Wilde is a cluck. But he's a star. So is Elvina Bliss. So is Johnny Jones."

"So is Laurence Bison!" Mr. Bison shouted, like a voice in the wilderness, and jumped gracefully to his feet. He strode up and down and continued quietly, "I would have been content to rest on my laurels, to let the world remember me—and be satisfied with its nostalgic love for my name."

"A good idea," Orlando said quickly.

"But this is too much," Mr. Bison pressed on, "this stupid, rankling injustice of letting someone else play Periwinkle while I am still young, still in full possession of my art—and still available—is too

much, I tell you! Good Lord, I am Erik Periwinkle! The world does not want to see a drooling, untalented impostor in that role."

"Okay," Orlando snapped. "I'm sold. I'll get in touch with J. B. Cobb immediately. Call me tomorrow. Without fail!"

Mr. Bison glared for a moment and then his voice rose as from a zither. "I think you owe it to me, Orlando," he said softly. "I think you owe it to me to drop everything else in your life—and get me this part."

"Of course, I do," Orlando responded tenderly.

MR. BISON was leaning over him, his handsome teeth bared. "I made you, Orlando Higgins," he declared in an awesome whisper. "I loaned you fifteen thousand dollars when you were crawling through Hollywood on your belly."

"Okay," Orlando repeated firmly and stood up. He held out his hand.

"How do you feel?" Miss Flannigan inquired.

"Tell Mr. Albert to come in," Orlando sighed, and his somewhat bloodshot eyes looked triumphantly at me. "I had a tough time signing him up," he said, "but I got him—exclusive. After we left that party last night, I spent four hours selling that guy before I could get anywhere. The trouble is he isn't just a performer. He's religious. They're pretty stubborn."

"What kind of religion does he favor?" I asked.

"Couldn't make out definitely," said Orlando.

"Ought to be a great addition to your staff," I said.

"Worth his weight in gold," Orlando beamed, and then added irritably, "But they're all alike, religious or not. I had to get his daughter into the movies. I broke my neck on that all morning. You remember her—that dizzy thing who thinks she can dance."

"Where'd you sell her?" I asked.

"To Empire," Orlando grinned. "I got her on the Destiny picture."

"That's going to be a big help," I said, "unloading that lame duck on my story."

"She'll be okay," Orlando assured me. "She's just going to be in the Oriental number. Any girl can wiggle and wave her hands."

MR. ALBERT, still wearing a turban, entered and bowed idiotically. He had become a personage overnight, a not unusual phenomenon in Hollywood.

"You interrupted my morning meditation, Mr. 'Iggens," he said stiffly.

"You'll have to get used to that," Orlando was firm. "We covered that in the contract. Okay," he sighed, "do your stuff. Those ice picks are back."

Mr. Albert walked augustly to a place behind his chair and pressed his puffy hands over Orlando's face. He stood looking thoughtfully at the ceiling.

Miss Flannigan, who evidently had not witnessed this spectacle before, raised her pretty brows. Orlando, his wind shut off, began to sputter and choke.

"He's killing him," said Miss Flannigan.

Mr. Albert removed his hands.

Orlando took a deep breath. "Great!" he beamed. "Works like a top. Okay, Mr. Albert, you can go back to your office. I've sent for those books you want. I'll call you when I need you. Be on tap."

Mr. Albert bowed again and retraced his steps.

"I'm keeping him under lock and key," Orlando said softly.

"You could farm him out at a profit," I suggested. "There are a lot of headaches in Hollywood."

"Wouldn't think of it," Orlando said. "Don't want him using up his powers. He's got just so much of that inner force, or whatever it is, and I don't want him wasting it. I'm going to need every bit of it if I want to keep going."

"He seems like a very remarkable personality," Flannigan offered.

Orlando beamed at the door behind which the turban had vanished. "A miracle worker," he chuckled, "dirt-cheap at ten grand."

NOT all the incidents that exploded around Orlando Higgins the next two weeks were the mutterings of impending crime. But they were all, in a manner, related—second and third cousins of calamity—with a few genuine uncles thrown in. Had you asked me while they were happening if I anticipated that some people were going to have their throats sliced from ear to ear and die of gunshot and poison, I would have answered "Yes," but

**BEULAH TAKES THE
CURVES LIKE AN OLD
HAND NOW THAT SHE'S
DRINKING Hemo!**

Pick up Speed with Hemo— Drink your Vitamins and like 'em!

JUST TWO TEASPOONS OF HEMO GIVE YOU:

The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!
The Vitamin B₁ in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!
The Vitamin B₂, G in 4 servings of spinach!
The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!
The Niacin in 3 servings of carrots!
The Iron in ½ pound of beef!
The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!

Borden's Hemo

IF IT'S BORDEN'S, IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!



"WHEE!" panted Elsie, the Borden Cow. "What a lovely curve! ... Beulah, you're wonderful!"

"The kid's sure a chip off the old block!" bragged Elmer, the bull.

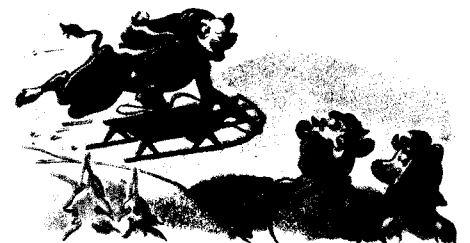
"Do give me some credit, dear," smiled Elsie. "I'm the one who sees that the 'chip' and the 'old block' get their HEMO every day."

"Woman alive!" bellowed Elmer. "Can't you ever talk about anything but HEMO?"

"How can I, dear, when HEMO is such a grand insurance against a deficiency of vitamins we all face in these days of food shortages?" countered Elsie brightly. "Just

just say HEMO is *ideal* and drop the subject!"

"Why, Elmer!" exclaimed Elsie. "HEMO is the ideal way to take your vitamins ...



You see, it's a fine, energizing food all by itself. So when Borden's fortify it with vitamins, they're fortifying a real food! And that's sensible—for vitamins are natural food elements! So you see—"

"I see you think HEMO's the swellest drink that ever was!" twitted Elmer.

"And so do thousands of other folks!" said Elsie happily. "It has such a grand, rich malty deliciousness! No wonder folks say HEMO's the way to drink your vitamins and like 'em!"

► Get HEMO made up in any flavor you prefer at fountains ... At home, use the full-pound jar—only 59¢. The HEMO for one delightful drink—hot or cold—costs just 2½¢! On sale at drug and grocery stores. © Borden Co.



2 teaspoons of HEMO mixed in milk supplies half your daily needs—as set by government nutritionists—of Vitamins A, B₁, B₂(G), D, and Niacin; and of Iron, Calcium, and Phosphorus!"

"Sure! Sure!" mumbled Elmer. "Let's

not out of any special foreboding. It's just that things always seem to me to be heading that way in Hollywood.

There are always enough motives lying around in the cinema capital for a massacre. In a town where every third husband is a mechanized Casanova, and every fifth wife is repaying him in kind, where skulduggery and career go hand in hand, and today's Galahad is tomorrow's Iago, it's a wonder that the streets are not drenched with blood. If such things went on in Akron, Ohio, martial law would have to be declared.

My role as bystander and foreboder was greatly stepped up by my assignment at Empire. I was put on the Sons of Destiny script to do what is known as a polishing job, a task for which I have considerable cunning.

I discovered long ago that there is only one type of writer the studios revere and reward munificently. This is the cynic who steps in two or three weeks before the shooting of the picture and finds the script full of holes, its psychology cockeyed, its plot turns half baked. At this eleventh hour the studio satraps who have been tormenting the scenario for a year are in a state of flux and disquiet. Like all people whose talents consist chiefly of being somebody's boss, they view the final product with misgiving. Anything seems better to them than what they have wangled out of a half dozen scenario writers by sneer and bamboozlement.

You have only to come up with some new cockeyed psychology and some fresh plot turns, no less half baked than the original ones, to be hailed as a literary Marine. The main requirements are to be firm about the whole thing, and to be ten or twenty times overpaid for your services. The movie satraps respect, above all other evidences of genius, bullheadedness and anyone who is earning money for nothing; for these are the two qualities with which they, themselves, are gifted.

I offer this lecture because, in a humble way, my trepanning work on Sons of Destiny had to do with its gory finale. It was I, sitting at my typewriter, who whistled Cain into the studio.

WHEN I called for Orlando the next day to take him to lunch and explain to him in detail my distaste for the office that had been assigned me at Empire, the significant event that was transpiring was Elvina Bliss. That dream of fair ladies was in a frenzy and demanding of Orlando, who was her agent, that he turn heaven and earth to get her out of Sons of Destiny. I found Orlando sitting on a couch, with Elvina sobbing and locked in his arms. His mood, however, was one of fatherhood.

Elvina's case was interesting. She loathed the co-star in the picture, Dennis Wilde, not because of that nonsense about his standing her up for their wedding. She thought that was cute. She wouldn't think of marrying some stick with his eye always on the clock. But she had almost run herself out of the movies playing opposite to Dennis last year in The Swamp Man. The critics had called her unconvincing, and commented, in a chorus from one end of the world to the other, that she had lost some of the swooning loveliness that had carried her to stardom.

The unconvincing performance and this loss of smashing sex appeal had been Dennis' doings. He had, as The Swamp Man, kept twisting his mouth from side to side during all her big scenes; and when she had caught him at it and complained fiercely, the rotter had insisted that this mouth-jerking business of his was his trade-mark. It was his way of registering cynicism. And the studio, led by its Pharaoh, Jerome B. Cobb, had backed him up. The result had been that every time she had to do an emotional scene, one look at Dennis' acrobatic kisser

(as she called it) had just washed her out.

Here Orlando, squeezing his delicious client, interjected tenderly, "You're mad, honey girl. You were simply marvelous."

"Don't give me that bull," Elvina glared. "Nobody looked at me. I acted my heart out, and the critics gave all the notices to that case of St. Vitus' dance. I can read, can't I?"

She continued on the topic of her dimmed beauty, while Orlando took a firmer grip on her, pulling her head to his shoulder and stroking the back of her neck under the cascade of Botticelli hair.

ELVINA'S tears flowed on, but I, for one, felt no true sadness, watching her. Her emotions remained less than her contours. She looked, in sunshine or in rain, like something carved out of a marshmallow—something mighty fine.

She had never been looking better, she explained with a sob, than when she had stepped on the set of The Swamp Man. But Dennis had taken care of that. The skunk knew that the left half of her face was a little off kilter and that she was a trifle walleyed on that side. And with the connivance of Hercule Potnik, the director, who hated her for reasons she

"I see through you, you Judas!" Elvina cried in an ugly, hoarse voice. "You're going to talk me into this picture—because that stinker Jerome Cobb got to you first. You're going to sell me down the river. You're going to make me ruin my whole career. That's what I'm paying you four hundred a week for, you gigolo! So you can betray me—make a fool out of me! You and that Dennis Wilde! I'll fix both of you!"

During this outburst, Elvina struggled out of her agent's arms, clouted him over the head with her purse and tore a track down his cheek with her mandarin nails. Billingsgate and tears pouring from her in a balanced mixture, she stormed out of the room.

"Mr. Laurence Bison is on the phone," Miss Flannigan announced coldly from her desk in the corner.

Orlando grabbed one of the many instruments strategically placed throughout the room. "That fathead!" he growled. "He's driving me nuts. I found him in my rooms when I got to the hotel last night. He's got hold of a skeleton key." He spoke into the phone explosively: "Larry! Listen to me! . . . No. Let me talk, I tell you! I'm just on my way over to

He hung up and sat chuckling.

"I can't stand people who make me lie to them," he said. "That's the whole trouble with actors—and women. And what's it get them?"

"Come on, I'm hungry," I said.

Orlando shuddered and shook his head. "I got dizzy spots," he muttered. "It'll just take a minute. Flannigan, tell Mr. Albert to drop everything and come in here."

A few minutes later, the turban emerged from its fastness. Mr. Albert was holding a book in his hand.

"I've marked the 'ighly important passages," he said, giving Orlando the book, "and I suggest, Mr. 'Iggens, that you read them in the altogether."

"I don't get you," said Orlando.

"Without your clothes on," said Mr. Albert. "You can't get close to the h'Oridental secrets of nature, dressed up like a circus 'orse." Mr. Albert patted the book tenderly. "'E is one of the masters."

"All right to go over him in the bathtub?" Orlando inquired.

"It's a little unorthodox," Mr. Albert frowned, "underneath a tree is better."

"Okay," Orlando nodded. "How about a treatment? You feel any powers?"

"Bursting with 'em," Mr. Albert answered. His hands descended over Orlando's face. One of Miss Flannigan's phones rang. "'Old it, please." Mr. Albert scowled at her. "'E don't get the full benefits with human chatter going on."

The comely Flannigan removed the instrument from the hook and let it lie there. Our lunch was delayed another fifteen minutes while the miracle worker coaxed the ice picks out of Orlando's skull.

INCIDENTS number two, three and four took place in Jerome B. Cobb's office, which is large enough for an American Legion meeting. When you enter this gray-walled sanctum, you walk for a long time over a difficult rug. The Pharaoh, sitting immobile behind his desk—which is almost the size of an ocean liner—watches your ungainly progress to his side. The general effect is of a castaway floundering up a beach to safety. Mr. Cobb is safety and when you sit down opposite him, he looks at you with the expression of a man somewhat surprised at your having reached your goal.

I was sitting, discussing with J. B. certain changes in the Destiny script that I considered imperative, and the Pharaoh was listening sphinxlike. Despite his granite face and his rigid wattles, I knew, however, that J. B. was on the ropes. Only nine days remained before putting this three-million-dollar fandango in front of the cameras, and if I had not solved all its lopsided plot, who then would? Nobody! The slightest lack of faith in my suggestions would delay production and cost the studio another half million—particularly if I got moody. Mr. Cobb elected to look on me as a fellow oracle.

"Perfect," he said, when I had finished. "I can feel every word of it. It's smooth. It's real. It gets you right in the stomach. Now we know why she kills the man. There's a sound reason for it. And we forgive her. We're on her side—poor little queen!"

The Pharaoh glowed. "My boy." He dropped his hand over mine. "You've straightened out the psychology like a genius. And now give me some dialogue that'll tear the heart open."

I nodded modestly and was about to speak of further brilliant didos I had invented, when I noted a fierce look stiffen Mr. Cobb's features. The eyes grew fixed, the large, bloodless lips quivered. I turned and beheld Orlando in the distance. He was making his way toward the desk with a false, cheery light on his face.

"Hello, J. B.," Orlando purred. "I shot over soon as I could. That was a terrific



wouldn't go into, this saboteur, Dennis, had kept jockeying her around and getting the left half of her face always into the camera. She had been so carried away by the part that she hadn't realized what the rat was up to.

As a result, in nearly all the big scenes of passion, she had worn a sort of abstracted look, due to the pointing sideways of her left eye; and had seemed also a little casual in the finish when that swine Dennis was dying from that fever. This was because the left half of her mouth always turned up in a smile whenever she got emotionally stirred.

"It's something I got no control over," Elvina moaned. "People always think I'm laughing when my heart is breaking, if they're sitting on that side of me. It's because my face was paralyzed when I was a baby." And the beautiful girl raised her voice fiercely. "One more session with that underhanded ham and I'm through in pictures. You got to get me out of Destiny by hook or crook. If you don't, so help me, I'll have a baby. That'll fix everything."

"Blow your nose and relax," Orlando ordered. "I'm going to talk to you like a Dutch uncle."

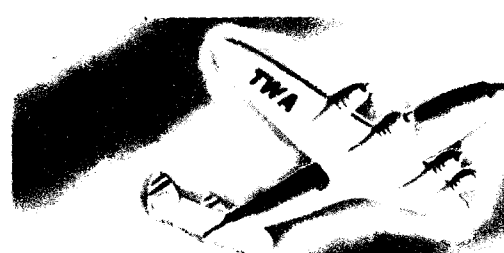
He removed his hand from her neck and dropped her legs off his lap.

J. B. Cobb's office to see him about you. Had him on the phone for an hour this morning, softening him up."

The phone crackled, and Orlando held it at arm's length from his ear, talking bitterly to himself. The crackling ended, he cried into the mouthpiece, "You're nuts! Absolutely nuts! You don't appreciate what I'm doing for you. I'm tearing that whole damn' studio apart. Dennis Wilde is threatening to knock my block off on sight. . . . No, I ain't scared of him! . . . No—shut up and listen to me, will you!"

ORLANDO spaced his words for emphasis. "I am seeing Jerome B. Cobb in twenty minutes, and I do not want to see you or talk to you." There was a crackle. "Because," Orlando screamed, "you'll spoil my mood! That's why!" He recovered his breath and returned patiently. "Yes, I've got the article by Bernard Shaw. I've got everything. Will you stop worrying, and just let me gather my forces—like a good fellow!"

He listened and sighed like a man in a dentist's chair. "Okay," he said in the clipped tones he reserved for big deals. "Will do. Call you up soon as it's over. . . . Yep. . . . Yep. . . . Absolutely. Word of honor. . . . Yep. . . . Without fail."



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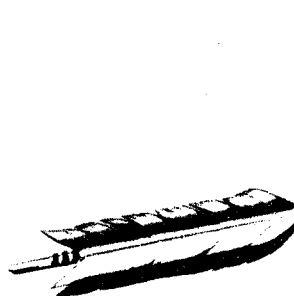
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Not since the days when boys like him watched, heart in mouth, the clean-lined clipper ships head out to sea, or trudged barefoot through the dust to glimpse the covered wagons rolling west, has such a high future faced the young American.

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shines even more brightly, as the wartime flood of airships, airplanes and aircraft material flows from the nation's huge air plants.

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It can mean a new world of opportunity for our sons and daughters and their sons and daughters unto many generations — opportunity of which the only true limit is the boundless sky.

It can mean freedom for each and all such as no nation has known since the dawn of time.

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the miracle worker arose from a corner of the waiting chamber.

"You're getting to look a little screwy," I said, "with that ape in a turban tagging after you all the time."

"Wouldn't be without him," Orlando grinned.

In a corner of the ballroom set from Song of Iceland, Mr. Potnik lay on a cot, still moaning. A man I knew vaguely as the studio doctor was standing over him.

"No concussion," he greeted Mr. Cobb solemnly. "I took five stitches over the right ear. It's nothing serious."

"How are you, Hercule?" Mr. Cobb inquired, bending over the paunchy, bald-headed figure.

A moan answered.

"He's still suffering a little from shock," the medico explained.

Dennis Wilde, a dueling blade in his hand, was being nonchalant on a sofa.

"What the hell's the matter with Johnny Jones?" Orlando asked him. "Jealousy?"

"You got me," Dennis said. He had a handsome but mean face. It looked saturated with vanity at the moment, as he examined his right hand. "He just let out a yell and began killing people. Boy, did I take him apart." He peered amiably at the slouched figure of John Paul Jones, guarded by three electricians, dangling monkey wrenches. "He's got the guts of a mouse."

Mr. Cobb was also looking at this figure, studying it as if it were a horse going to the post.

Potnik's assistant was explaining in his ear: "We were going to rehearse the dueling scene, but Mr. Jones refused. When Mr. Potnik began to argue with him, Mr. Jones started screaming and picked up the chair and tried to kill him."

"PLEASE clear the set," Mr. Cobb ordered. "This is purely a family affair." He stopped and stared at a scantily clad girl holding a fat snake around her neck. "What are you doing here in that costume?" Mr. Cobb demanded.

"That's Miss Caroma," said Orlando nervously and turned to her. "Go get something on. This is no time to show off. And you go outside, Mr. Albert. I'll call you if I need you."

The turban bowed, looked woodenly for a moment at the battered John Paul Jones and left the set.

Caroma sat down on the sofa beside Dennis Wilde who at once placed his hand protectively on her kneecap. The girl smiled at him. She was a bit on the scrawny side but had an interesting face—like a cat's, soft and thoughtful, and with huge, motionless green eyes. Sitting down, she looked more than ever like an Egyptian priestess gone slumming.

"Does the snake bother you?" she asked primly.

"Not at all," Dennis answered. "It's very becoming."

Mr. Cobb had turned his back on this tender scene and lowered himself beside the battered Jones, whose face was becoming full of blue and lavender shades.

"And now," the Pharaoh asked soothingly, "what is this all about, Johnny?"

Potnik sat up on his cot and cried out, "J. B., I want him arrested!"

"Don't talk like a child, Hercule," said Mr. Cobb. "I'm sure Johnny can explain everything."

The lean, discolored face nodded. "I most certainly can," he agreed.

Orlando caught my eye. He had come, apparently, to the same conclusion I had: that Johnny Jones was loopy. The gaunt, haughty face that had thrilled the world for ten years, playing famous scientists, great novelists and millionaire fathers, was full of a daffy light. It seemed unaware of the pummeling it had taken.

"My position is very simple," Jones continued. "I have refused to play in Sons of Destiny unless every single bat-

tle scege is removed from it, the duel taken out and all references to militarism deleted."

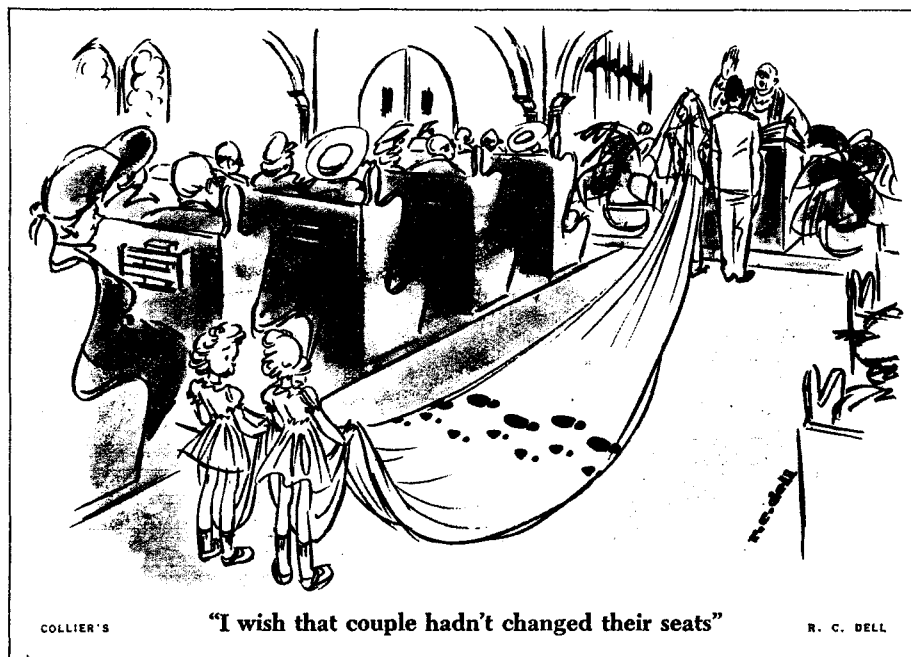
This seemed a reflection on my rewrite work, and I answered, witheringly, "There's a law in this country that forbids actors from thinking. You better watch your step, Jones." But I was too late.

Mr. Cobb was already worried. "You think the script is imperfect," he said, scowling.

POTNIK had joined our little group. His foreign half-falsetto filled the ballroom. "I am dealing with actors twenty-seven years," he screamed, "and I have yet to meet one which is got enough sanity to entitle him to a name and not a number. But this rotten excuse for a human being, this Jones Paul Johns, is—believe me, J. B.—the leading, top-smash lunatic of my whole career. This man has nothing but bedbugs in his head."

"Are you through?" Jones asked quietly. "If so, I should like to continue."

"Am I through!" Potnik shrieked. "When I am through with you, you will know it because you will be dead. I am



going to butcher you, you rotten excuse for a murderer!"

"We are not going to get anywhere by arguing back and forth," said the Pharaoh coldly. "Sit down, Potnik, and don't raise your voice."

"Thank you, Mr. Cobb," Jones smiled graciously. "As a matter of fact, Mr. Potnik knows where he is at fault. I have discussed the thing with him fully."

"What thing?" Mr. Cobb asked.

"Simply this," Jones smiled like Pasteur. "I will not have anything to do with a picture that glamorizes war or, let us say, that encourages the bestial side of people. You see, I am against war and will not be an instrument for arousing human brutality."

"What war are you against?" Mr. Cobb inquired, looking at me suspiciously. "The war in this script?"

"All war," said Jones, "including our present stupid bloodletting."

"You mean," Mr. Cobb quavered, "that you are not in favor of the fighting forces of the United States of America?"

"Exactly." Jones lighted a cigarette and seemed delighted with the profundity of the debate. "Particularly against American participation. And why? Because, as I told Mr. Potnik, I love my country. I do not want to see my country become a land of brutes."

"You would rather we didn't fight?" Mr. Cobb bellowed suddenly.

"A million times," said Jones firmly.

"You heard that!" Potnik jumped with excitement. "I will not have such a piece of horsefeathers in my picture."

"Let me handle this," Mr. Cobb panted. "It's bigger than I thought. We are dealing here with a pacifist."

"Most decidedly," Jones agreed.

"What kind of a pacifist is it that starts killing harmless people like Hercule Potnik?" Mr. Cobb roared. "You are a fake pacifist! You are a fake human being! You are a fake actor!"

"We will let the world decide that," Jones replied coolly.

"If you so much as open your mouth publicly"—Mr. Cobb's voice managed to rise another note—"about what you have just said, I will personally break your head in fifty places! You are a star! You are Empire property! We made you. You cannot disgrace Empire! Get out of here! Take him away, somebody, before it's too late."

The three electricians grabbed him. Mr. Cobb sank into a chair, muttering, "Take him to my conference room. Call all the studio heads."

I was watching Caroma disappear with Dennis Wilde into the latter's dressing room and marveled at the fellow's powers of concentration. Come hell or high water, Dennis was a boy who never per-

This was an understatement, not like Orlando. . . .

The jinx let go for a home run two weeks later. It was a February morning such as only Hollywood can know. The rain was coming down like a locomotive. Sewers were clogged, houses adrift, and cataracts were bouncing down the California hills, threatening to float away the entire cinema capital.

I looked out of the hotel window casually. For some reason the "rainy season," as this annual three months' cloudburst is called, has small interest for movie folk. Anywhere else, it would dominate and terrify the souls of the citizenry. But Hollywood is too preoccupied for more than a cursory nod at nature (or at life).

The Sons of Destiny situation, as of this hour in which I stood shaving under the epileptic heavens—with that first Pandora's phone call a few minutes away—was as follows: Potnik had been shooting the script for five days, with no more than the usual alarms and excursions. John Paul Jones had returned to the cast. He was on deck in black tights, acting when his turn came.

A number of things had been done to induce him to continue in his role. He had been assured that the picture was being rewritten and its militaristic flavor fully expunged. This was a complete lie, and I had felt like a rogue, sitting beside the Pharaoh and taking advantage of the added state of our actor.

THE lie was hardly necessary. By nightfall, two doctors had taken Jones in hand and assured him he was suffering from a nervous breakdown. They had prescribed to relieve his mental tension. Reduced to a glassy-eyed semitorpor by their medication, Jones had returned to the set with his intellectual side in abeyance.

The studio doctor was on hand to administer the medicines hourly, take his pulse, blood pressure and make certain that a fine balance was maintained between art and a coma. Jones apparently considered his battle won and went about his work in a pleasant fog, happy, as all good actors are, to carry on against great odds.

"Johnny will be grateful to us after it's all over," Orlando assured me. The drugging of his client had been Orlando's idea. "Of course, he's kind of out on his feet right now, but doing a great acting job. The rushes are terrific. I wouldn't be surprised if he stole the picture."

I had helped a bit here by rewriting Alfonso Barboza, the part Jones was playing. I had altered him from a hot-headed Castilian into a creature full of languorous evil, immobile and taciturn.

"Soon as the picture's done"—Orlando had looked into the future—"we're sending Johnny to some sanitarium and having him psychoanalyzed. There's something wrong with his sex life. Fix that up, and he'll be as sane as any of us."

Elvina Bliss had provided her quota of incidents. She had slapped Dennis Wilde's face in the middle of a love scene, with the cameras going. She had also attacked Potnik with a sword snatched from one of the extras and cut his hand rather badly. This had to do with the Potnik-Wilde conspiracy to swing the left side of her face in front of the camera.

After the assault, Elvina had torn her royal gown from her lovely body, kicked it into a bucket of water and walked off the set in her step-ins. She had left, crying that she was through with the picture and that a hundred million dollars couldn't induce her to act with a skunk like Dennis Wilde or take direction from a monster like Potnik.

Orlando had fixed all that up. He had entered Mr. Cobb's office at noon the next day, holding Elvina by the hand. He looked a little haggard but announced cheerfully, "Well, J. B., I think congratu-



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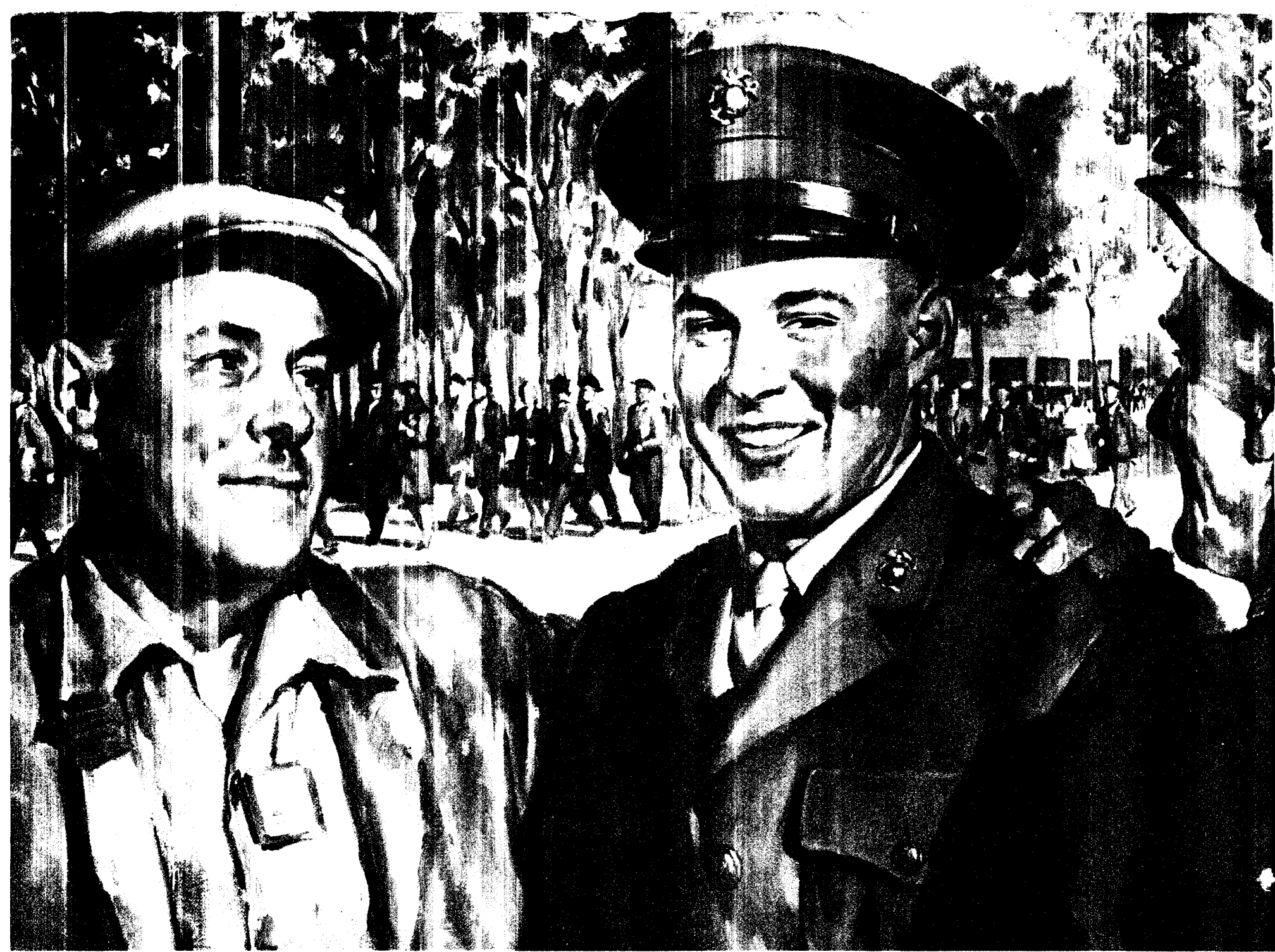
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lations are in order. Elvina and I are engaged."

The Pharaoh had embraced and kissed them both. Elvina, yawning, had returned to the cameras.

I chided Orlando that evening on his all-out agent tactics. "You're going to be sitting pretty," I said, "if you have to marry Elvina for the sake of good old Empire. At least, you'll have an interesting home life if her lovers are nice enough to give you a key. Are you sending out announcements of your engagement?"

"Oh, no," Orlando sighed, "that'll blow over. She'll wake up in time and realize, same as me, that we were just making fools of ourselves."

The greatest of the troubles, however, had not happened in the studio. These had been Mr. Bison's contributions. That Thespian had run the gamut in his negotiations for the role of Erik Periwinkle. He had hurled inkwells at Orlando's head, scoring twice; he had groveled at Orlando's feet like a human sacrifice and threatened to cut his throat on Orlando's threshold; he had fought Miss Flannigan with his bare fists when she strove to bar his way; he had been thrown out bodily from Jerome B. Cobb's sanctum to which he had gained access at dawn disguised as an ash-tray emptier. Without cease, he had bayed at Orlando's heels like a hound, hung over him like a sword and used the telephone for an ack-ack battery.

But two days before the start of the picture, Bison had paused in his selling campaign long enough to have a drink. A mysterious stranger had sidled up to him in a restaurant, demanded his autograph, recalled the glories of his past and pressed a double Martini on him. And double Martinis it had been from that moment on. The admirer, thenceforth, had never left the Bison elbow. By nightfall, our Thespian was drunk as a goat. It was impossible to imagine a human being drunker—until Bison appeared the next afternoon, still in the tow of his great fan.

ON THE third day, a new hazard had entered Hollywood's night life—Laurence Bison, star of the good old days. Whole dinner parties bolted his presence, light-moraled ladies climbed out of windows, and bouncers fled, while a trail of wrecked chairs and chinaware marked his slightest movements. No Hollywood artist had ever engaged in so leaping a toot since the advent of the talkies. Bison's capacity and durability belonged truly to a hardier era.

On the seventh day, which was the beginning of our annual cloudburst, Bison collapsed, however, obviously shocked by the presence of so much water in the air. His "admirer" had brought him to Orlando's rooms, and the plot had been revealed to me. Noting the stricken Thespian awrithe on a bed and clawing at fauna invisible to others, I thought it a dastardly plot.

"Don't talk like a chump!" Orlando countered. "I saved his face, didn't I? He can always figure when he recovers that he lost that Periwinkle role by going on a bat. I'll keep him on ice overnight, and tomorrow Bill can drive him to Doc Klein's place in the desert. I'll pay all expenses and, what's more, get him a movie job, if he can stay off the liquor. So what's wrong with it?"

Orlando looked moodily on while his chauffeur Bill, fire tong in hand, pursued the howling Bison through the hotel suite.

"I told you," Orlando went on feelingly, "there was a jinx on this picture. I got to keep that looney, Jones, under drugs, marry that idiot, Elvina, kidnap this drunken ham—all for that stinking picture. Think of me, for a change, will you! If it wasn't for Albert, I'd be dead."

I did think of Orlando and reminded him angrily that I was paying him a princely sum every week as my repre-

sentative, and that he had not done the one single thing I had asked of him by way of return. I had asked for another office at Empire. It was impossible, I told him, losing my temper over his long-standing indifference to my problems, it was ridiculous to try to work in an office flush on a corridor, an office whose door opened every five minutes to a tie salesman, a panhandler or a literary gin-rummy addict. Producers had offices with barricades, moats and tank traps. Writers at Empire had to sit practically in the street—in an unguarded cubbyhole—and try to write.

"If you don't get me out of that phony writers' building by tomorrow morning," I finished, "I'll find some agent vaguely interested in my needs and let him mismanage my affairs."

I left Orlando's room with the vow that eleven A.M. on the morrow would see me client of some other agent, if my modest desire had not been appeased.

It was now ten o'clock. I was wondering idly about the matters I have mentioned—particularly the last one—when the phone rang. It was Miss Quackenbush, custodian of the Pharaoh's gate. Her voice seemed a little high-pitched.



"Mr. Cobb wants you at the studio immediately," she announced. "Come directly to his office."

"You can tell Mr. Cobb," I began, "that unless I get an office I can work in—"

"Don't quibble with Mr. Cobb," Quackenbush screamed, "he's almost crazy. Dennis Wilde has been murdered."

J. B. COBB'S office looked almost crowded. A dozen of his wazirs were sitting along the walls. Elvina Bliss was sobbing on a couch. Five men from the publicity department were standing, white-faced, beside her. Potnik, his left arm in a sling, was pacing and sputtering in a foreign tongue. Two uniformed policemen were shaking John Paul Jones, trying to wake him up. (He had slid from his chair to the floor.) Another group of three jittery Koreans whom I recognized as part of Dennis Wilde's domestic staff. And behind his desk sat Jerome B. Cobb, his mighty face whiter than a shark's belly. Quackenbush was poised beside him, her notebook in hand, but the Pharaoh was mum.

Two things impressed me immediately: One was the absence of Orlando Higgins, the other was the presence of a man who looked like an Indian—a Cherokee. He had black hair, black eyes, a great spread

of shoulders, and one of the most intimidating expressions I have ever seen on a human face.

"There he is," Monty Fineman's voice rang out as I entered. Monty is the cadaverous chief of Empire's "public relations" department. "Ask him."

It was obvious from the manner in which all eyes had been focused on the black-haired man that he was in charge of this somber hour in Empire's history.

THE Cherokee turned slowly and studied me. He was a man who evidently thought before he spoke. He continued thinking and said nothing.

"This is Lieutenant Egelhofer of the Los Angeles homicide squad," Freddie Blue, one of the top wazirs, introduced us in a noncommittal voice. Blue was a dapper little man with a face as blank as a piece of tin.

The lieutenant nodded and remained silent.

"Who did it?" I asked Freddie.

"He would like to know where your friend Orlando Higgins is," Freddie answered, nodding toward the basalt man.

"I haven't the faintest idea," I said, staring back at the lieutenant who seemed

coaxed out of his trance. For a moment, it occurred to me that the brooding fellow might be observing us all cunningly from behind his silence, but a second look convinced me that the man was smitten with stage fright and up in his lines. It may have had something to do with Elvina's contortions on the couch. The poor girl, blinded by her tears, was beginning to look like a strip-tease.

Monty Fineman hooked my arm in a comradely public-relations fashion. "Did Mr. Higgins happen to mention to you last night what was at the bottom of his black rage against Mr. Wilde?" he asked.

"Wilde was the furthest thing from his mind," I began, when Elvina cried out, "It's my fault! I want to confess everything. I must!"

Lieutenant Egelhofer lowered his eyes modestly as she tried to sit up.

"I can't bear it any longer," she went on. "I told Orlando yesterday I didn't love him any more. It was all dead. Dead! I told him I still loved Dennis and that I would never marry him—Orlando. He screamed for an hour and said he was going to kill himself by Sunday night—unless I relented. Then something must have snapped in his head, and he ran out and did that horrible thing."

"Orlando wouldn't kill a fly," I said calmly, "particularly if it was a client. Why don't you call his office?"

"He isn't in," said Monty.

"Flannigan knows where he is day and night," I said. "Did you tell her what has happened?"

"We told her nothing," Mr. Cobb cried. "We don't want that crook Higgins getting up a pack of lies. Come on." He arose. "We'll get him red-handed."

THIS was unusual gibberish even from the Pharaoh, but it was to his credit that the man was able to talk at all. From where J. B. sat, the World War had been elbowed aside as a major disturbance. Sons of Destiny, with two millions already sunk in it, was ruined. The greatest money-making star in the industry was murdered. A Niagara of scandal was certain to be loosed by any prying into the lives of the nation's movie idols. And Hollywood's leading agent was heading for a gas chamber! Such was the shaggy vision floating before the Pharaoh's eyes.

"Wait a while!" Potnik rushed over to Jones, who, still out, was stretched on a couch. "Officer, this man tried to kill Denson Wiley and me, also." He pointed at the actor. "Jones Paul Johnson, you ain't fooling me!" he screamed. "You are only pretending we are putting you to sleep. You are playing post office! Officer, arrest him! That's your murderer. Johnson! And over there sits his female accomplishment—a woman without a soul!"

"Thanks," Lieutenant Egelhofer answered, after a pause. "But I'd rather find this other fella first." . . .

Nine of us entered Orlando Higgins' office a half-hour later. We were drenched to the bone, but I was shivering more from the fear that our golem detective would shoot Orlando Higgins on sight. I knew in advance that if there was anybody who would sound, look and act like a murderer, it was Orlando.

The sight of Miss Flannigan calmed me. She was a veritable ice pack of normality. The entrance of our ominous and dripping herd had not even brought her to her feet.

"Hello," she said staring at the uniformed police, J. B. Cobb, his wazirs and our fullback, Egelhofer. "It's raining pretty hard, isn't it?"

"People are getting drowned," I said.

"Yes, it's terrible," she said and, turning her eyes casually to the group, added, "Did you wish to see Mr. Higgins?"

"Where is he?" the Pharaoh swam forward.

"If you wish to wait for him, Mr. Cobb,

engaged in memorizing every pore of my face.

"You haven't heard from Mr. Higgins this morning?" Monty Fineman insisted.

"Not a peep," I said. "Do you mind telling me what's happened to date?"

"Dennis Wilde was found dead this morning at nine o'clock," Lieutenant Egelhofer chewed the sentence carefully. "By these fellas here." He glared at the Koreans. "The deceased was in his bed wearing pajamas, and the windows were open, with the rain coming in. The bed was flooded, and the victim's throat was cut. A nine-inch slice."

Elvina's sobs swelled up on cue.

"What's Higgins got to do with it?" I asked nervously.

The lieutenant lapsed into his standing coma. Four wazirs were talking at once. I made out that Orlando had dined with Wilde last night at his home and had a quarrel with him at 11:15 and been knocked down by his host and thrown out of the Wilde patio at 11:30. Two hours later, somebody, believed by all present to have been Orlando Higgins, had made his way back through the cloudburst, climbed into Wilde's bedroom and cut the actor's throat without waking him up.

"That's about the picture, isn't it, Lieutenant?" Freddie Blue concluded.

The detective nodded, but refused to be

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Mr. Higgins will be back shortly," Flannigan's flat singsong continued. "May I have your names, in case he should call?"

"This is Lieutenant Egelhofer of the homicide squad," I said, "and those are his minions. Dennis Wilde was murdered last night, and they're here to arrest Orlando for the crime."

Miss Flannigan thought for a moment, then murmured, "I see," and started typing.

My eye had spotted Orlando's hat under a chair, and I looked, without meaning to, toward his conference room. The others of our party were busy wringing themselves out, but Egelhofer apparently had kept his eyes glued on me for one false move. In an instant, he had picked up the hat, digested the initials in its band and started for the conference room.

"Mr. Higgins does not want to be disturbed until eleven-thirty," Flannigan looked up with a scowl.

I WAS beside Egelhofer as he opened the door. The others had retreated hastily. For a moment, I thought, happily, that the room was empty. A second look revealed Orlando. He was sitting on the floor in a corner, his legs tucked under him like a tailor's. He was naked, except for some Scotch-plaid shorts and a pair of light green socks. His head was tilted back, his ribs were sticking out and his eyes were closed. He was evidently holding his breath. He began hissing violently.

"Hello," he said, opening his eyes. "Be with you in a few minutes. You're supposed to visualize yourself as a hollow tube—and let everything float out through the top of your head, and then float back again. I'm just getting the hang of it. The main thing is to keep the mind absolutely free of all disturbance. It's like a trance."

Orlando closed his eyes and began to be a hollow tube again. The phone on the conference table rang.

"I'll kill that Flannigan," Orlando cried, and I felt Egelhofer stiffen behind me. "She knows I'm busy."

"Keep away from that phone." The lieutenant stepped into the room. He grabbed the receiver and said "Hello."

I heard Flannigan's voice answer "Never mind."

Orlando stood up and oriented himself. He peered through the door, and a larkish look came on his face.

"Hello, J. B.," he called. Turning to me, he added sarcastically, "What's going on here? A rally?"

I introduced Egelhofer. Orlando said, "Cops, eh?" and walked by him into the office.

"Quite a gathering," Orlando chuckled. "What's up?"

Nobody spoke.

Miss Flannigan finally answered: "Dennis Wilde was murdered last night, according to these gentlemen."

"You're kidding!" said Orlando slowly.

"You haven't any clothes on," Flannigan added.

Orlando ignored the criticism. "Look here, J. B." He stared at the dripping Pharaoh. "Is this true? It's a gag, isn't it?"

"He was found in bed with his throat cut," I said, as convincingly as I could.

Orlando whistled. "Who did it?" he asked quietly. "Elvina?"

"There are some newspaper reporters outside," Flannigan announced from the phone. "They want to interview you."

"I can't see 'em now," Orlando said irritably. He looked angrily at Mr. Cobb and added, "Come on, J. B., don't keep me guessing. Who did it? Johnny Jones?"

"You ain't fooling anybody," the Pharaoh sneered. "There's your man, Lieutenant."

Egelhofer came to life. "You got rid of your clothes, Mr. Higgins," he said with unexpected sharpness.

"Excuse me!" Orlando apologized. "I didn't notice."

"Where are they?" Egelhofer asked.

"They're in there," Orlando started for the room. "I was doing some yoga exercises."

Egelhofer checked him. "Stay where you are," the lieutenant growled.

"What's going on?" Orlando raised his voice. "Am I under suspicion, or something?"

"There are no clothes in here," one of the cops called from the conference room.

"They're on the chair," Orlando cried. "I put 'em there myself."

He followed Egelhofer into the yoga chamber. There were no clothes visible.

"Check on all the cleaning establishments and incinerators in the neighborhood," Egelhofer said quietly to one of the cops. "Right away."

"Blood-drenched, eh?" Monty Fineman whispered, in the doorway. "Good thing we got here."

"Somebody stole 'em," Orlando insisted. "Some ape came in here and stole everything."

"I see," said Egelhofer. "Right in front of you, eh?"

"I had my eyes closed!" Orlando cried. "That's part of the exercise."

"I ain't got my eyes closed," Egelhofer said grimly. "You folks may think I have, but I ain't."

"It looks bad," Monty Fineman sighed.

"Are you people all crazy?" Orlando demanded suddenly.

"You might as well confess, Higgins," the Pharaoh ordered.

"Confess what?" Orlando screamed.

"You came back to Mr. Wilde's home last night," said Egelhofer, "crawled into the window and cut his throat."

"I did nothing of the sort," Orlando answered irritably. "Of all the puddin'-headed detectives I ever heard, you're Queen of the May. You're too dumb even to get into a B picture. Now, go sit down somewhere or get out, will you? This is serious."

Egelhofer's face was a nightmare. Nevertheless, Orlando sailed past him, naked but righteous, and addressed the Pharaoh: "Holy Ike, J. B.! This puts you in a hell of a hole. Losing Dennis at a time like this! Goodbye, Sons of Destiny, eh? What a mess! I just hope it don't turn out to be a scandal—for your sake, J. B."

MR. COBB listened frozen. "Orlando Higgins, you've done your best to ruin Empire for years," he answered bitterly, "and now you've succeeded. But you'll pay for it—double!"

An orderly, matter-of-fact note came into Orlando's voice.

"You're nuts, J. B.," he said. "What's more, I always knew it." He turned to Flannigan. "Check on who stole my clothes—immediately. I don't want to stand around here like a free show. Check on that new filing clerk. I think I saw him open the outside door. And now, gentlemen," he turned with a chuckle to the silent group, "which one of you masterminds figured all this out?"

"It's my duty to warn you," said Egelhofer, taking an adjacent chair, "that anything you say will be used against you."

"You're full of prunes!" Orlando told him. "But go ahead! Shoot!"

Egelhofer launched the interrogation: "You had a fight with Dennis Wilde last night."

"I'll say," Orlando nodded.

"What was that fight about, Mr. Higgins?"

"That's none of your business," Orlando chirped. "Dennis Wilde was one of my best friends. I'm brokenhearted over what's happened."

"If he was such a close friend," Egelhofer asked, "why did he beat you up?"

"Because he was a lunkhead," Orlando sighed. "I might as well tell you. You'll

The Week's Work



LAWRENCE A. MORAHAN

Martha Gellhorn

AFTER time out to write her latest novel, *Liana*, Martha Gellhorn is at work again as a Collier's war correspondent. Hence a moving article about the thoughts, pastimes and occupations of children in England is on page 21.

Returned travelers confirm our good opinion of Miss Gellhorn, say she stands out among gal correspondents not only for her writing but for her good looks. Blond, tall, dashing, and with a manner—she comes pretty close to living up to Hollywood's idea of what a big-league woman reporter should be.

For a more intimate appraisal, here's what her husband, Author Ernest Hemingway has to say of her: "Her pieces are always about people. The things that happen to her people really happen, and you feel it as though it were you and you were there . . . All right, I am prejudiced. So I will tell you some more. She hates to get up in the morning. She needs twelve hours' sleep, can use twelve and has to have ten. But when she is at the front or getting there (she has worked in Spain, Finland, China), she will get up earlier, travel longer and faster and go where no other woman can get and where few could stick it out if they did."

"She hates cold and it really hurts her. But she was the first journalist, man or woman, to get to the front in the Finnish War and she wrote fine dispatches from there, with the cold never above twenty below zero."

"She gets to the place, gets the story, writes it and comes home. That last is the best part. After she gets back from a war she gets the first plane for Havana, where the house is 12 miles out of town on a hill and the only thing that wakes you in the morning is if the birds happen to get too noisy in their vocalizing in the big ceiba tree."

HERE'S another farmer, George Harmon Coxe, Jr., whose absorbing short story, *Partners in Blue*, appears on page 46. He worked his way up to a farm and a family, he says, through assorted jobs in automobile factories, lumber camps, dance bands and newspapers—but always with a tremendous yearning for the farm.

He admits that his place in Old Lyme, Connecticut, looks like a real farm only to his fond eyes, and to his week-ending city friends, and that an honest-to-goodness Western farmer, visiting there, nonplused him by asking about his annual profits. He further admits that he's thankful his two children are big enough now to take care of the garden and the woodpile, while their old man sits inside by the fire and writes stories.

Well, anyway, he's written a lot of stories and a lot of books, including 12 mystery books, counting the one to be published in July. . . .

A. P.



Jo Kotula

THE combination airplane and automobile depicted by artist Jo Kotula on pages 16-17 has existed in his mind since he was a model-plane-building boy. This enchanting vehicle, as he had it planned when he was 12 years old, would zoom down from the sky to alight on a highway, gracefully folding its wings as it touched the earth, and then would travel by wheel like any automobile. That's the way he still has it planned, and, although he turned out to be an artist, not an engineer, Kotula has kept in close touch with these scientists who labor to make airy dreams come true. He's engaged at the moment in sketching designs for a group of engineers who actually are working on autoplanes. His sketches are made for beauty, but they graciously allow room for the motors and gadgets that will make the contraption run—we hope. Like to put your order in for one now?

Kotula, born in Poland in 1910 and brought to this country as an infant, got his first job at 17 painting roadway signs in the Middle West. His rural decorations showed promise enough to get him a fancier job drawing for an ad agency. From then on he lived very nicely on art, only taking time off during a Texas sojourn to learn to fly. For three years he owned and flew a small plane, and as he acquired children, one after another until there were four, he took them up in the air and let them handle the controls. "I'd hate to think a child of mine wouldn't be ready for the autoplane when it comes," he says.

Kotula says his wife feels he is too absorbed in painting airplanes, real or imaginary. A first-rate artist, she tells him, should be able to draw anything—like, for instance, a decent baby portrait. Well, the first baby he didn't do a portrait of is now 14 years old, but he still has a chance, he thinks, with the youngest, who is six months old.

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(above) "Three-Way" with Magic Purse in Sheepskin, \$3.50

(above) Open-window model, \$2.00

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just snoop around till you find out, anyway. Dennis wanted me to get rid of Elvina."

"A triangle," Egelhofer remarked.

"Triangle, my eye!" Orlando cried.

The lieutenant blinked at this, supposing it to be flattery, and Orlando continued:

"Grown-up people don't go in for triangles. Dennis Wilde was drunk and unreasonable. He wanted me to kick Elvina out as a client—on the grounds that she was a lousy, underhanded actress and was always cramping his style. He said I couldn't represent them both. He hated her guts, and when I tried to soothe him down a little, he started hittin' me."

"Isn't it a fact," Egelhofer asked quietly, "that Elvina Bliss notified you yesterday afternoon that she didn't love you any more?"

"If she told you that, she's just a dirty liar," Orlando sneered. "She's been pestering the life out of me—like some vampire. As a matter of fact, that's why I had dinner with Dennis. I was trying to reconcile them. Those two alley cats were made for each other."

Egelhofer looked at the policeman who was making notes in a book.

"Take it all down," the lieutenant said, "even if it don't make any sense." He continued carefully with his quarry: "After you were beaten up and left Mr. Wilde's house, where did you go, Mr. Higgins?"

"I went home to bed," Orlando said, and I knew by the sudden boredom in his voice that this was a lie.

No one spoke.

Egelhofer continued softly: "You didn't, by any chance, get out of bed and sneak back and cut Dennis Wilde's throat, so you could have Elvina Bliss to yourself?"

"Who the hell wants her?" Orlando sprang up.

Miss Flannigan, who had left the room, came back bearing an overcoat. "You better put this on, Mr. Higgins," she said. She held it up. "You're liable to catch a chill."

"Just a minute," Egelhofer grabbed Orlando's left arm. "What's the matter with your hand, Mr. Higgins?"

I had overlooked this detail. Orlando's left hand was bandaged.

"Come on, what's the matter with it?" the lieutenant insisted.

"If you must know"—Orlando looked flushed—"I cut myself." Mr. Cobb addressed the cop with the notebook. "Take his confession," he said, "I can't waste much more time."

TWO officers held Orlando while the lieutenant unwound the bandage.

"He got you, huh?" Egelhofer inspected the wound on the top of the hand. "Turned the knife against you in the struggle. It looks pretty deep."

Orlando was silent, his face bright red. "You can't shut up on this," I said to him. "For heaven's sake, Orlando, who stabbed you? Elvina?"

"I did it myself," Orlando said quietly.

"That's no place to commit suicide," Egelhofer sneered, "through the middle of the hand. You'll have to think up something better."

"Who says I was committing suicide?" Orlando was blushing vividly. "If you must know, I got that wound practicing."

"Practicing what?" Egelhofer raised his brows. "Practicing cutting somebody's throat?"

"What a monomaniac!" Orlando snarled. "I was practicing running a skewer through my hand."

"Is that so?" Egelhofer asked.

"Yes, that's so," Orlando sneered. "It's part of the Oriental blood-control thing. You can control your blood—same as you do your breath—stop your circulation so you can stab yourself through any part of the body without any ill effects. I

thought I had the hang of it," he added sheepishly, "but it didn't work."

Egelhofer stood up. "If you want to cop a plea of insanity, that's your privilege." He turned to one of the police. "Give me the bracelets," he said. "Come on, Mr. Higgins, we'll finish this at headquarters."

Flannigan held up the overcoat.

Orlando looked a little surprised, as he put it on. "Am I under arrest?" he asked.

Egelhofer nodded.

The doomed man glared at the Pharaoh. "J. B.," he said, "you're behind this! And I won't forget it. I'll lay for you till my dying day!"

"That won't be long," Egelhofer slipped the handcuffs over one of his own and Orlando's wrists.

IT WAS a moment for silence. Somehow, despite all that had been going on, I had not anticipated this. Reality is a startling stranger in Hollywood, and always a little out of focus. Even the Pharaoh looked a bit confused.

Our mood of awe at beholding one of our own in irons was suddenly broken by a disturbance at the door. It flung open and a crazed-looking figure, drenched and disheveled, appeared. It was Laurence Bison. He looked as if he had been struck by lightning.

"Eureka!" this newcomer cried in a wild voice. "Eureka! The part is mine!"

The two cops at the door sprang into action. They seized Bison and sent him staggering back for a loss of ten yards. I caught a glimpse of the villainous face of Bill, the chauffeur, as the door slammed. I also caught a glimpse of Orlando. He was wide-eyed with some curious delight.

"Hold it!" he cried. "Don't let that man get away!" He started for the door but was jerked to a halt by the unco-operative Egelhofer. "Bison!" he screamed, "don't go 'way! Come on in here. I want to see you."

This information appeared to electrify the invisible Bison. The door exploded again, and the actor, with a running leap that was not to be denied, landed in the middle of the room. His rain-soaked face beamed blindly on the assemblage.

"I heard the news of Dennis Whatyou-maycallhim's death over the radio," Bison shouted. "An act of Providence! Manna on the desert! We turned back and drove like demons—through scenes of desolation. The bridges are down! Mountains are tumbling! But here I am!"

Egelhofer was listening fixedly. With a burst of power, Orlando dragged the sleuth toward the Pharaoh.

"J. B.," he cried, "tell this chump cop to relax for a minute, will you? This is important! I got something to say."

"Okay, say it!" Egelhofer blinked. "But make it snappy."

Bison was frowning indignantly at the tableau. Orlando, anchored to the Pharaoh, continued forcefully.

"J. B., listen. Just listen! You don't have to shelve Sons of Destiny. Here's an artist who can play Erik Periwinkle fifty times better than Dennis Wilde ever could."

"Who is that?" Mr. Cobb inquired cautiously.

"Laurence Bison," Orlando answered, "the original and only Periwinkle. Put some fishskin make-up on him and he's your boy. Show him how young you are, Larry."

Bison snatched an umbrella from Freddie Blue and placed himself swiftly in a fencing stance. He started hopping forward, knees bent, like a Jap wrestler. With a sudden cry of "Death to all the queen's foes!" he lunged magnificently at Lieutenant Egelhofer.

"What the hell!" the sleuth grunted.

But the situation was well out of his hands. Baffling though the ensuing events may have seemed to him and his wide-

eyed cops, it was a return to normalcy for the rest of us. This was the Orlando we knew, and this was the everyday world of the movies. That a man lay dead with his throat cut and that Orlando was being hauled away in irons as his murderer were matters suddenly put in their true place—as overtones of an all-important casting conference.

"He can do anything," Orlando said. "Recite that speech you did for me," he added, as Bison completed his lunge with a sharp cry of "Voila!"

"Which one?" Bison asked eagerly. "The love stuff," Orlando chuckled. "You know—how you love her."

"More than my life!" Bison whispered, straightening and looking Mr. Cobb raply in the eye. "More than all my dreams of heaven! Her smile is my throne, her eyes are my tomorrow." He seized his listener's free arm, and his voice went up an octave. "Jerome, you are the true Son of Destiny. Out of the desert, out of limbo I come, bringing you Periwinkle on a silver platter."

"J. B." Orlando said, with emotion, "this is the most amazing break a studio ever had. Look at it this way: The whole nation is going to mourn Dennis Wilde. You and I know he was a stinker. But let's not fool ourselves. The public adored

cinema disaster of our times. Think of Dennis Whosethis as Periwinkle. A gruesome thought! The fellow was a refugee from amateur night."

"What do you say we test Mr. Bison," Freddie Blue offered gently. "It doesn't commit us anywhere."

"Okay, it's a deal," Orlando chirped. "Flannigan, get hold of the lawyer. Have him follow through."

"Will do," said Flannigan quietly from her desk. "By the way, there was a telephone call for you a few minutes ago. From your father."

FOR the first time since calamity had invaded his office, Orlando paled. "Where is he?" he demanded in a quavering voice.

"He was piloting his own plane from New York," came Flannigan's singsong, "and was forced down at San Bernardino on account of the rain. He's going to take a bus."

"Holy Ike!" Orlando groaned. "I'm as good as condemned and executed if Father gets here. That maniac!" He turned desperately to me. "Whatever he starts doing, head him off, will you?"

"I'll do what I can," I promised nervously, remembering Gilbert Higgins, the eccentric and gargantuan sire of our murder suspect.

Lieutenant Egelhofer was walking to the door, Orlando trailing from his wrist. A silence fell on the room. Here was reality back again, with all its lines missing from the script. In this silence, Bison stepped forward, his hand held out to Orlando. Despite his recent d.t.'s, his Paul Revere dash through the cloudburst, and his forty-odd years of disorderly living, the man looked suddenly aglow with youth and vigor.

"I want to thank you, Orlando," a tear rolled down Bison's cheek, "for your efforts in my behalf. In my eyes you have not committed a crime. The murder of Wilde is not even a misdemeanor. Until the end, you can count on me."

"Okay," said Orlando crisply, "don't sign anything unless the lawyer gives you the green light." A spasm contorted his face.

"Flannigan," he muttered, "get Mr. Albert at once."

A door opened, and the turbaned figure of his familiar appeared as if by magic.

"That's enough of this," Lieutenant Egelhofer said, with a scowl.

"I'm all set," Orlando buttoned his overcoat over his naked body. "Come on, Albert."

"We ain't taking no Turks along," one of the cops spoke up.

"Don't be silly," Orlando chuckled, despite his pain. "He's my doctor. I'm sunk without him!"

THE miracle worker followed the group of policemen, with Orlando in their midst, out of the office.

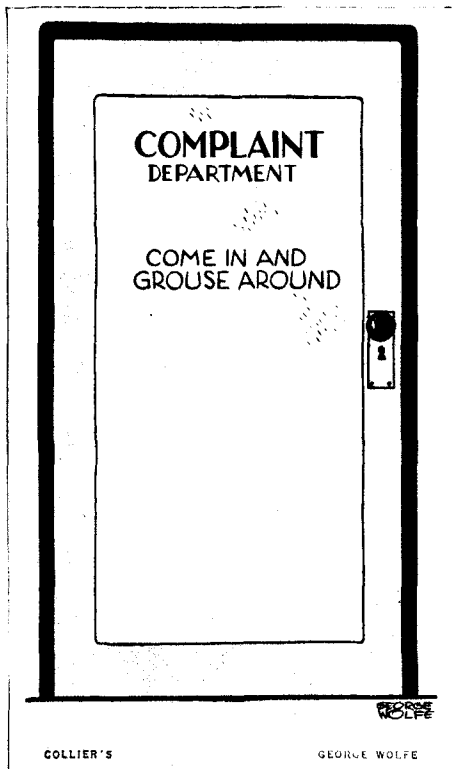
In a script we call such exits "lap dissolves" or "quick fades." And we know, when our hero is marched off in a cloudburst as a murderer, that the whole thing will come out all right when we "dissolve in" on the happy exoneration scene—in a corner of a glittering café with two name bands playing.

But I was a little worried about the "dissolve in." My worries were, needless to say, well based. We were dissolving out on a fine bit of confusion. But we were going, alas, to dissolve in on a veritable chamber of horrors. I was to learn that when Reality writes a script, even for actors and their rouged world, she is no respecter of Art or Box Office.

I went to bed that night, convinced that Elvina Bliss had killed Dennis Wilde, and I doubt if Sherlock Holmes could have made any better head or tail out of the events scheduled for our rainy season.

(To be continued next week)

45



him. He was an idol. If you put some ordinary bum in his part, it would be sacrilege. But put Laurence Bison in, and what have you got? A yesterday's idol pinch-hitting for a today's idol. It's a natural."

"He looks terrible," said Mr. Cobb, staring at Bison.

"He's been sick," Orlando said. "You heard yourself how he came busting out of a hospital only an hour ago."

Lieutenant Egelhofer cleared his throat.

"I'm sorry, gentlemen," he said, "but I got my duty to perform. This is a case of murder, and this man has to come along."

"There you are!" Orlando cried triumphantly. "You got two minutes to decide, J. B. In two minutes, I'll be out of here, on my way to jail, held incommunicado, and you'll be stuck." He looked eagerly at the glowering sleuth. "Tell him, Lieutenant," he demanded. "Nobody can get to me. No telegrams, phone calls, nothin'! Is that right?"

Egelhofer nodded grimly.

"There you are, J. B.," Orlando chuckled. "This is your last chance."

"Great Scott, man! What are you waiting for!" Bison cried sternly at the Pharaoh. "You've been saved from the greatest

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That's why Old Dutch makes this amazing offer. Think of it—a combination of vegetable and flower seeds! Tested seeds that yield tender, vitamin-rich vegetables—gorgeous "Show Garden" flowers—12 packets in all that would ordinarily cost \$1.95! But by accepting this offer you can get them for only 25¢!

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Old Dutch Cleanser reserves the right to refund money if your order is received after our supplies are exhausted. So don't be disappointed—act today!



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NOTE: For each extra set of seeds desired, be sure to enclose 2 windmill pictures and one quarter in coin.

(Offer good in U. S. only—Offer expires May 31, 1944)

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OUTSIDE the room's lone window, the morning looked gray and raw. Like my mood, Sally Hayward thought, and sat up suddenly when Claire Benson's voice hailed her from the galley.

"Come on, Hayward. Hit the deck."

Sally stretched and shook out her hair. She swung her feet over the side and found her mules. She brushed her teeth and splashed water on her face.

"Yeoman Hayward reporting, sir," she said as she clomp-clomped into the galley.

Claire Benson handed her tomato juice. "Stand by to take on nourishment," she said.

They ate their toast and coffee standing, efficiently, not hurrying, yet wasting no time on talk. Claire finished first, carried her things to the sink and went out. When Sally joined her—it was her week to wash dishes and Claire's to cook—Claire was dressed and working on her hair.

"What'll I wear today, darling?" Sally asked.

Claire turned and measured her with narrowed eyes. She was a dark-haired girl, compactly built, a year older than Sally, wiser in many ways, and with a dry, dependable sense of humor.

"Why don't you wear your suit? The green tweed one, with the monogrammed blouse."

"And the felt hat?"

Sally opened the closet door, where hung two kinds of uniforms, winter and summer, both blue. On the sleeves were two red chevrons and crossed quill pens.

Claire went back to her hair, talking into the mirror: "I guess this is going to be one of your bad days." She sighed heavily. "It's bad enough when you get a letter from either Alma or Evelyn, but when you get two in one week! All right, so Alma works in a control tower and knows a lot of aviation cadets and officers at Glenview; and Evelyn runs a Link trainer at Corpus Christi, and these devastating fliers come back for checkups and take her to dinner. You know everybody can't have a glamorous job."

"It isn't that," Sally began, not finding any comfort in knowing that Claire was right.

"I work in Personnel," Claire said, as though she had not heard. "I like it. I straighten out things for men: pay and allowances and transfers. It's interesting. You happen to be doing exactly the same thing you did at home. You're a stenographer and a good one. You could be doing worse."

"I did all right at Giles & Reardon."

Claire grinned. "But look, darling, you're releasing a man for active duty."

"So I understand."

Claire looked up quickly; then sighed again. "I wish that guy, Davidson, would turn up."

"Oh, quiet!"

"Your trouble's you've been reading too many love stories. You think this tall-dark-and-handsome is going to come back some day and take you to dinner and tell you how wonderful you are for replacing him and—"

"It's not that, you dope." Sally nudged Claire off the vanity bench and took her place. "Anyway, I think he's a myth. I mean, if I really did release someone, if I knew he actually was out doing something worth while—I mean—oh, I don't know what I mean."

"That," said Claire flatly, "I can believe. Come on, quit pouting and let's go."

THEY entered the huge gray building near the tip of Manhattan at eight-twenty-four, picked up their identification tags from the guards and rode up in the elevator, Claire getting off at the eighth deck and Sally going to the ninth.

Joe, the corridor guard, offered Sally his usual greeting. "Morning, Feathers," he said, grinning.

Sally said good morning and went along the corridor to a smallish office on the starboard side. There were seven desks here, three on each side, and one large one

near the door where Chief Olsen ruled. He wasn't in yet, but the other girls were—two yeomen seconds, two thirds, and a seaman first, who had struck for aviation machinist's mate after boot camp and failed to make the grade.

Sally's desk was clean, and for an hour or so there wasn't anything for her to do; then the chief sent her topside to the tenth deck to take some dictation for Commander Regan.

For a half-hour she took letters and reports, and she was in the middle of one of these when the telephone rang, summoning the commander to the captain's office.

(Continued on page 67)

"I guess this is going to be one of your bad days," Claire said. "You know everybody can't have a glamorous job"

Join the Navy and see The World—Sally knew how the slogan went. But when she signed on, she wanted to see The Man whose place each Wave was supposed to take

Partners in Blue

BY GEORGE HARMON COXE

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT



Memories of a kiss

Brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops,
none of the bitterness, Schlitz captures the affections of those who really love fine
beer. Once you taste Schlitz, the memory of its famous flavor will remain with
you always.



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Milwaukee, Wis.

*...none of
the bitterness*



THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS



"OLD 458 is ready to roll"

This fellow with the oil-spattered clothes and confident smile is making a proud report to the nation. For Number 458 is *any intercity bus*, and he is *any bus line mechanic*. With drivers and other essential bus line workers, he is in there applying all his skill to keep buses moving manpower.

This is not as easy as it sounds or looks, because it takes a lot of manpower in bus line shops and behind steering wheels to keep industrial and military manpower moving by highway. And thousands of highly trained men who used to share this job are now wheeling half-tracks in Europe, tuning up bombers in the Solomons, and employing their know-how in other ways on the fighting fronts. Then, of course, there's been a lack of new buses—a hampering shortage of parts. But the men on the job are performing near-miracles with what they have and can get.

In 1943, intercity buses carried more than 900,000,000 passengers—three times as many as in any peacetime year! This flow of manpower by highway must not be slackened. For it is largely the efficient movement of manpower that keeps the war effort moving. And with all the trained men and women available, with all the equipment and maintenance skill that can be mustered for the job, the bus lines will continue to keep the highways at work for victory!



MOTOR BUS LINES OF AMERICA

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MOTOR BUS OPERATORS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Prize

Continued from page 28

and tied with two narrow pink ribbons. She glanced at Bert, and he moved his shoulders in uneasy resentment of her familiar smile.

"Hear anything, Mom?" he asked.

His mother shook her head, and Mary said, "I heard you're going to win the prize."

Bert shrugged. "Maybe."

"Your pop said it might outweigh Jim's." She looked at the tinted photograph of the watermelon on the wall, at the gold lettering on the faded blue ribbon that said Paladora County Fruit show: First Prize. "How would you feel about that, Bert? Beating Jim, I mean."

"Fine," Bert said. "I'd feel fine."

His mother stared at him, but just as she started to speak the telephone rang, two long, one short. Their ring. Her mouth remained open for an instant, and a quick light shone in her gray eyes.

Mary jumped up. "I'll answer it."

SUDDENLY Bert ran past her to the phone, shoving her aside. He reached the telephone first. His thin brown face was set in a sulky expression and his eyes gleamed angrily. He heard his mother say, "Bert, give me that receiver."

Silently he yielded his place at the telephone, not looking at Mary. His mother said, "Hello. Yes. Hello. Jim? Jim?" She turned and cried, "It's Jim!"

"Oh, let me talk to him!" Mary said.

Mrs. Roberts gave up the receiver, said to Bert, "Run call your father, boy. Hurry!"

Bert ran out of the house. He had not asked to speak to Jim, too. He saw his father in the peach orchard and called to him as he ran, "Jim's here! Jim's here!"

Sam Roberts vaulted over the rail fence like a boy. "Where's he at?"

"He called from the station. He's waiting there."

"Hot damn!" Sam Roberts shouted. "Bert, let's get the truck started!"

When they drove out of the barn in the old farm truck, Mrs. Roberts and Mary were waiting in the farmyard.

Sam stopped the truck, and his wife said, "Now hop up there, Mary. I'll get busy with dinner. I'll fry up some chickens. I declare, I wish we'd got that fruitcake started sooner."

Mary came around to Bert's side of the truck. He looked down at her, his underlip outthrust. Then he said, "Is she coming, too?"

"Why, of course she is," his father said.

"Well, I don't like it," Bert said. "I don't see why we can't go and meet him without her tagging along. I don't..."

"What's this?" his father said; and his mother called, "Bert, get down from that truck."

"Aw, Mom," Bert said.

"Get down this instant!"

Bert slowly climbed down, and Mary stood aside. He met her glance briefly. There was no triumph in her eyes. She seemed puzzled, uncertain, and her voice when she spoke was low and hesitant.

"I don't think I'd better go, either," she said. "Mrs. Roberts, I wish you'd go."

"Nonsense, girl. You get into that truck. I've got too much to do. I've got to catch some fryers and get them ready."

"But I can do that," Mary said. "Let me do it. You go meet Jim, Mrs. Roberts."

Sam Roberts said, "You do just that, honey. You get up here with me."

"But I declare, I ain't even... well, I'll have to get my bonnet."

"Take mine," Mary said, and whipped her sunbonnet from her blond head.

Mrs. Roberts, nervous and smiling, climbed to the seat of the truck, and Sam Roberts said sternly, "Bert, you catch them fryers and pluck 'em for Mary."

"Yes, sir," Bert whispered resentfully.

He watched the truck move down the hill to the road, then turned without looking at Mary and went to the chicken yard. Tears were in his eyes and his breath came in gasps, but he would not cry. Knowing he was at fault, at unreasoning fault, made it harder to bear. He furiously chased down two Rhode Island Reds, wrung their necks expertly and carried them to the back steps. He sat down, and, after a moment, Mary brought out a bucket of boiling water and set it beside him. He did not raise his head but his eyes watched her feet. They did not go away, and at length she said softly, "Why don't you like me, Bert?"

He still did not look up. "I didn't say I didn't like you."

"You act it, though."

"Well," he said, and drew a deep breath. "Well, I don't."

The feet seemed to hesitate. One of them moved, came to rest again, then both went away. Bert heard the screen door click shut behind him.

He leaned over and picked up one of the chickens, dipped it in the steaming water. He heard her moving about in the kitchen, and he had begun plucking the chicken when she spoke again: "Bert, I think we ought to see what we can do about it, don't you?"

He jerked a handful of feathers so hard that some skin came with them.

She said, "Maybe we ought to declare an armistice, at least while Jim's here."

He hesitated, bit his lip, then said, "All right," very low. She opened the door and was immediately behind him. He could feel her presence, but could not see her feet now. Then she was suddenly beside him, sitting on the step.

"Bert, why don't we talk it over? Maybe we can talk it out. Find out what's wrong and just talk it out."

"I got nothing to talk about," he said chokingly. He threw the chicken down. "Pluck it yourself," he said and walked away.

He started for his watermelon patch. It was always a comfort to see his watermelon, and he needed solace now. He knew how badly he had behaved but he could not help it. If there were any way to do it, he'd sneak back and get the chickens, but of course she'd be watching from the kitchen.

He walked fast, putting the farmhouse behind him. The joy of greeting Jim was gone now. The pleasure of showing Jim the big melon was spoiled.

BERT stopped in his tracks. He had walked blindly down from the house and had not looked toward the rail fence until he was nearly there. Now he looked and stared and could not believe what he saw.

Crouched by the fence was a big man in khaki. Beside him was the monster melon, broken open in the middle, jaggedly broken by a big stone that had mashed the rim of the break. Bert stood staring at the rich red of the meat against the jungle-green skin and could not speak. It was too much. All that had happened—and now this. His prize melon!

The big man held a piece of the watermelon in his hand and had been eating it. His lips were moist from its juice. He was crouched low, as if ready to spring, and his eyes were narrowed as he watched Bert. The boy stood perfectly still. He cleared his throat. The bitter twist of his lips was almost a smile. He said, "Ain't much good to eat, is it?"

The big man shook his head slowly. His face was very tanned, and his eyes were a pale blue against the brown skin.

"Them big ones ain't," Bert said. The man spoke in a deep, uncertain tone, "Dot your melon?"

"Yes," Bert said.

"I pay you for it."

Bert said tonelessly, "Them littler ones eat better. I got a couple of 'em in the springhouse. If you'd asked me, I'd have cut you one."

The man spat out some seeds.

"I was saving that big 'un," Bert said. The understatement of it made his voice lifeless.

"I did not know," the man said. "I was hungry."

"You looking for work?"

"Yes, yes. Dot's right."

"I reckon Pop will put you on, picking peaches."

The man shook his head. "I got a job,

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HOW WOULD YOU PRONOUNCE IT?

Each sentence below contains four words commonly mispronounced. Read aloud, then check with the list on page 67.

1. The Magi were directed to the stable where they found Mary and Joseph with the child.
2. She gathered an armful of clematis, sesame, cyclamen and poinsettias.
3. We knew that he should err ere long as his theory was not applicable to zoology.
4. It was an exquisite handkerchief of genuine madras.
5. The sagacious bees found respite from the reptile by retreating to the apiary.
6. The sanguine candidate from Venezuela sat on a three-legged stool and was given both an oral and an aural examination.
7. The corporal in soiled khaki breeches was detailed by the commandant to police the grounds.
8. A lethargic porpoise was found floating in the bayou near the quay.
9. With a tirade of oaths he declared himself to be a bona fide Nazi from Wilhelmshaven.
10. When the clique had formed in column for marching, the leader conjured them to avoid soothsayers and all those who conjured in black magic.

(Words having more than one pronunciation have been checked with seven leading dictionaries for the consensus of authority.)

Charles H. Hall

Rub your Absorbine Jr. in... a little goes a long way

Suffering from "Cold Weather Joints?" Absorbine Jr. may really help you. Apply a few drops—rub it in! As your circulation increases, Nature releases certain lubricating fluids in the joints—they seem to limber up—feel "easy." Always keep a bottle of Absorbine Jr. handy. \$1.25 a bottle at all drugstores. W.F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

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Johnson Sea-Horses are doing man's work in many theatres of this war—on a multitude of jobs where strength and power and **DEPENDability** are required.

In the last war, outboard motors were in their infancy. It took lots of development to bring them along from their early eccentricities—lots of experience in design and metals—lots of experience in manufacture—lots of experience with the habits of owners themselves.

Johnson has this experience—22 years of it. It is being put to good use in a full schedule of production of Sea-Horses for the armed services and essential needs. It will be an even richer experience when it is again turned to the production of Sea-Horses for pleasure use.

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down de road." He gestured vaguely.

Bert squatted on his heels, looking at the watchful brown face. "Where is it you got a job?" he asked. "Yonder on Miller's place?"

"Yes, dot's it. Mil-ler."

Bert's breath was indrawn, his eyelids were half closed. Miller's farm was five miles away, in the opposite direction from that which the big man had indicated. Bert jumped up, his voice rising: "Miller lives the other way. You ain't going to Miller's place and you don't know anything about farming, anyhow. If you did, you'd know better than to bust that big melon. You'd know that was my prize melon."

His voice broke off sharply. The man had been upon him in an instant, and powerful brown fingers gripped his wrist. "Poy, you keep dot mouth shut. You better."

BERT was suddenly pale. There was an intense light in the blue eyes that frightened him, and the pressure on his wrist was painful.

"Smart poy," the man said. "So smart I t'ink you go with me. Yes?" He straightened abruptly and his big jaw shot forward. Bert saw that he was peering among the trees. He, too, turned, and saw a movement of color. It was Mary's blue dress.

The big man's voice became a menacing whisper. "Say notting. Do you hear me, poy? Say notting. Yes?"

"Yes," Bert said. The painful pressure on his wrist brought tears to his eyes.

Mary came to view among the trees. She called, "Bert, I plucked the chickens, but I need your help. Please, won't you help me bring in some wood?"

"Say you cannot do it," the big man whispered.

Bert called, "I'm busy."

Mary still came toward them, and then she was near enough to see the big melon, broken open, with the moist red meat of the two halves plain to see. She stared at the melon, looked quickly at the big brown man.

"For heaven's sake!" she said. "Bert, you cut your big melon? Your prize melon?"

Bert glanced up at the man's tense brown face. He said slowly, "I sold it."

"You sold it?" Mary stared at him.

"He gave me fifty cents for it," Bert said. "That's pretty good, ain't it?"

"Oh," Mary said uncertainly. "Oh, I see. Yes, fifty cents is *all right*." She turned and walked away.

The big man did not speak until she was out of sight among the trees, then he said, "Now I tell you vat ve do. Ve go in de road and ven an auto comes, you call to him, see? You my liddle poy. You remember dot."

"You want me to say you're my pop?" Bert asked.

"Dot's right."

Bert looked anxiously toward the path, along which Mary had gone alone to the empty farmhouse. He must get the man away. "Sure," he said.

"Comes an auto now," the man said.

Bert saw the trace of dust distant on the road. The big man climbed over the fence, still holding Bert's wrist, and the boy followed. They stood in silence at the roadside. The car came nearer, and Bert peered at it anxiously. If it was anybody who knew him or his father, they'd know he wasn't this man's son. Anybody from this part of the county would know it.

"Put up your hand," the big man said. "Call him."

Bert raised his hand, gesturing with his thumb, and the car stopped on the road. It was a green sedan, whitened with the summer dust, and the man behind the wheel was a stranger. He wore a city straw hat and a white shirt with an all-blue necktie fastened down with a tie pin. A city man, Bert thought with disappoint-

ment. They got in the car, Bert in front and the big man alone in the rear seat.

The city man asked, "How far you going?"

Bert glanced over his shoulder and saw the big man press his lips together. Bert answered, "How far you want to take us, mister?"

"I'm headed for Dallas."

Dallas! Two hundred miles away. Bert said, "I reckon you can let us off at the county seat," and did not dare turn around to look at his captor.

The big man spoke this time, saying, "No, Dallas is goot. Ve go to Dallas, too."

The driver chuckled. "You don't much seem to care." He put the car in gear, and his brown-and-white sports shoe pressed the accelerator. "You-all from these parts?"

"Yes, sir," Bert said, and then the big man's hand was on his shoulder, the warning brown face was near his. Bert went on, "We been hired out down here, farming. Reckon we'll pick cotton up around Dallas."

"That so?" the driver said, and Bert ground his teeth in disgust. This city man! He didn't even know it was too early to pick cotton.

The driver glanced aside from the wheel, smiled at Bert. "Got a radio there, if you want to turn it on."

Bert's hands went out to the dials, but the big man said quickly, "No. No music, please. Ve talk."

"Suits me," the driver said.

There was a reason, Bert was sure. If the driver wasn't a dumb city man, he'd see there was a reason why the big man didn't want to hear the radio.

The driver asked, "This your boy?"

"Dot's right."

"Got one myself, couple of years younger. On my way home to see him now." The driver smiled. "Got a date with Uncle Sam end of the week."

Bert looked up. "Going in the Army?"

"That's it."

"My brother's in the Navy," Bert said proudly, and quickly turned his eyes back to the road.

THE driver looked in the rear-view mirror to see the big man. "You got a son old enough to be in the Navy? I never would have believed it. You look about right for the service, yourself."

It was more than Bert could stand. He blurted out, "He ain't got a son in the Navy. He ain't my pop."

"What's that?" The driver looked puzzled. His eyes whipped anxiously to the rear-view mirror.

"Dot poy is fooling," the big man said, but he did not smile.

"I know who he is," Bert said. "He's a German spy. Listen how he talks."

The driver started to chuckle, but the sound died raspingly in his throat. The big man's head was at his shoulder. The blue eyes were squinted and threatening. "Both of you listen to me. You do vot I tell you to do, exact like I tell you. You hear me?"

"See," Bert said. "Like I told you."

"Shot up!" The big brown hand swept down, and the back of it struck Bert across the mouth. He was dazed for a moment, and tasted blood. "You too smart poy," the big man said, and the blue eyes turned their menace on him. "You vant I should fix you goot?"

Bert shook his head, put his fingers tentatively to his bruised mouth.

"Now," the big man said. "Ve drive all de vay to Dallas. Ven ve get dere, ve see."

Bert turned his eyes to the road, and his heart leaped. Far ahead was a car, and studying it, he recognized the lines of the farm truck. The big man, too, saw it. He said, "Make no signal, anypody. I tell you now I kill you if you do. Drive faster now."

"Mister, we're doing sixty," the driver said.

"Faster, I say."

Bert saw the sports shoe press down on the accelerator, then looked again down the road. The form of the truck was clear now, and suddenly Bert saw that it had stopped on the road. It was backing to turn around. The driver saw it, too, and eased the pressure on the accelerator.

As the car slowed, Bert saw that the truck had swung around broadside on the road, and then he saw exultantly that it had stopped, blocking the road. A lean figure in white jumped out of it to the white road.

"Vot's dis?" the big man said. "Vot's dis?"

"Can't get past," the driver said and braked. The car bore down on the truck, slowing, and stopped fifty feet from the truck.

In an instant Jim was beside it, jerking open the door, and Bert shouted, "That's him, Jim. Get him, Jim!"

The big man, too, was out on the road. Jim's white hat fell to the dust and the wide bottoms of his pants flapped around his ankles. His shoulders seemed small in the tight jacket, but Bert knew what his brother could do. He saw the left coming, but the German never did. Jim stood over him as he lay on the road.

"Jim!" Bert shouted. "Boy, am I glad to see you!"

"That's unanimous," the driver said, taking off his hat and mopping his moist forehead.

Bert's father was there, grinning, and his mother still sat in the truck, looking pale and faint. His father said, "You all right, son?"

"Sure I am."

"It was good work. It was good, smart work. I'm proud of you, boy."

Another car was coming in fast on the road from town. It pulled up near the truck, and two men jumped out. One was the sheriff.

Jim explained: "Mary called us at the station. She said you might give that big melon away if a man was hungry, but she knew you'd never sell it."

"That's what I wanted her to think," Bert said. Somehow what Mary had done brought her into the family. He admitted her officially, saying, "She ain't so dumb. She's all right."

Jim grinned, and Bert saw the colors of the ribbons on his chest, with three small stars for major battles. "She watched from the woods and saw you thumb this car and she took the license number and called us at the station. We left word for the sheriff and high-tailed it out here."

"It was smart work," the sheriff said. He had the German upright now, and manacled. "Might smart work, boy. I

think I know who this feller is. Prisoner of war escaped yesterday from the camp down by Huntsville."

"That's right," Bert said. "That's who he is."

"Bert," his mother called. "Come here, son."

Bert went quickly to the truck, swung up beside her. She caught both his hands and kissed him. Ashamed, he looked down at the road for an instant, then raised his eyes to hers. "Mom, I'm sorry the way I acted—the day Jim came home, too."

"That's all right, Bert. We'll just forget it, so long as it don't happen again."

"It won't happen again, Mom."

Jim and his father returned to the truck. Jim and Bert stood in the back of the truck as Sam Roberts drove on to the farm.

"Bert, what I want to know is how you figured he was a prisoner of war," Jim said.

"That was easy," Bert smiled. "He was too browned to have come out of prison, but he acted funny, like he was hiding. He wasn't from this county or he wouldn't've bust my big melon. That made me know he was something different, and he talked different, too."

"That don't tell you he's a German soldier, though."

"Well," Bert said. "For another thing, he took the biggest melon in the patch."

JIM laughed and slapped his brother's shoulder. The ribbons were bright against his white uniform. "I want to see that big melon of yours."

Bert shook his head. "It's bust now."

Jim leaned forward. "Pop, pull up by the fence. I want to see Bert's big melon."

"Sure will, Jim."

Bert's eyes shone. "It's right next to the fence. Won't take but a second."

The truck stopped, and Sam Roberts looked at his two sons with a proud shine to his eyes as they jumped down to the road. Jim vaulted the fence and stood suddenly still. He whistled.

When Bert tumbled over the rails after him, he found his brother kneeling, hefting one of the halves of the broken melon. He shook his head admiringly. "Bert, I believe she would have weighed about one-forty pounds."

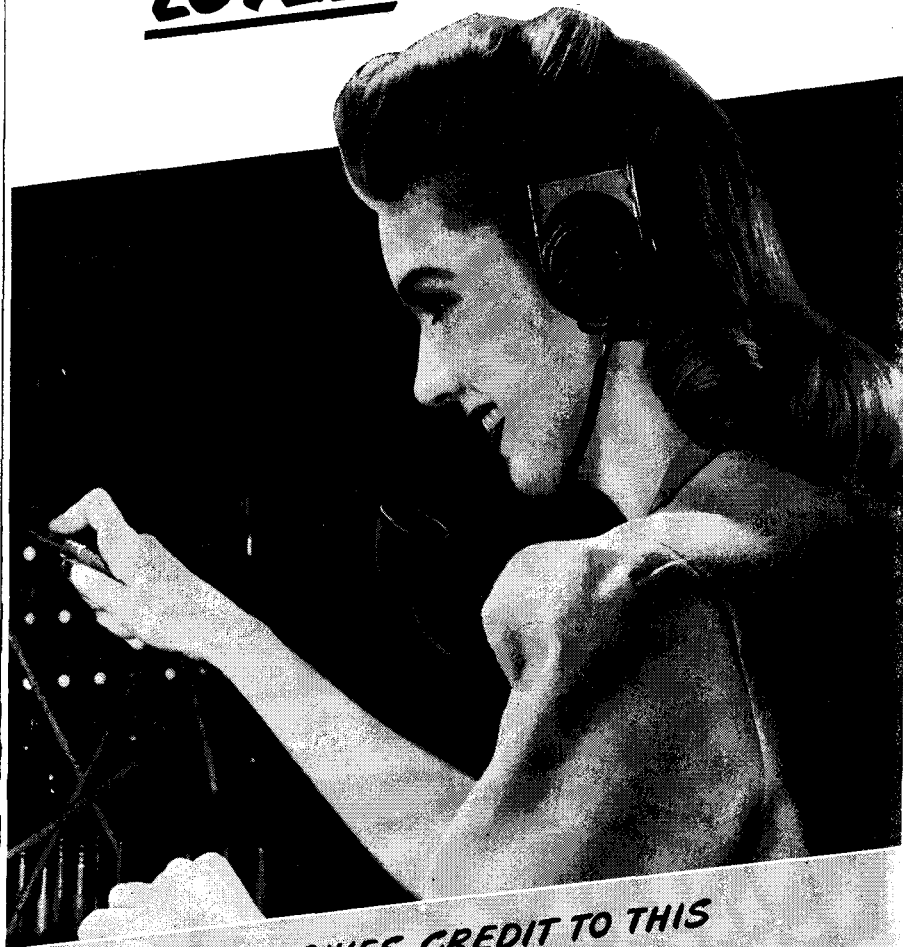
"One-forty?" Bert cried. "Why, say, that would be bigger than yours. Lots bigger."

Jim said solemnly. "It's the biggest watermelon I ever saw."

Bert chuckled in delight, and even then he saw that his melon was the family legend now, more substantial than scales could ever make it, more enduring than a strip of blue ribbon with gold lettering on it could possibly be.

THE END

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but she's still the voice with a
LOVELY SMILE!



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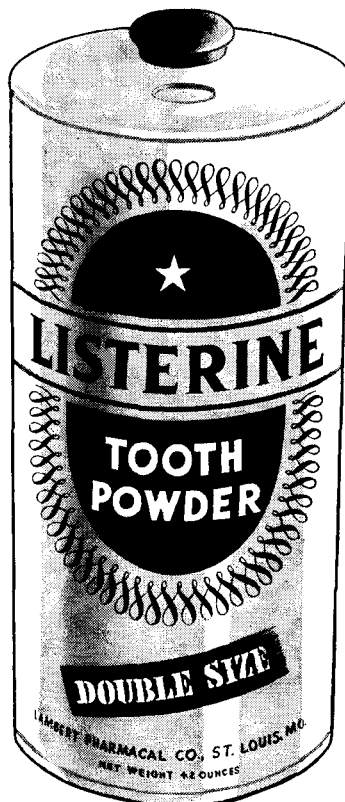
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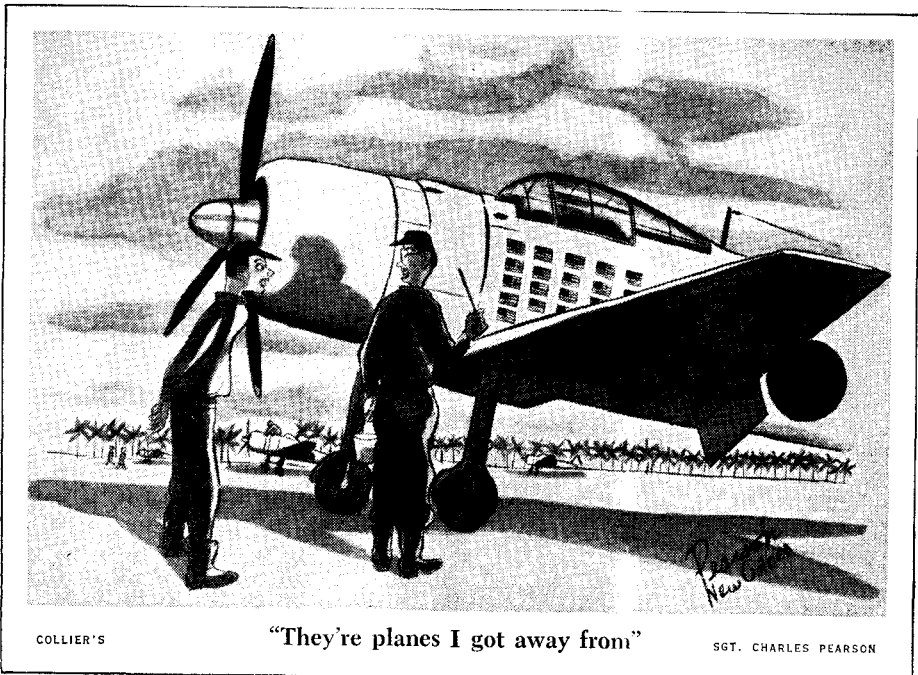
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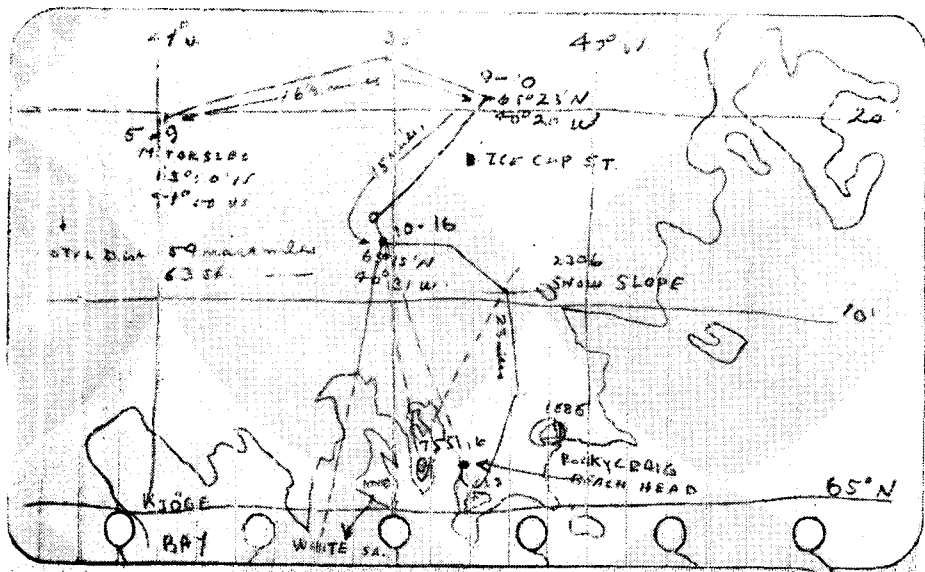
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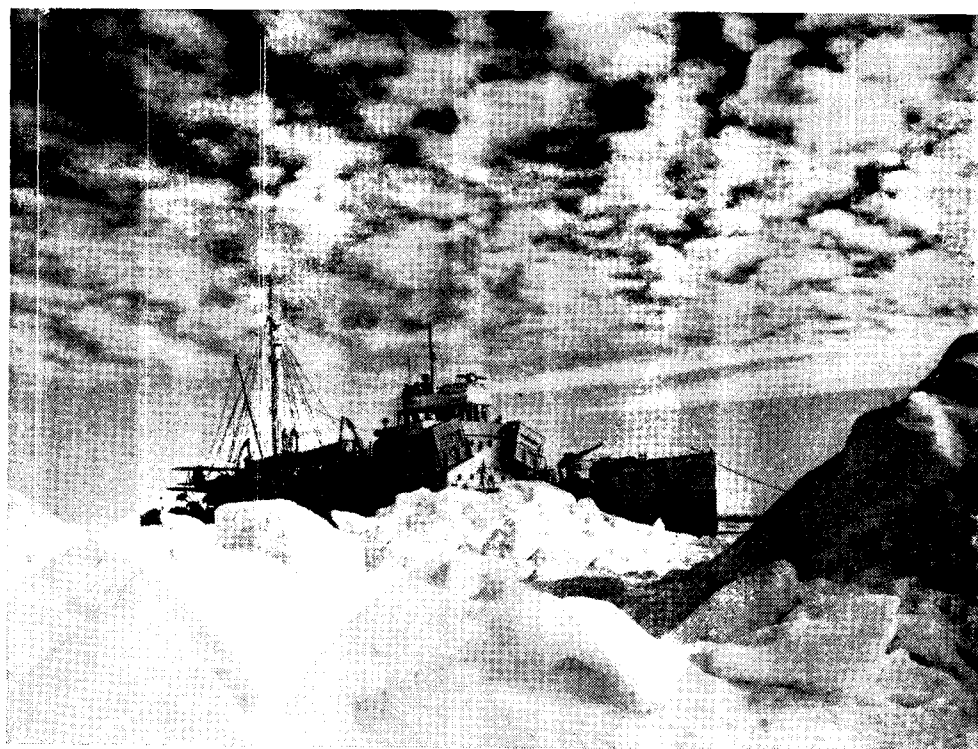
COLLIER'S

"They're planes I got away from"

SGT. CHARLES PEARSON



After rescuing the B-17 survivors, Col. Balchen used this rough map, sketched in his notebook, to guide the dog-sled party across the Icecap to the coast



Heavy pack ice threatens the U.S. Coast Guard Cutter Northland, waiting in Sabine Bay while a landing party examines results of effective Army bombing



WAR BELOW ZERO

BY BERNT BALCHEN AND COREY FORD

Germany's vital Greenland base is bombed, and the Nazis are finally expelled from their first foothold on our continent

Soldiers and Coastguardmen at the wrecked German radio station seize food supplies and grenades, dropped to the invaders by enemy parachute

Conclusion

AS THE second chapter of this story of America's battle for Greenland closed last week, we were fighting to rescue two parties of American soldiers, marooned for weeks on the ice—one party at a motor-sled camp, the other beside a crashed B-17. Finally, we got a Navy PBV down at the sled camp, rescued the men and took them to our coastal base. But there still were three men, alive after months of ice suffering, huddled in the wrecked fuselage of the B-17.

The constant stream of supplies had kept the men alive. They had fastened the broken fuselage together with ropes to prevent it from slipping into the crevasse, and for months they survived in the never-failing hope that we would get them out. Sometimes the ordeal had seemed too great. Sergeant Best's mind wavered, and one night Monteverde awoke to discover that Best had wandered out alone into the storm, thinking he was back on his ranch in Waco, Texas. He came back a day later; thereafter, they roped themselves together each night.

We knew we could not get to them by air. Our only chance was to land again at the motor-sled camp, bringing a dog

team and drivers who would make their way to them by foot. On March 17th, with a 50-mile gale and visibility of fifty yards, the Navy PBV sat down successfully, and we unloaded three men, nine dogs and a month's supply of food.

All that day and the next, the three men at the B-17 peered fixedly at the horizon, sweating the rescue party in. At last they could make out the tiny dot of the sled and the line of straining dogs creeping through the drifts and over the sharp *sastrugi* with agonizing slowness. Their progress was so imperceptible that Monteverde stood two skis in line in the snow and sighted on the rescuers to make sure they were actually moving at all.

Gradually they drew nearer; now the sound of men's voices could be heard for the first time in one hundred and eleven heartbreaking days. On March 18th, the stranded crew bade farewell to the broken section of fuselage in which they had lived on the Icecap for five bitter months; on April 5th, they reached the motor-sled camp, and that afternoon we landed again in the PBV and took them aboard.

Our difficulties were not over. Due to lack of wind, the overloaded plane could not get off the ground. In the effort, our starboard engine caught fire and was ex-

tinguished with difficulty. There was only one thing to do. I unloaded the dog team and necessary supplies, and while Lieutenant Dunlap took off with the three rescued men in the PBV, the rest of us struck out across the ice toward the coast. We had to navigate by dead reckoning, using a prismatic pocket compass and a protractor drawn in pencil on a page of my notebook, and clocking off our mileage by a distance gauge fastened to the wheel of the sled. Ten days later, we arrived safely at Beach Head weather station.

Orders to Bomb Out the Enemy

There Colonel R. W. C. Wimsatt, commanding officer of the Greenland Base Command, was waiting with an urgent message. The enemy had established himself on the east coast of Greenland; a handful of Germans, heading south to Eskimonaes, had attacked and seized that isolated station of the Greenland Sledge Patrol. We were ordered to proceed at once to bomb them out. . . .

War in the Arctic is a silent war; and in the silence and the vast distances, an enemy moves undetected. A man is only a dot in all that whiteness; huts and radio towers are invisible from the air amid

the boulders and uneven patches of snow; the drifts cover an intruder's tracks as fast as they are made. Only the scouts of the Sledge Patrol, traveling by dog sled up and down the barren shore, may stumble on a secret hiding place.

Formerly the members of this unique patrol were Danish and Norwegian trappers, as well as a few Eskimos, who made their living running trap lines during the winter along Greenland's east coast. Their tiny cabins were scattered at intervals along the trail, they owned equipment and teams of dogs, their knowledge of the country could not be equaled.

In the fall of 1941, Rear Admiral E. H. Smith, U.S.C.G., commander of the Greenland Naval Patrol, organized these civilians, and they were hired by the U. S. Army to form a regular military patrol of the east coast of Greenland as far north as 77°, working out of various stations along the coast, visiting the unoccupied huts along the trails and reporting any signs of enemy occupation.

On March 13, 1943, as three members of the patrol were approaching Sabine Island in northeastern Greenland, they observed a couple of tiny figures moving along the ridge of Tafelberg Mountain. Realizing that no human beings were supposed to be in that area, they made for a near-by trapper's cabin at Cape Wyn, on the south side of Clavring Strait.

In the hut they found two strange sleeping bags and a green uniform tunic with

At the request of the authors, Bernt Balchen and Corey Ford, the entire royalties of these articles have been donated to the Army Air Forces Aid Society, Inc., to be used for the postwar assistance of Air Corps personnel and their dependents

Collier's for March 4, 1944



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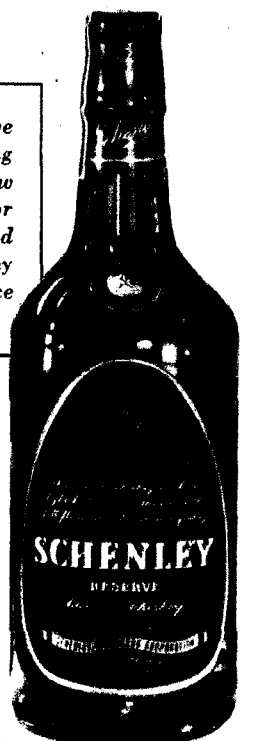
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a Swastika on the sleeve. As they were searching for further evidence, their alert ears detected someone approaching; they had no time to harness up their dogs, but set out on skis for the nearest patrol station at Eskimonaes, some 95 miles south.

Their precipitous flight had given the enemy two good dog teams. On the 24th of March, a small party of Germans commanded by Lieutenant Ritter arrived at Eskimonaes in the sledges abandoned by the Danes. The Germans attacked the base with rifles, automatics and hand grenades, firing a machine gun into the air to give the semblance of being in force.

The occupants, equipped only with hunting rifles, evacuated hurriedly. Fortunately they had a portable radio transmitter. Less than twenty-four hours after the station was silenced, they were able to report what had happened. The Germans seized three additional dog teams and sledges, confiscated a number of soft-nosed cartridges, which the trappers used for hunting game, and placed all personal effects of the Danes in one hut, together with the Danish flag and about a hundred fox skins; everything else they destroyed. Beside the flag, they left a characteristic note:

"March 24: The U.S.A. protects its defense interests here in Greenland. We do the same also. We are not at war with Denmark. But the administration on Greenland gave orders to capture or shoot us, and, besides that, you gave weather reports to the enemy. You are making Greenland into a place of war. We have stayed quietly at our posts without attacking you. Now you want war, so you shall have war. But remember that if you shoot with illegal weapons (dumdum bullets), which you have at hand here in the loft of the radio station, then you must take full responsibility for the consequences, because you are placing yourselves outside the rules of war. Note we have put all personal effects of the hunters and all pelts in this hut, while we have destroyed the radio apparatus operating for the

U.S.A. (Signed) Commandant of the German Wehrmacht Detail in Eskimonaes."

On his way back to Sabine Island, Lieutenant Ritter and his men encountered three more members of the Sledge Patrol, returning to Eskimonaes after a reconnaissance to the north. The driver of the lead sled, Eli Knudsen, did not hear the German command to halt; one of the Nazis killed him outright, and he was buried in a stone shelter beside the trail, with a cross and Danish flag on his grave. Ritter took the other two sled drivers as prisoners to Sabine.

There he made a curious decision. One of the captured Danes was released and told to his amazement that he could go home. With the other prisoner as his guide, Ritter set out alone to investigate a reported weather station at Mackenzie Bay. As soon as they were out of sight of the German base, the powerful Dane disarmed the German lieutenant and took him as prisoner in turn. Together they set off on a fabulous 350-mile trek southward to Scoresby Sound, headquarters of the Sledge Patrol.

An Enforced Companionship

For a month they lived together on the trail, eating their meals side by side, sharing the same sleeping bag at night. They arrived at Scoresby Sound about the first of May, where the sled driver turned over his German prisoner to the authorities.

Meantime we were making rapid preparations to carry the attack to the enemy. The spring thaws were increasing daily, the mud was over two feet deep at our base in southern Greenland; it was decided that I should proceed to Iceland and undertake the bombing of Eskimonaes and Sabine from there. In view of the distance involved (the round-trip flight from Iceland to Eskimonaes is as far as from London to Africa) we realized that the fuel supply of the Fortresses we were using would give us a very close margin



COLLIER'S

LEONARD DOVE

for bombing and strafing. Consequently we used one bomb bay to carry 300-pound demolition bombs, and placed an emergency fuel tank in the other.

We took off from Iceland about eleven o'clock in the evening of May 13th, in the strange silver twilight of an Arctic spring night. As we headed north, the midnight sun began to appear over the horizon. By the time we reached Eskimonaes, about three o'clock in the morning, it was shining as bright as noon. The sun was in the northeast; Eskimonaes, on the south slope of the island, lay in deep shadow, the small buildings and radio station almost lost amid the rocks and splotches of snow.

We made several preliminary passes at low altitude to orient the bombardiers with the target. We could see how completely the Germans had destroyed the station. Doors swung open, windows were broken and vacant, there was no sign of life around the half-burned and wrecked buildings. Scratches made by sled runners were still discernible on the ice, leading both north and south but in the Arctic it is difficult to tell how old a sled track may be. Although we assumed that the station was deserted, we carried out our orders, dropped our bombs, strafed the buildings and left them burning as we headed back to Iceland.

Our fuel supply was barely sufficient to get us home. I realized that for our mission to Sabine Island we would need Liberators with long-range tanks, using the Fortresses to cover us in case we were attacked en route by German aircraft from Norway which were still patrolling the east coast of Greenland and northern Iceland. While the Liberators were on their way from the States, we laid our plans for our coming raid on Sabine: the first bombing of German installations on this side of the Atlantic, the northernmost bombing ever attempted by the Army Air Forces.

Tale of an Air-Minded Canine

Tailspin, we called him. He was an Icelandic sheep dog, a six-months-old puppy with pointed Spitz ears, a complete 360° wag to his tail—which was how he got his name—and a passion for airplanes as devout as any aviation cadet after his first solo. The least whine of the starter on a Liberator would bring him scampering to the line; the pulse of the engines turning was as soothing to him as a lullaby.

He would crawl into the navigator's lap and fall asleep contentedly, letting his round pink belly be rubbed by the airman's leather mitt. Tailspin had the run of the plane, of course, wandered over it at will; and, since he conveniently understood nothing but Norwegian, the combat crew could never order him to stay home. And so, when we made our long-awaited bombing raid over the German installations at Sabine, Tailspin went along.

On the 25th of May, the weather broke favorably for the flight. The Liberators were loaded each with ten 100-pound demolition bombs; in view of the distance, the two Forts carried no bombs but placed auxiliary fuel tanks in their bomb bays.

The Forts started half an hour ahead of the faster Libs, at about four in the morning; the flight made its appointed rendezvous at 9 A.M. over Bontekoe Island in eastern Greenland. There the B-24s and one of the B-17s waited for five minutes. With Captain Turner in the other Fort, I headed toward Sabine to reconnoiter the target and estimate the amount of antiaircraft fire to be expected. The other ships were instructed to assemble fifty miles southeast of Sabine, at 5,000 feet, and await our report.

The morning light was brilliant as we approached the target. The sun glinted on the icy hills. The white snow patches

and black rocks made a striking checker-board pattern beneath us. The elevation of Sabine is about 2,000 feet; the island is oval-shaped, some twelve miles in length, with a bight on the eastern side where the German base was located. As we flew over this area at 5,000 feet, we could make out two main buildings: one two-story affair which we judged to be the radio station, another one-story shack several hundred yards away, which seemed to be a storehouse.

In the middle of Hansa Bay a German supply ship was frozen in the ice; it was a 300-ton trawler, its masts and smokestack sawed off to make it as inconspicuous as possible. The sides of the ship were banked with snow to camouflage it further. There was a ledge of rock behind the camp area about a hundred feet high, on which their antiaircraft emplacements were located; but although we could see people running toward the guns, we encountered no ack-ack fire at the time.

Ready for the Attack

Our Fort returned to the rendezvous point and I ordered the Liberators to attack at 4,000 feet. The supply ship and the two main buildings were to be their primary targets. They came out of the sun right over the station; but, due to the confused pattern of dark boulders and white snow, the bombardiers could not identify the target accurately.

I ordered them to stand at one side; and Captain Turner and I circled in our Fort and came down from the north through a valley, diving onto the main building at about fifty feet. As we approached, we gave it everything we had with our forward machine guns; the tail gunner took over as we passed.

Pulling up over the station, abreast of the ledge, we were met by a burst of machine guns and cannon fired horizontally at point-blank range, but no hits were scored. Looking back, we could see smoke from our incendiary bullets pouring out of both buildings, making them easy targets for the Libs.

Now the big 24s came around, and I saw the first bomber make a perfect run over the camp. Inexplicably no bombs were dropped, and he circled for a second try. The second Liberator made a pass and got off his bombs. As he finished his run, the first Lib came over once more. This time he got his bombs away accurately, scoring several hits and causing considerable damage to the surrounding area.

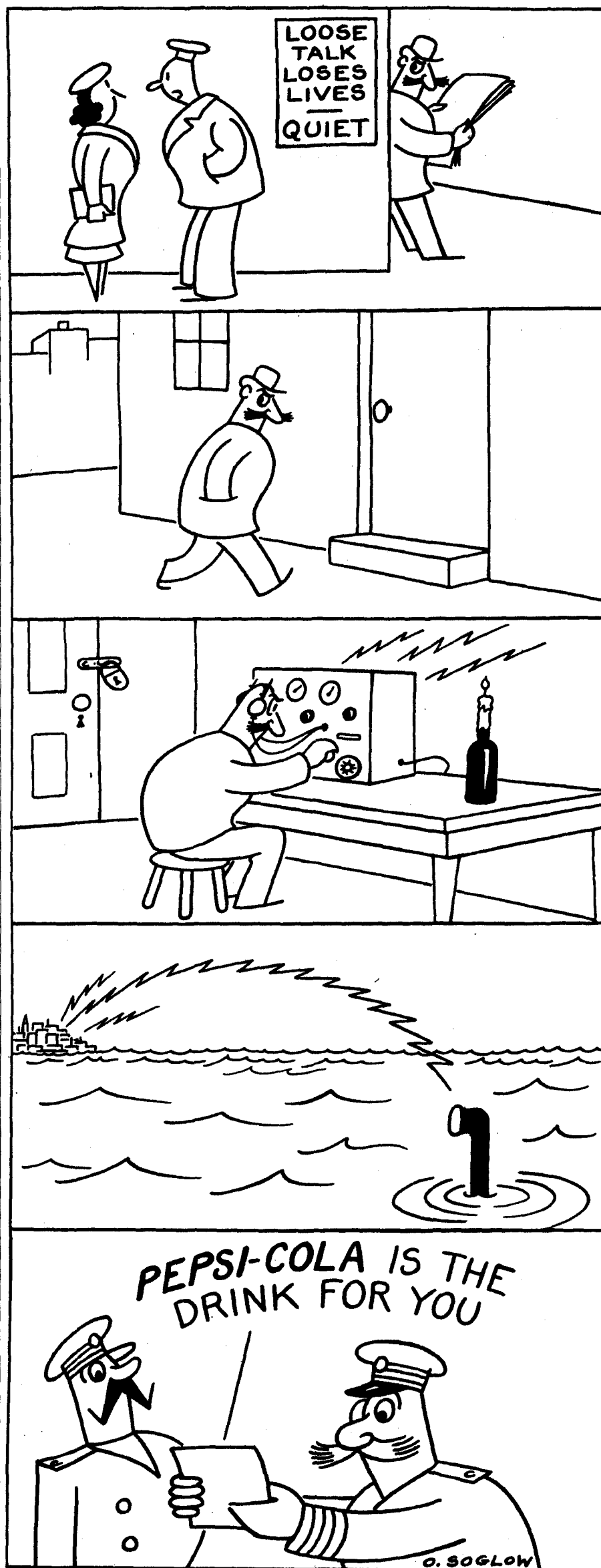
We followed the bombing with low-level strafing with both armor-piercing and incendiary ammunition, giving a thorough hosing of lead to any object we could see on the ground, and also firing over thirteen hundred rounds into the supply ship in Hansa Bay. After staying over the target as long as our limited fuel supply permitted, the bombers were pulled off and a direct course was set back to Iceland.

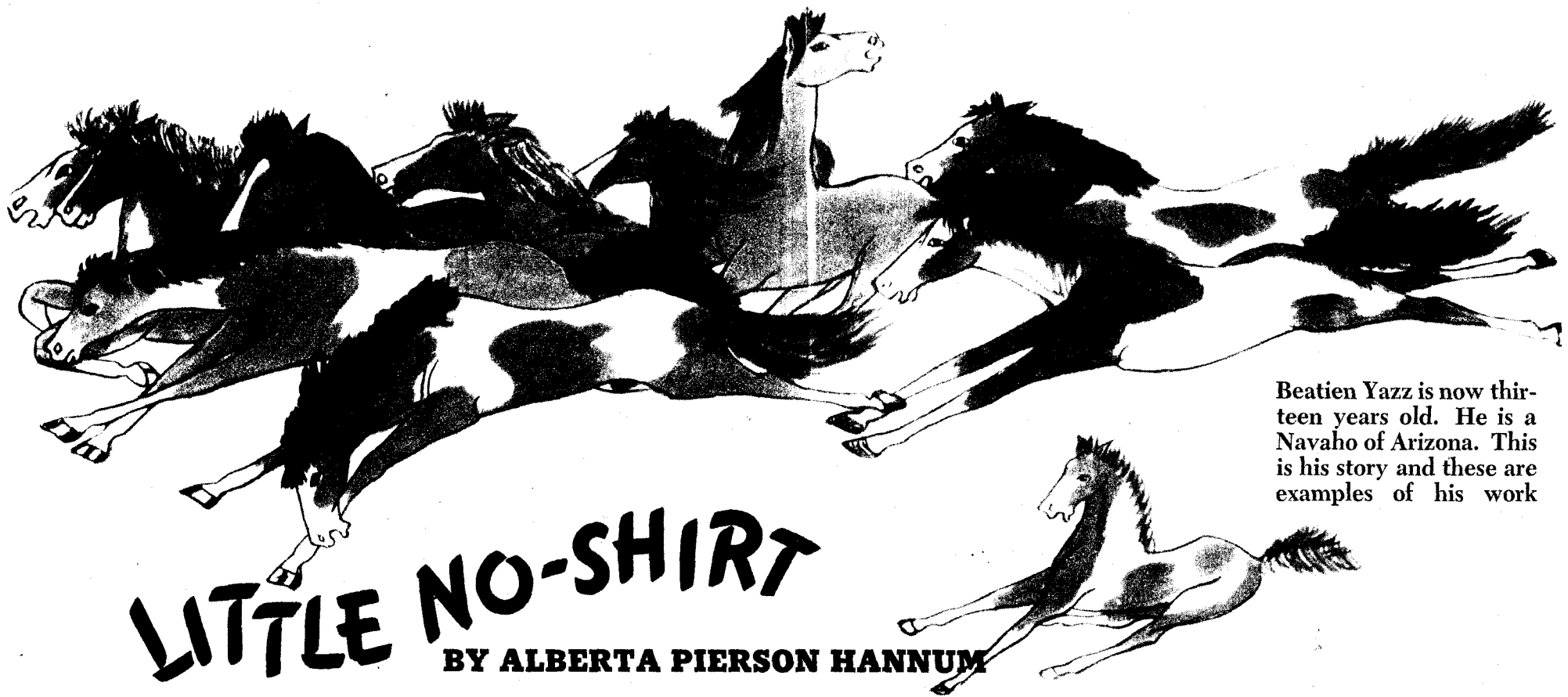
On our return, I asked the pilot of the leading Liberator why he had failed to get his bombs away on the first run.

He looked a little sheepish. "I tell you how it was, sir. Just as the bombardier had his finger on the toggle switch, I happened to look back, and"—he shook his head—"there was Tailspin sound asleep in the bomb bay. One minute more, and he'd have started down with the bombs. I'd tell that damned pup what I think of him," he sighed, "if I could only speak Norwegian."

Bad weather, accidents, the transfer of both our Forts to foreign service delayed a return trip to Sabine until the 21st of July. Meantime, the Coast Guard cutters Northland and North Star had departed from Iceland, carrying ground troops from the Greenland Base Command to be used against any possible

(Continued on page 58)





Beaten Yazz is now thirteen years old. He is a Navaho of Arizona. This is his story and these are examples of his work

ONE day about five years ago on the Navaho reservation, high in the rolling Arizona desert country of buckskin brown sand and dark green juniper, the wife of a young trading post owner found the eight-year-old son of her Navaho handy man drawing a picture on a flat stone with the sharpened edge of another.

The picture itself was not extraordinary. It was an untrained line drawing. What interested her was that he was doing it in the way his people before him had done from the beginning.

The next time he came into the store she had a drawing table fixed for him in a back room, with paper and paints. From the very first time he used them, there was that fascination of seeing something start and watching it grow.

His love of color and papers of different textures showed itself very soon. He rescued red Christmas cards from the wastebasket, or notes written on the blue stationery from the observation car of The Chief, or wedding invitations with their particular white; he experimented with carton sides.

The trader's wife began keeping an eye out for unusual materials for him and would put them on the corner of his desk. He would slide a shy glance at the offering out of the corner of his eye and then pretend not to see it again. Perhaps for days

he would not touch it—choosing papers carefully from underneath and on top of the new one. And then suddenly one day he would go directly to it and make some infallible use of it.

He was so shy he never said a word to the young white people, beyond yes and no. And these he would whisper first, and then clear his throat and try it again—the while he turned his head around almost backward to hide his smile.

One day the trader's wife said to Little No-Shirt's father, her handy man—a stocky and swarthy Navaho who strutted importantly through the white people's world without understanding it, while Little No-Shirt on the other hand walked always on tiptoe through the house, as though he were feeling his way sensitively through the white people's world, looking and listening silently—

"Tom, does No-Shirt like me?"

"Sure." The handy man nodded vigorously. "He likes you lots."

"But he never talks to me."

There came a long silence. The handy man stacked up a big gray piñon log against the back side of the hearth and lighted it with little yellow juniper chips, a mixture that gave the first whiff of the smoke a fresh and illusive quality—something like the smell of a brand-new lead pencil, with just a dash of lemon. The handy man looked moodily for a moment

at the fire he had made and then his black-silk-shirted chest heaved in a great, sad sigh.

"He no talk to me, either," he acknowledged.

The little Indian boy shyly shut out everybody from his world. And yet he followed the white trader and his wife with implicit trust through theirs. He followed them literally—trudging along behind them disconcertingly, at a distance of ten paces. And he followed them figuratively, as in the case of the first money of his own.

Visitors had begun coming to the trading post and coming back again. The little Indian boy's drawings seemed to hold something for them, and they started buying them. When the small sums in trust for him added up to his first check, the trader's wife explained that if he signed his name it would mean money. He promptly quit painting and spent the rest of the day practicing writing his name.

A Name to Wear Proudly

All Navahos have three names—the one they are born with, the one they are given in school if they go to school, and a nickname. But they seldom allow the one they are born with to be known. They are proud of it and don't want it used carelessly, for fear it will get worn out. But his white friends used their real name, and so Little No-Shirt began using his, which was Beaten Yazz.

He practiced on it all day, stopping every few minutes to look into the store to see how the gallery was. Then about closing time when the store was fullest of besilvered men with bright headbands holding back their wild hair, and full of bashful women in brilliant skirts and moccasins and with their hair spread low on their necks like a raven's wing—then the little boy made his entrance with the check. While all his wondering friends and relations looked on interestedly, he wrote his name with a fine flourish, got his money, and marched off up over the hill with it.

But contrary to the Navaho trait of improvidence, he invested his money—in chickens. They were a problem at first. Because, as his father worriedly told the trader:

"Chickens roost in trees with owls. Maybe make foony eggs—"

But No-Shirt solved the problem by staying home from school one day and building a chicken house—like the trader's. Then, having noted that in the store all eggs went by twelves, he carefully

saved up his first dozen, sat solemnly down and ate them and got violently sick.

Almost always his pictures were of animals, but with human expressions. And almost always what he put down on art paper was a carry-over of emotional experience, either his own, or in the life around the trading post.

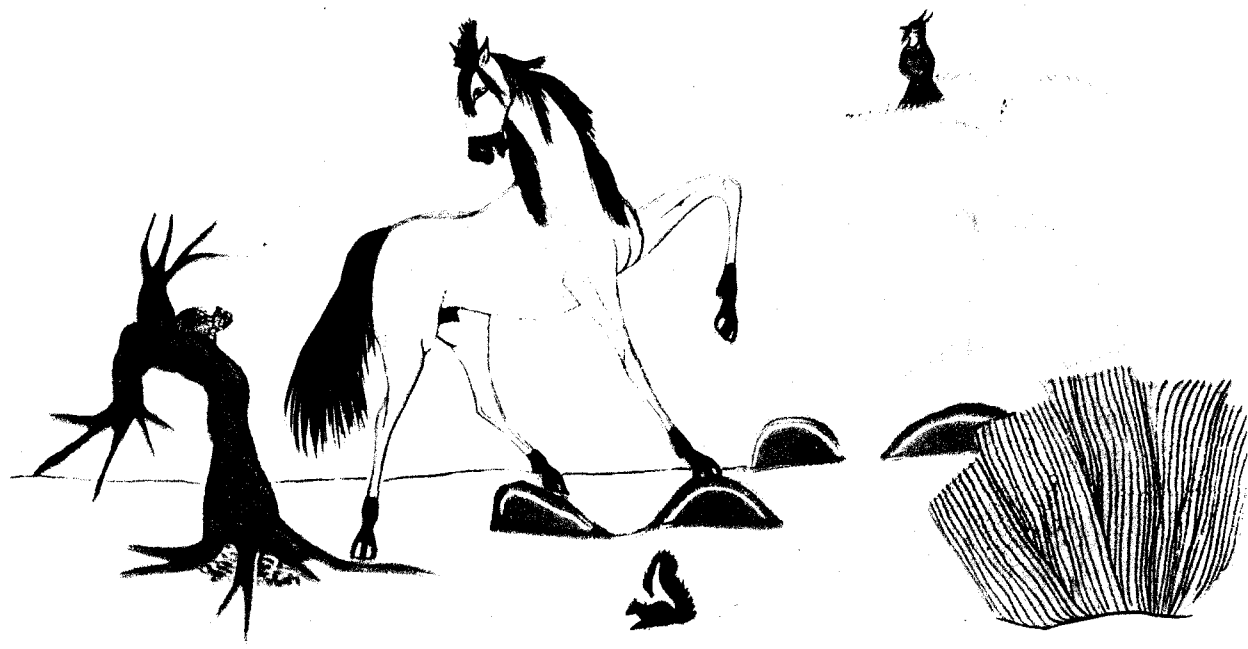
Once he took a streak of doing porcupines, which began to keep the young white people awake nights. When he started in on two big ones pussyfooting it across the page with an expression of brightly satisfied wisdom on their fools' faces, the trader's wife made a big sign, with slashing letters on it: NO MORE PORCUPINES! Little No-Shirt eyed it sideways and went right on with his porcupine. But that night after he had gone she found, at the bottom of the sign in the smallest possible letters, like a whispered echo, "no more porcupines." Then he drew three stuffily startled yellow-green goats.

Always he had used colors arbitrarily, and, as he grew, he began making abstractions of reality—experimenting with the idea—touching it in little ways. It was the way of his people before him, and, knowing that, the trader's wife thought it was time that he see the best of what lay behind him.

They had tried having him taught in the usual way. Soon after he began to paint, one of the visitors at the trading



BEATEN YAZZ



post, who had been an artist and was very interested in the child, tried to teach him. The child grew bewildered and confused and went completely to pieces. Finally, in desperation, the trader's wife put up the boy's own drawings around him, and gradually he came back.

Now she decided he might find something he was ready for and needed in that which had been done by his own race. So they journeyed from the desert to one of the best museums of the Southwest.

Again he followed with unquestioning trust along the city street, still at that invariable distance of ten paces, until, going up the museum steps, the trader's wife heard a pause in his trudging and turned and looked. And there was the little Indian boy, who had come from where there were no steps to climb, hanging on grimly with both hands to the banister, looking up at her intently. He could see what she did with her right foot, but he couldn't figure out what she did with her left one!

But when she had gone on more slowly to show him, and he had managed the steps and had been shown all the most prized and beautiful examples of the art of his people—rugs with their colors richened with the years; silver so old it had a mellow depth to its glow, and yet so modernistic in design—Beatie himself grew bold and sure. It was as though, with that revelation of a proud heritage, now he could go forward with his paintbrush assuredly into the white people's world, where he had been uncertain before.

And the Indian boy, who never had said anything beyond a whispered yes and no, grew as suddenly articulate. The morning after the day spent with the stuff of his ancestors, his father appeared to fix the fires, looking as though he had not slept. But his broad dried-leather face was blissful. "No-Shirt talk all night long," he told the trader's wife. ★★★



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Naturally, these non-irrigated "DRY" grapes of ours grow smaller, but the precious juices are more luscious... just naturally richer.



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Since 1883, these rare California vintages have been bottled at the winery. Now twenty-six different I.V.C. Gold Medal and Cucamonga wines are pressed and bottled for your pleasure... here at the world's largest vineyard. Distributed solely by Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

remnants of the German task force. With Colonel A. D. Smith of the Greenland Base Command, we set out in two Army Liberators, piloted by Lieutenants Utsay and Happel, and arrived at Sabine by an odd coincidence at exactly the same moment that the Northland put in. An amphibian from the Northland was actually in the air as we came over the bay.

The other cutter, the North Star, had become jammed in the heavy ice floes and had been left behind. We flew low over the German station and found that it had obviously been abandoned. There was no sign of life, the buildings were gutted, the ship in the bay had evidently caught fire from our strafing and melted the ice as it burned. There was only a black circle of open water through which the charred hull had sunk. We radioed the Northland that the station was abandoned, and the cutter stood in for the island beach. Led by Captain von Paulsen, a landing party of helmeted Coastguardmen and Army ground troops, armed with rifles and automatics, headed for the shore.

In the cove they could see twin lines of telephone cable, trailing from the sunken German supply ship shoreward to the main buildings of the station. Frozen into the snow were life jackets, bits of wreckage, the splintered ribs of a lifeboat. The bomb craters in the ice looked for all the world like craters in the moon. The camp area was littered with the exploded .50-calibers with which we had strafed the station; some of the slugs had flattened against the flint-hard ground.

What the bombers hadn't destroyed, the Germans had. Every building on the island was reduced to charred rubble. In the blackened piles, the men found ruined Lugers, exploded ammunition, parts of 20-millimeter guns, tools, wrecked weather instruments. Behind the base, lay the frozen bodies of two complete dog teams. The retreating Germans had killed the animals in their harness, rather than abandon them to the rigors of the Arctic.

Nazis Supplied by Parachutes

At the foot of the ledge, another scouting party discovered several two-man parachutes, made of red cloth, their attached bundles opened but not destroyed. Inside were complete German uniforms, Arctic clothing of excellent manufacture, metal boxes of food including some delicious Danish butter. Evidently the Nazis had been supplying the base regularly by air with equipment, perhaps even with men.

The following morning, an Army patrol, climbing a small hill on the south side of the island, came abruptly on a lone German crouching in the rocks; several hand grenades lay on a ledge beside him, but he surrendered without a struggle. He gave his name as Doctor Sensse, and claimed to be a lieutenant in the German Medical Corps and medical officer of the expedition. He was a short, thickset, surly Nazi, somewhere in his early thirties.

Apparently he had been on a reconnaissance mission when the bombing took place, and had returned to the destroyed base just as our landing party arrived. He was wearing a Norwegian parka. Questioned by a Dane in the party, he admitted casually that it had belonged to Eli Knudsen, the driver of the Greenland Sledge Patrol who had been ambushed and killed by the Germans. The doctor seemed proud of the fine grave they had made for Knudsen, and described his personal efforts to set up a respectable cross with Knudsen's name and the date lettered in thumbtacks.

After Doctor Sensse had been taken

War Below Zero

Continued from page 55

into custody aboard the Northland, the landing party renewed their search along the south side of the island, and presently located an aircraft-type rubber life raft, in which the doctor had evidently planned to make his escape. A steel case beside it contained a number of neatly packed German hand grenades. Attached to the case was a scrawled note, left by the fleeing Germans:

"Dear Dr. S.: We have been bombed by U. S. four-motored bombers and therefore will disappear to the home country after we have destroyed what is left. K., P., M., H. and N. have already left; the others will follow soon, I hope. I shall give exact reports about you in Germany. Everything else you will find here with the letter. You know what the plans are. I cannot speak more plainly in case an accident should allow this note to fall into the wrong hands. You will find a sketch on the inside of this sheet which will make it possible for you to bear life here. Many greetings sent you."

The sketch on the reverse side showed the hill, a hut called "New Hut" and a path to the summit of the pass, where a tent was shown, marked "Here are petrol and cooking utensils." Four stone heaps were indicated on the map, and beneath them was lettered: "Four little stone heaps here. Below is your equipment and farther down in the direction of the arrow are two boxes of provisions buried in the snow. Again thousand greetings. Your comrades."

The landing party spent another day digging out this booty. Radios, hand grenades, rifle and pistol ammunition, tinned food and more clothes were found concealed in the rocks. So busy were they with these operations that they failed to notice the ice jam which had formed around the Northland at her anchorage; this oversight nearly proved fatal.

That afternoon a black German Junkers dropped out of the sky and made a run over the ice-locked cutter. The guns on the trapped ship banged steadily, the Nazi plane veered off, and went away without dropping its bombs. Hurriedly the shore party came aboard, the cutter worked its way free and, with the lone German prisoner, began its struggle back through the fast-closing ice pack toward Iceland.

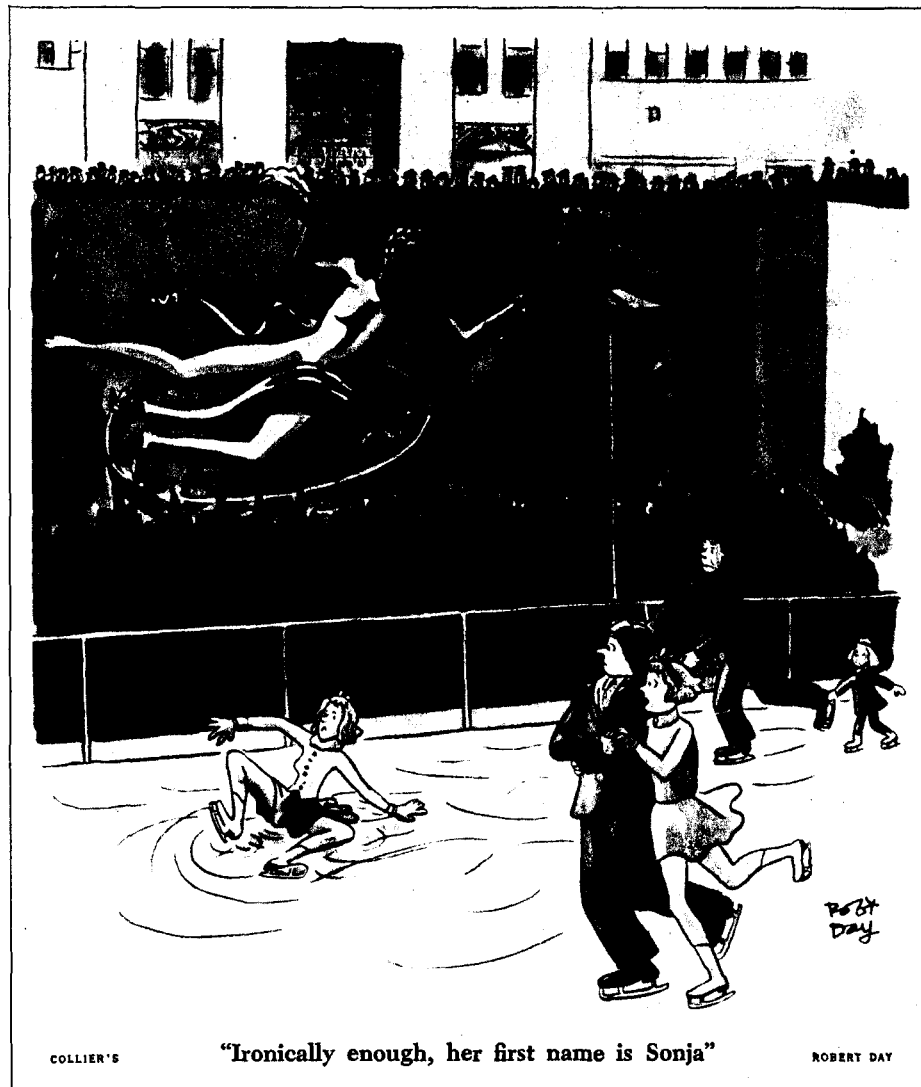
Battling the Ice Floes

The pack thickened as they progressed, the vessel bucked and rammed it in vain. The propeller was crushed by an extra heavy floe and twisted upward, reducing their speed by three quarters. With the cutter held in its grip, the pack carried them toward shore and certain grinding death against the cliffs. The troops prepared to abandon ship, but the Coast Guard crew fought on with characteristic stubbornness, floating mines under the ice, and dynamiting a channel toward the sea. Their progress was agonizingly slow; sometimes they would gain only a few yards in an hour's blasting. Slowly but surely they battled their way to open water.

The Northland reached Iceland months later, badly battered by its long struggle with the Arctic.

Late in July, while in Iceland, I had an opportunity of interviewing Lieutenant Ritter, the commanding officer of the German base who had been captured by a lone member of the Greenland Sledge Patrol. I started asking him questions in German. To my surprise, he replied in perfect Norwegian, and we talked at length for several hours. As a result of what he told me, I was able to piece out for the first time the complete story of the German landing at Sabine.

According to Lieutenant Ritter (a Ger-

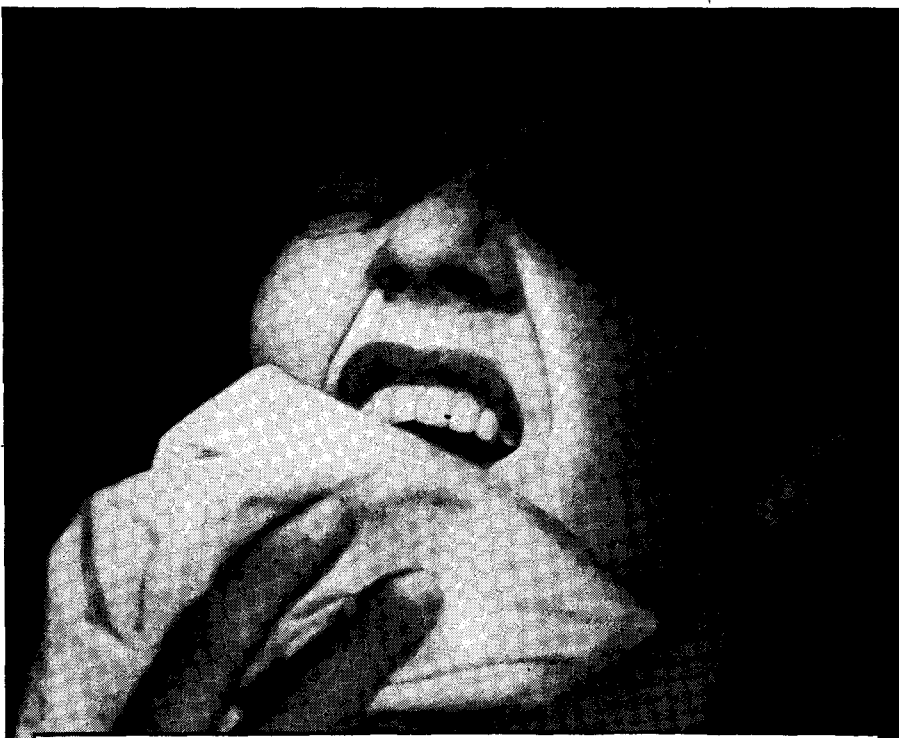


"Ironically enough, her first name is Sonja"

COLLIER'S

ROBERT DAY

HOW TO DEAL WITH A COLD



5 BASIC STEPS ADVISED BY PHYSICIANS

in addition to temporary relief measures. These 5 steps help your system throw off a cold infection. Lemons help with all 5.

1.

GET PLENTY OF REST; BUILD RESISTANCE.

Lemons are among the richest sources of *anti-fatigue, anti-infection* vitamin C.

2.

ALKALINIZE YOUR SYSTEM.

Lemon and soda (fresh lemon juice with water and baking soda) forms *sodium citrate*, excellent to offset acid condition.

3.

KEEP ELIMINATION REGULAR.

Lemon and soda has a gentle, natural laxative effect for most people.

4.

EAT LIGHTLY. TAKE PLENTY OF LIQUIDS.

Citrus juices are most frequently advised.

5.

KEEP WARM; AVOID FURTHER CHILL.

Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

If cold does not respond, see your doctor.

HOW TO USE LEMON AND SODA IN FIGHTING COLDS

First day, drink a glass of lemon and soda every 2 to 3 hours. If away from home, have nearest fountain mix one for you.

To induce perspiration... take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Then—continue with lemon and soda 3 to 4 times a day while the cold lasts.

Lemon and soda forms natural sodium citrate. Gives vitamins and all benefits of fresh lemon juice plus increased alkalizing and laxative effects. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Lemons provide anti-infection vitamin C; they alkalize; they aid elimination—3 factors that help you keep up to par. Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily for health. Juice of 1 lemon, in glass of plain water, first thing on arising.



To make lemon & soda pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add—slowly—half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD
TAKE LEMONS



California
**Sunkist
Lemons**

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



"Guess what George and I did, Fred?"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

man lieutenant in the first World War, a student of geology, teacher and author of books on the Arctic, and formerly master of a German whaling ship), he was commissioned in the German navy early in 1942, and placed in command of an expedition to Greenland to set up a weather reconnaissance station. Its purpose was to supply long-range forecasts to the German Luftwaffe, and also to direct the Germans in their submarine warfare in the North Atlantic.

In addition, according to Ritter, Greenland was used regularly to send advance weather information to Nazi merchant ships, which enabled them to run the gantlet of our Allied navies, in the straits between Iceland and Greenland, and to carry Axis supplies from Norway to Singapore and the East Indies and Japan.

Ritter's ship, the Hermann, bought in Denmark and fitted out in Kiel, had left for Norway in August of 1942, proceeding from there to the east coast of Greenland. No specific instructions had been given Ritter as to where to locate the weather station; he picked Sabine Island as the best spot, landing there on August 26, 1942, and erecting the base on the shore of Hansa Bay.

The station functioned all that fall and winter, making ground observations five times daily and sending *radiosonde* pilot balloons aloft once each afternoon. The results were radioed in code to the German naval high command in Berlin. The radio was operated by Diesel-powered motors and dynamos, and sent its report twice daily.

When the members of the Norwegian Sledge Patrol discovered the German uniform which had been carelessly left in the trapper's hut along the trail, Lieutenant Ritter advised Berlin at once that they had been detected. He was ordered by the German naval high command to proceed to Eskimonaes and destroy that installation. The escape of the Eskimonaes garrison convinced him that it would be only a matter of time before the base at Sabine would be attacked, and Ritter recommended to Berlin that they evacuate Sabine, and transfer their men and equipment to a more remote location in the

north. His capture and our subsequent bombing upset these plans.

Although we were unable to learn what finally happened to the remaining Germans who fled from Sabine after our raid, it can be assumed that they headed north along the coast to an appointed rendezvous, and were picked up either by German seaplanes from Norway or by a Nazi surface vessel which made its way to shore through leads in the pack ice. Constant patrol of the coast has revealed no further signs of enemy installations to the present date.

Our war in Greenland was not a big war, as wars go. There were no major battles, no epic encounters of planes or tanks, no headlines in the home-town papers. Loneliness doesn't rate a citation; they don't give medals for waiting. The casualties were not very glamorous: frozen lungs, a couple of missing fingers or toes, an amputated leg. There are no fields of crosses today to mark its battlefield: only a broken fuselage drifted deep with snow, a pair of crossed skis beside the trail, a forgotten dog sled lying forever at the bottom of a black crevasse.

When the Cost Is Reckoned

But it was an important war, for the knowledge of the Arctic that we gained, at the cost of these men who gave their lives on the Icecap, will insure the safety of tomorrow's aerial travel in the North. The bases and weather stations they fought to maintain, amid the darkness and silence and cold, will be future stops along the new air route to Europe.

Someday our whole conception of geography will be changed; the earth itself will be rolled over on its side, and the spindle of the globe will run, not from Pole to Pole, but from one side of the equator to the other. Then the Arctic will be the very center of our new world; and across Greenland and northern Canada and Alaska will run the commercial airways from New York to London, from San Francisco to Moscow to India. Today's highway of war will be tomorrow's avenue of peace.

THE END

Collier's for March 4, 1944

YOUR DOLLARS



save Lives

Before sending large numbers of soldiers into battle, America is blasting the enemy with bombs and shells—crushing Axis resistance under a weight of steel—using machines and explosives instead of men. Every War Stamp and Bond you buy helps furnish more of the material that is opening the road to peace and saving American lives. Put a definite part of your income into War Stamps and Bonds—beginning today.

This advertisement contributed by the makers of Sani-Flush and Mel'O.



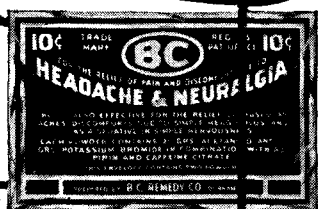
TAKE A TIP FROM ME

TRY

"BC"

FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM
HEADACHES

10¢
AND
25¢
USE AS
DIRECTED



Also for relief from
NEURALGIC AND MUSCULAR PAINS

The Mysterious Gerald Smith

Continued from page 15

around. Pretty mysterious. And while we're on the subject, don't fritter away your time looking for Mr. Smith or any of his organizations in the telephone book or city directory. They aren't listed.

The Cross and The Flag gives you his and its address as merely a post office box number. Mr. Smith explains this as insurance against his enemies—not personal enemies, but hired ones who'd knock a guy off just like that, for a few dollars.

Mr. Smith used to keep a bodyguard, but the industrious fellow got bored and went to work making things to knock off Hitler with.

Until we happened upon Mr. Doman's office, opening blank doors at random, we encountered nothing but filing cases and women of various ages and tempers. These latter were either stuffing more papers into files, answering towering stacks of correspondence (Dear Brother, Dear Sister), ripping the Congressional Record apart, shouting, "You'll have to see Mr. Smith" into telephone transmitters, taking aspirin or otherwise defending America from Communism and the machinations of King George the Sixth. Too, there is a good-sized assembly room with benches for those who have decided at last to fetch their problems to Mr. Smith.

It was somewhat early in the day and only one baffled citizen was on the benches. We did not try to interview him, but he volunteered a few words, first removing his hat.

"I have come here," he said, "to serve notice that, come what may, I shall vote for the Honorable Burton K. Wheeler for President of the United States."

Whereupon he put on his hat, leisurely unbuttoned his vest, rubbed a stick of something on a cut on his chin and closed his eyes.

Although at present a Republican, Mr. Smith admits that he'd be very happy indeed were Senator Wheeler, a Democrat, elected President. Mr. Smith is not a hot party man, having of necessity been a Democrat while firing the bazooka for Huey Long in Louisiana. He still mourns Mr. Long whom he regards as a "martyr to political assassins." If Mr. Long had not been slain at the instance of "certain powerful enemies of the people," says Mr. Smith, "the America First Party would not now be rummaging around for a Presidential candidate who would stand for none of this globaloney."

No Nominations as Yet

At the moment, however, Mr. Smith declines firmly to name the man whom he and his party could accept as their candidate. General MacArthur? Upon Mr. Smith's ruddy, hawk-beaked face, there comes a smile of approval when the general's name is mentioned. But no, he will not "plant the kiss of death upon any good man." And yet as one pokes around among the Firsters, one hears a great deal of admiring talk about the general, who, alas, cannot be present to defend himself.

While Mr. Smith will not place the hand of approval on any possibility's shoulder at this early date, he will deal you a hand of acceptables and tell you that it's your lead, not his.

"It's too early to name our Presidential candidate to lick the Roosevelt-Churchill-Willkie-Stalin crowd," he will say. "But here's a list to choose from. Some may fall by the wayside before convention time, but up until now—well, let's see. There's Senator Taft. There are Senators Wheeler, Nye, O'Daniel and Johnson.

Let's see. There are Senators Brooks of Illinois and Reynolds of North Carolina. Splendid patriots all of them. And then there are Congressmen Fish of New York, Hoffman of Michigan, Dies and Sumners of Texas, and fine Dewey Short of Missouri.

"Let's see. There is Charles A. Lindbergh, a victim of the New Deal hatchet men. Then there's Governor Bricker of Ohio (we're not completely sold on Mr. Bricker but we shall keep our eye on him) and Governor Dewey of New York. Dewey showed promise when he fought Willkie. Also, he was supported by New York's isolationists. But I don't know. This country's a bit fed up on New Yorkers and inclined to be suspicious of anything coming out of New York City, although Dewey's Michigan origin recommends him. But there you have a selection. Not that I'm making a choice yet, mind you."

Mr. Smith would not presume to pick a cabinet for the President who would have his support—not a whole cabinet anyway. However, he gave it as his considered opinion that Senator Nye would be a fine Secretary of State. He nominated Senator David I. Walsh of Massachusetts as Secretary of the Navy. Unless elected President, General MacArthur would fit nicely as Secretary of War, with Mr. Lindbergh as Assistant Secretary in command of our Air Forces. For Secretary of Labor, Mr. Smith thought that James

Dewey, the labor conciliator, would do. In fact, Mr. Smith had broadcast these names in The Cross and The Flag to be carefully pondered by his seven thousand subscribers.

As for a platform—well, that too had been set down in his magazine, which clearly had to be read by anyone presuming to keep up with the roaring times. It had the following fourteen planks:

The Planks of America First

First: Free speech for all good Americans, including Father Charles E. Coughlin.

Second: Build a hoop of military steel around America after this war, which will guarantee protection from invasion and make it unnecessary to wage future wars of aggression.

Third: A farm program based on Genesis, forty-first chapter, forty-sixth to fifty-seventh verses inclusive.

Fourth: Oppose all forms of Nazism and Communism.

Fifth: Food before whisky.

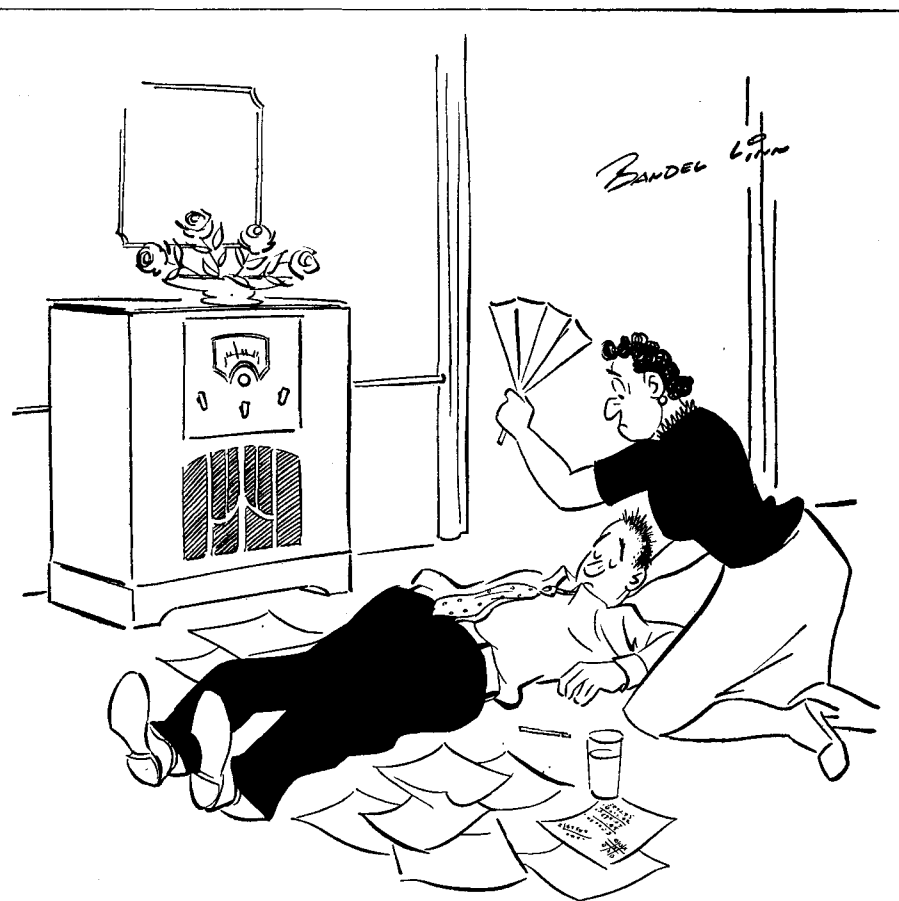
Sixth: Save the little businessman.

Seventh: Protect the great tourist industry.

Eighth: Investigate Lend-Lease and stop giving the poor man's taxes to save the British Empire.

Ninth: Money for our servicemen before milk for Hottentots.

Tenth: Support all patriotic labor move-

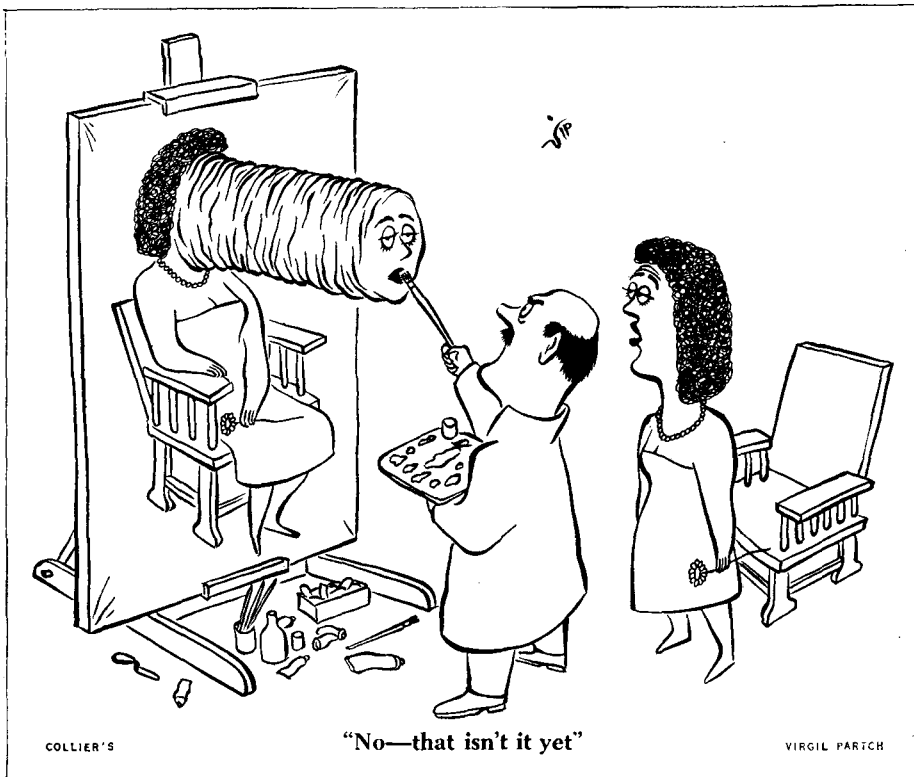


NEWS

"... and for those lucky persons who make MORE than \$3,000 per year there is a form 1040, known as the 'long' form, which consists of four pages of instruction, five pages of calculation and added sheets for special items. It is necessary to make a payment on your '42 tax, a declaration of the payments made in '43 and an estimate of the '44 tax. Now if you are OVERPAID on your '43 tax, the difference will be refunded in '45 or applied on '44. I think this is quite clear. However, let me add a word of caution about deductions! If you are an employer, the law says: 'If contributions are paid by an employer to or under a stock bonus, pension, profit-sharing or annuity plan, or if compensation is paid or accrued on account of any employee under a plan deferring the receipt of such compensation, such contributions or compensation shall NOT be deductible under subsection (a) but SHALL be deductible, IF deductible under subsection (a) without regard to this subsection, under this subsection but only to the following extent . . .'

COLLIER'S

BANDEL LINN



ments which are kept in the hands of patriotic American leadership.

Eleventh: Oppose any relaxation of our immigration laws after this war.

Twelfth: A protective tariff to protect the American worker against the slave labor of foreign countries.

Thirteenth: Support the American Farm Bloc in Congress, now attempting to save the American farmer from regimented peonage on a par with the peasantry of foreign countries.

Fourteenth: America First.

An Evangelical Approach

As set down in print, Mr. Smith's platform seems a trifle flat, a little on the hogwash side. But he had drawn himself up to his six feet one, as he spoke of it. His immense shoulders made the window against which he stood look like a crack in the wall. All of his two hundred and twenty pounds seemed to be vibrating.

"What we need," cried Mr. Smith slowly, solemnly, "is an administration of patriotic evangelism. International pickpockets, character assassins, haters of George Washington are attempting to loot our beautiful country, yea this Eden blessed by God, and promote us out of our sacred sovereignty whilst we are concentrated on the bloody task of winning this war. But by the grace of God, they shall not succeed. Wait till the boys come home!"

Mr. Smith paused again, this time to let our pencil catch up.

"Whom shall we nominate for President? The America First Party will nominate no man for President this year. We shall be at the Republican Convention—in the galleries, in the corridors, at committee doors. We shall exercise our authority—the authority of numbers. Yes, we shall exercise our nuisance value if you choose. We shall look the candidates over and select, if need be, the lesser of two evils. We don't believe that the Republican Party organization has the guts to do more than offer drooling exception to its opponent. But wait! Wait until 1948! Wait till the boys come home! Then, my friends, you will see isolationism.

"See here. This country doesn't need a strong man for President. We've had too daggone much President for the past eleven years. What this country needs is more Congress. If it comes down to a choice between Willkie and Roosevelt—well, perhaps better four years more of Roosevelt than four, eight and even twelve years of a man whose only aim is

to make more globaloney than Roosevelt. You think there are too many Gerald Smiths, too many Colonel McCormicks, too many Nyes, Wheelers, Johnsons and Hoffmans now? Too many America Firsters? Wait. Wait until we've had a couple of years of peace."

Whether Mr. Smith is as politically powerful as he says he is, we don't know. Mr. Harrison Spangler, the Republican chairman, doesn't know. The government, for all its research into Mr. Smith's mysterious affairs, doesn't know. It is not at all impossible that Mr. Smith doesn't know.

About the only conclusion reached by the government in its three-pronged exploration into Mr. Smith's triple alliance was that he owed the Treasury a couple of hundred dollars in taxes on income donated by apprehensive patriots looking for insurance against something or other. And Mr. Smith settled this out of court, even as you and I.

Time was, Mr. Smith says, when his take was as much as five thousand dollars a week. That was back in the prewar days when Mr. Smith's Committee of One Million had a much more enthusiastic audience of industrialists who agreed with him that organized labor was in the hands of Communists who took their orders straight from the Kremlin.

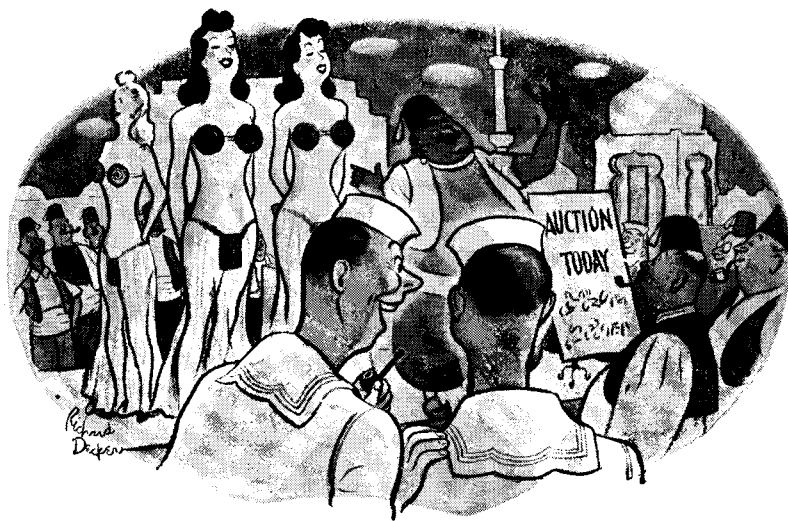
Lukewarm Industrialists

Since then, some of these industrialists have concluded that Mr. Smith may have been exaggerating a bit. Some lost interest for the lack of evidence, but most of them have been too busy. Mr. Smith says that the big shots never did wreck the box office in their eagerness to reserve seats in his patriotic bomb shelter. He got a thousand dollars from each of five or six businessmen, and fifty or sixty less emotional commercial and industrial establishments gave him pittances of a hundred and fifty dollars each.

Today, what with pyramiding war contracts, renegotiation thereof, tough taxes and postwar reconversion to worry about, industrialists are much, much too busy to talk to Mr. Smith, much less to listen to him.

There was the day before the war when it was possible for Mr. Smith to get at least a hearing at the Ford Motor Company's offices at River Rouge. At least he could get as far as Mr. Harry Bennett, Mr. Ford's Personnel Director.

Just to see what would happen, Mr. Bennett paid for three of Mr. Smith's



"Let's stick around. They're going to auction Sir Walter Raleigh!"

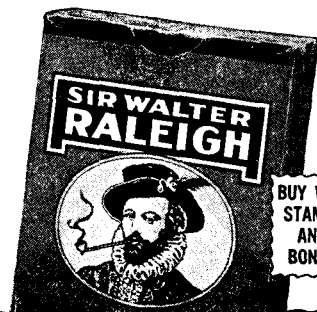
WOMEN ARE SOLD on a man who keeps his pipe clean—and keeps it filled with fragrant Sir Walter Raleigh. There's just no resisting the grand aroma of those choice Burleys that are blended to perfection in Sir Walter. For a milder, cooler-burning sweeter-smelling smoke, try "the quality pipe tobacco of America."

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

PIPE TOBACCO

Smokes as sweet as it smells

UNION MADE



Rub a dub dub
Put us in a tub -
Laundry-Proof KLIKITS are we

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And boil them and
scrub them—
They'll outlast the
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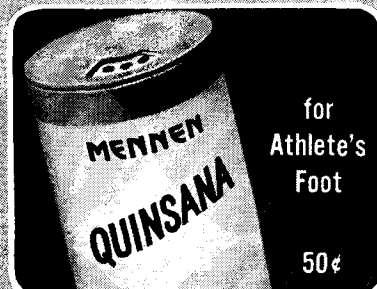
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1. Use Quinsana on feet daily. The great majority of Chiropractors, specialists in care of the feet, recommend Quinsana.



2. Shake Quinsana powder into shoes daily to absorb moisture, reducing chances of re-infection from shoe linings.



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Athlete's
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broadcasts over station WJR in Detroit, but quit, disillusioned. Today, Mr. Smith not only cannot pry a nickel out of Mr. Ford but can't get an audience. At the Ford plant, we were told that Mr. Lindbergh is not a member of the America First Party and that several attempts by Mr. Smith to sell the idea to Mr. Lindbergh have been dismal failures.

Nevertheless, Mr. Smith's political shenanigans have numerous Republican politicians (and a few unstable Democrats) chewing their fingernails something scandalous. Mr. Smith would be downright chagrined if it were otherwise. Like all successful demagogues, rabble rousers and mob igniters expert in shock technique, Mr. Smith is a dandy homemade psychologist.

Knowing that none of his fellow citizens is quite so fearful of the unknown as the office-seeking politician, he has borrowed liberally of the methods of the Ku Klux Klan, the Anti-Saloon League and other political by-products and blocs which ignore party lines. To add to the candidate's bemusement, Mr. Smith has added the Huey Long cellular strategy which that lamented statesman was setting up in a national way when shot to death in his own state capitol.

Organization by Cells

Instead of broad state and district organization, he has little neighborhood groups or cells honeycombing the Middle West and some of the Rocky Mountain states. These small neighborhood groups are built up somewhat on the Townsend Plan theory. Each has a leader and a recording secretary, but no treasurer. Mr. Smith says that treasurers frequently make or get into trouble. Each cell is independent. If the leader of one small cell gets erased—

"Erased?" we interrupted.

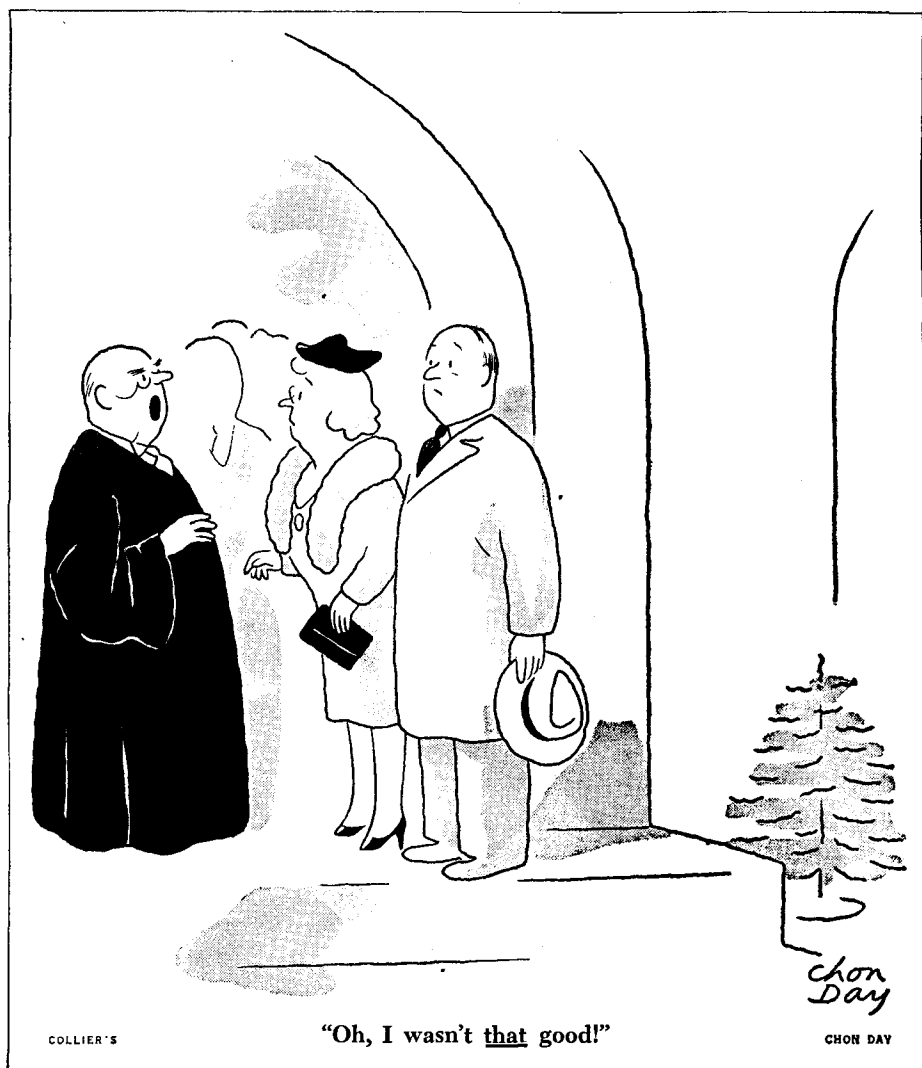
"You'd be surprised," said Mr. Smith. "Banks can threaten to foreclose a leader's mortgage unless he quits. Our groups frequently change leaders for protection. We give out no names. Understand? I myself have been threatened. Once, two hired killers were sent into the radio studio where I was speaking. One struck at me. My friends warded them off while I finished my discourse. The attackers were then carried out on stretchers without the aid of police. Get the idea?"

Mr. Smith said that his America First Party is divided into 120,000 cells. Ninety thousand of them are in Indiana, Ohio and Michigan. The rest are scattered westward. Similarly, half of his mailing list of "more than 3,000,000 fine Christian, stalwart, fearless Americans" are in Indiana, Ohio and Michigan, the rest scattered throughout twenty-nine other states.

As we've said, we don't know whether this is so; but neither do the politicians. And therein is Mr. Smith's weight. Read his mail. Sample a handful of letters from those files. You'll read some from members of Congress and from gentlemen aspiring to become members of Congress. My dear Mr. Smith. Dear Mr. Smith. Dear Gerald. Most cordially yours. Fraternally yours. Most sincerely yours. Respectfully yours. And lots of delicious, creamy, "Oh, Boy" caramel in between.

Then there will be frightened, lonely little letters from isolated whistle stops like Piney, Birch Hill, Rocky and Sam's Bridge. Dear Reverend. Dear Leader. Dear Mr. Smith. I have sold a hog and am sending you this dollar. I wish it was more. I am working in a war factory. I wish you could see what is going on. I am sending you two dollars. God bless you! Dear Rev. Smith, Here is a dollar from the money the government sends me. Please bring home my boy.

Don't read too many of these letters. Not good for your morale. The Reverend Mr. Smith shrugs his mighty shoul-



"Oh, I wasn't that good!"

COLLIER'S

CHON DAY

ders. He explains how it all came to pass.

When Huey was done to death and his Cajun kingdom began to fall apart, his political bagmen marching to jail in serried ranks, Mr. Smith shook the dust of Louisiana from his sizable boots and looked for greener pastures. Mr. Smith had taken no part in Louisiana's political brigandage, being no more than a hustler for Mr. Long's "Every Man A King" markey.

Being a Minnesotan by birth and rearing, Mr. Smith struck north, settled in Michigan where, he hoped, there'd be lots of clients for the crusade against Communism that he'd thought up. There were. The Committee of One Million was no gold mine, but neither did it let him down at mealtime.

The war was on in Europe, and Detroit was rapidly becoming an arsenal. So was the rest of the country, throughout which many Keep America Out of War organizations were forming. Mr. Smith didn't like war any better than the next man, but he kept himself clean. The government has not found that he was allied with any of the Nazi, Fascist or Jap agents or agencies. Just an abhorrer of Communism and C.I.O. organizers.

New Grist for the Mill

Came Pearl Harbor. Dozens of organizers of No War ballyhoos ran for cover—for one reason and another. Mr. Smith took notice at once of sixty-five of these orphaned groups and began to write soothing letters in mailbag lots. Among these sixty-five, were twenty-eight or thirty "Mother" groups—Blue Star Mothers, Mothers of American Heroes, the Mothers of Sons Forum, Crusading Mothers of Pennsylvania, American Mothers Against Communism, Mothers' Knee, Inc., The Guild of Patriotic Mothers, and so on through quite a list, including one which had managed to survive the smothering title of True American Mothers With Outstretched Arms.

Mr. Smith found, to his satisfaction, that a large number of these ladies were

loath to disband, for social as well as high patriotic reasons. Therefore he annexed them, formed them into cells, thrilled them to the core with his secrecy technique and kept on writing them drippers which all but busted their pre-Pearl Harbor girdles.

To repeat, nobody knows how many of these ladies accepted Mr. Smith as their leader. Nobody seems to know how many male or mixed groups came into the fold. And Mr. Smith would be saddened indeed were it to be known how many groups or cells he has created since.

Membership by Combine

As a matter of fact, Mr. Smith is himself none too sure how many there are, because few days pass that he is not informed by the leader of cell number so-and-so that the folks over in Gin Rummy Flats set up a cell of their own last week, uniting with the Townsend Plan or some such.

While we were minding our own business on the twentieth floor of the Industrial Bank Building, word arrived that the Anti-Fulbright Resolution Association of Evansville, Indiana, was about to come over in a body.

Mr. Smith isn't broadcasting these days; he isn't what you'd call downright popular with the radio managements. He says it doesn't matter, that you can't educate folks by radio, anyway. You simply arouse their interest. He finds the printed page and the thoughtful letter much more educational. He is particularly anxious to do something curative about race hatreds.

"If," said he, "we'd herd all Reds and Communists into concentration camps, outlaw about two thirds of the movies and turn to Christian statesmanship, the problem would be solved—well, ninety-five per cent solved. Well, so long. Remember what I told you. Wait till the boys come home! Wait for a couple of years after they've licked Hitler and Tojo! Wait until 1948! Sleep tight. God bless you!"

THE END

Bad Dream

Continued from page 20

heaven's name had possessed her? What ridiculous tricks one's more primitive instincts could play. She had been, momentarily, just as jealous as if Mr. Cugat really had been chasing Mrs. Maxwell across the tenth green to find out about her tattoo. He'd dreamed he had, though—and enjoyed it thoroughly, by the light in his eye, she thought resentfully. Men!

Mrs. Maxwell was a newcomer in town. She was, so the story went, living with an aunt—whom nobody seemed to know—while her husband was in the Service. She spent a good deal of time at the Country Club playing golf with the pro and was statuesque, blond, aloof and given to snoods.

MRS. CUGAT, however, by dinner-time, had evidently forgotten all about her and the atmosphere of the evening meal was one of normal symphony. But two days later Mrs. Maxwell strolled past the front porch of the Country Club and came abruptly back into their lives.

Mr. and Mrs. Cugat and the Sturms and the Blakes and Cory Cartwright, home on leave, and one or two other people were sitting there in a row, tilted back in their chairs, their feet propped up, having a leisurely drink. It was Sunday afternoon and they'd just finished golf. "I wonder who that woman ever sees," remarked Mrs. Blake idly as Mrs. Maxwell, tall, self-contained and alone, stepped up to tee off. "Doesn't anybody know her?"

"George does," said Mrs. Cugat demurely. Everybody turned to look at Mr. Cugat who reddened perceptibly.

"Liz—for Pete's sake!" he protested. "Do you, George? How come?" inquired Evie Sturm, interested.

"She banks with us," muttered Mr. Cugat. "That's all I know about her."

"Why, George!" expostulated Mrs. Cugat. "He's so shy," she crooned. "Tell Evie, darling, all about you and Mrs. Maxwell running around in your bathing suits out on the tenth green. She wants George to teach her to swim," she explained. This created quite a stir. Mr. Cugat glared and Mrs. Cugat tipped happily back and forth in her chair. "He says," she went on impishly, "that she wears a green bathing suit—one-piece—and looks simply gorgeous in it."

"I'll bet she does, at that," said Cory speculatively; and the eyes of every man in the row sought the unconscious figure of Mrs. Maxwell, languidly picking up her tee, and lingered there appraisingly.

"She has one particularly fascinating feature," went on Mrs. Cugat, goaded by

she knew not what. "George says she has a picture of a fish tattooed on her hip."

"Her knee," growled Mr. Cugat. "A picture of a fish?" breathed Mrs. Sturm.

"George, old son, what have you been up to since I've been gone?" murmured Cory, awed.

Mrs. Cugat here caught an exchange of wide-eyed glances behind her back and decided it was about time to end her little joke. There was a bloodcurdling scream from the direction of the pool, followed by a splash. Everybody stood up.

"Sounds like somebody fell in," exclaimed Mr. Cugat.

It was, it turned out, none other than the Sturms' little Letty Lou who had been pushed in by the Blakes' little Butch. In the ensuing umbrage Mrs. Cugat's provocative revelations anent Mr. Cugat's unsuspected carryings-on were completely forgotten—but, it appeared, not for long.

On the following Tuesday evening when she and Mr. Cugat walked into the Sturms' living room for their customary weekly bridge game, she was somewhat taken aback to discover, sitting on the couch, dressed in trailing green pajamas and a gilt snood—none other than the suddenly ubiquitous Mrs. Maxwell.

Mrs. Cugat threw Mr. Cugat a startled, involuntary glance. His face was a mask. Then she saw Cory's khaki-clad figure coming through the door, bearing a tray of drinks. Of course! A very nice idea of Evie's. Nobody loved a new feminine face like Cory, and on this, his last leave before embarkation, they were all doing their utmost to please and pamper him. Mrs. Sturm, however, following with a bowl of ice cubes, crippled this optimistic theory right from the start:

"Liz, you and Cory and Howie and I'll play bridge here, and Laura and George can play gin rummy over at that table by the fire," she said briskly, throwing Mr. Cugat an arch and obvious glance. Mr. Cugat did not demur. Cory pulled out Mrs. Cugat's chair with a flourish.

Mrs. Cugat's bridge was not good. From time to time she gave Mr. Cugat and Mrs. Maxwell a covert glance. The woman was good-looking, no getting around it—in a big, spear-bearing way. They played decorously. Mrs. Maxwell didn't seem to have much to say. In fact, unless one asked her a direct question, she never said anything at all, come to think of it. Just smiled.

Thursday was Harrison Blake's birthday party. "Darling," sang Mrs. Blake to Mrs. Cugat over the phone in the morning, "I've asked George's Mrs. Maxwell

tonight—I simply had to—everybody's intrigued—so will you bring her?" Mrs. Cugat started to protest that Mrs. Maxwell was not George's and then thought better of it. "Okay," she said laconically. "Where's she live?"

"Why, I don't know," said Mrs. Blake nonplused and then added uncollectedly, "but George must, doesn't he—I mean—"

"I'll ask him," said Mrs. Cugat crisply: "we'd love to bring her, of course."

"We've been asked to call for 'your' Mrs. Maxwell," she announced shortly, that evening, climbing into the car beside Mr. Cugat. Mr. Cugat grinned. "Where's she live?" he asked.

"I don't know. Don't you?"

"Nope."

"George, will you stop looking like a male Mona Lisa! You're being perfectly insufferable." Mr. Cugat started whistling Avalon. "Where are you going?" she asked sharply, as they turned out of the driveway.

"Over to the club to find out my dream girl's address," said Mr. Cugat blithely.

Mr. Cugat was asked to take Mrs. Maxwell in to dinner—Mrs. Maxwell, really lovely tonight in gold-colored crepe with a black chenille snood, as smiling and impassive as ever. During cocktails the men had literally flocked around her, and Mrs. Cugat noted wrathfully quite a little air of proprietary pride apparent in Mr. Cugat's manner. Maddeningly, though, he did absolutely nothing that you could put your finger on.

DRIVING home after the party she tried to keep up an unconcerned and sprightly flow of small talk, but it was uphill work. Mrs. Maxwell just didn't talk. Mr. Cugat was little help either; he seemed to have caught some of this beautiful aloofness. When they drove up to the small stucco domicile of Mrs. Maxwell's Aunt Elvie, however, she was mercifully relieved.

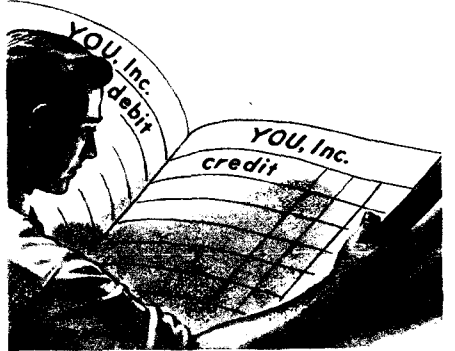
Aunt Elvie stuck her head into the car window and in a breathless spate of words explained that she was locked out. What she'd done with her key she couldn't think. Sometimes she put it under the mat, sometimes in the mailbox—she never carried it, being such a flibbertigibbet—but it was neither in the mailbox nor under the mat now. Could someone have stolen it? Did Mr. Cugat think it was safe to go in? She'd been waiting there on the steps for Lala for hours, it seemed. "Why don't all of you come in and have a drink," she cried. "I sure need one!"

"Please do," said Lala, putting two whole words together in a lovely contralto, and so in they went. Another drink was the last thing on earth Mrs. Cugat needed but she sipped it stoically. Mr. Cugat, on his, became, as sometimes happened, charming and slightly old-world.

"I'm so relieved to have Lala running around with nice young married people like you," confided Aunt Elvie, warming to them both. "It's an awful responsibility trying to look after her for Melvin. Not that Lala ever does a wrong thing, but the men are just crazy about her—aren't they, honey? And Melvin's so jealous he doesn't want me to let her out of my sight. Lord! I'll never forget the day he came home from Chicago and found that little Mr. Bird teaching her to swim. He nearly wiped the floor with him. We had to call in a physician. Melvin's in the Marines now, of course," she added. "New Guinea." Mr. Cugat here, Mrs. Cugat perceived, looked decidedly relieved. . . .

Feeling none too well, she was still lingering over the breakfast table the next morning when Cory sauntered in from the pantry. "Hello, Beautiful," he said,

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City.....State.....

Present Position.....Working Hours.....



"The little guy is all worn out. The fire engines passed the house five times today"

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1 can Armour's Treet	Apples
1/2 cup brown sugar	1 cup sugar
1/4 cup fruit juice or syrup	1 cup water

Make a thick syrup from the brown sugar and fruit juice. Use leftover juice or syrup from any canned fruit. Cut Treet into slices and cover them with syrup. Broil 5 minutes in a broiler set 4 inches under heat unit. Garnish Treet with hot glazed apples made by cooking cored apple slices in sugar and water syrup until clear. Serves 4.

Put this platter of good-eating right on your table . . . then watch your family go for it! They'll love every tender morsel of delicious Treet . . . for it's made from chopped pork shoulder meat, fine ham and other selected pork cuts. And *all* are high-vitamin meats!

Whether it's baked, fried or simply sliced cold, ready-to-eat Treet always tastes grand. And remember, it's *all* meat . . . no bone, no waste! So, serve Treet often!



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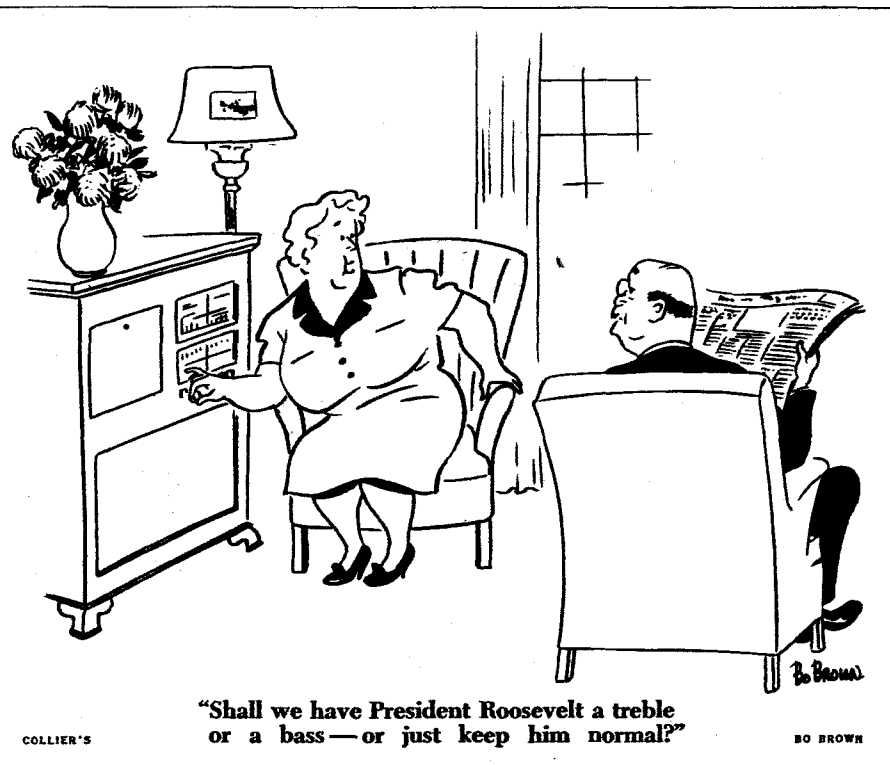


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You'll enjoy the same delicious ready-to-eat Treet whether it's in tin or glass!



"Shall we have President Roosevelt a treble or a bass—or just keep him normal?"

COLLIER'S

BO BROWN

patting the top of her head. "George gone?" Mrs. Cugat nodded.

"Where'd you come from?" she asked testily. "Did you sleep in the garage again?"

"Tut," said Private Cartwright, "I went to bed early and was up with the birds. The Army does that for you, you know. I've been out in the kitchen swapping recipes with Vanilla. She gave me one or two excellent pointers on 'scaloped potatoes.'"

"Cory, are you *really* just a cook?" she asked, her eyes softening. "You'd think, with all the marvelous financial training you've had—"

"Just a cook!" he expostulated. "Honey, you never tasted *anything* like my Potage Mongole. One of the officers asked for more! But look," he said, suddenly sober, "what about old George?"

Mrs. Cugat's lips tightened. "Well, what about him?"

"Don't be like that," he pleaded. "What's he up to with this gorgeous Maxwell dish? It isn't just like him—"

"He isn't up to anything," Mrs. Cugat laughed wryly, adding, "that I know of. But he's having the time of his life—thanks to me. Let me tell you." So she told him.

"And old mossyback is just strutting around making like a tiger, with you to blame for it—" Cory murmured. "It's a nice setup."

"It certainly is," said Mrs. Cugat bitterly, "and there's not a thing I can do about it."

"Poor Liz," he comforted her. "You always did talk too much." She threw a muffin at him, and he departed through the window.

"Fool," she sputtered but she felt better. She could always count on Cory for support.

AS THE days went by, however, she began to wonder. The immediate consequence of her taking him into her confidence was the delivery that night, in the middle of a sedate family dinner, of a large and unexpurgated-looking volume entitled *The Ancient Art of Tattooing—Religious and Erotic Significances*. Mrs. Cugat's mother and Mr. Cugat's Aunt Edith were instantly agape. "Just some little joke between Liz and Cory, I guess," explained Mr. Cugat blandly. "Always up to something, those two."

But more serious aspects soon engaged Mrs. Cugat. Changing, one afternoon, in the locker room, she was horrified to hear from the next cubicle an unknown voice hiss breathlessly, "And, my dear, she's

tattooed—actually! Her family were side-show people, they say—" Mrs. Cugat stepped quickly outside to protest. "His poor little wife," murmured another. "Does she know?" Mrs. Cugat stepped back in again.

That night she awaited Mr. Cugat with fire in her eye. "Look," she said with deadly calm, confronting him on the doorstep, "it was bad enough being kidded by friends about our Lala but this is a little different."

"What is?" he said wearily, coming into the hall, dropping his briefcase and slinging his Panama, with deadly aim, onto the newel post. Irrately, she related her gossip.

"You've just got to put a stop to it," she fumed.

Mr. Cugat's face hardened. "I didn't start it, you know," he said briefly. Then, more sympathetically, he added, "Good Lord, honey, you're not letting that kind of silly talk get you down, are you? I thought you had more sense. Stir up a cocktail, will you? I crawled home on my eyebrows." But later that evening this princely unconcern was to desert him.

THERE was a dance that night at the club, it being Saturday. They walked over, skirting the tenth green, but Mrs. Cugat let this lately significant landmark pass without comment, hoping fervently that she'd never have to see or hear of Mrs. Maxwell and her tattoo again. In this, however, she was disappointed. Stepping through the French doors from the porch into the dining room, they came in behind four ladies who had drawn up chairs to watch the dancing.

"Her name's *Maxwell*," one was shouting hardly over the blare of the music; "she teaches *swimming*." Mrs. Maxwell, smiling composedly, danced by in the arms of a white-thatched, bantam-sized septuagenarian, who waved gaily and put in a few fancy steps. "*Swimming*, did you say? (Look at that old fool!) Why I heard it straight from Lotta Delaplane, that she came here with Barnum and Bailey—an acrobat or something—" "Not really!"—"Well, I hope I'm as democratic as the next but *after all*—" "She's a pretty girl—I suppose as long as she's behaving herself—" "That's just it—she isn't!" Simultaneously the four chairs scraped closer and the four heads bent eagerly. "—making a play for young Cugat!" "Who?" "Letty Elliot's son-in-law." "My dear, no!" "How distressing!" "Poor Letty!"

Mrs. Cugat glanced quickly at Mr. Cugat. His jaw was stuck out, his mouth was set, his eyes were steely. Well! she thought, gratified. Now maybe he'd real-

ize a little what was going on and take steps to stop it. What Mr. Cugat did was to drop his arms, which had been folded tensely, step out from behind the group of chairs, politely begging their occupants' pardons, and stride out onto the dance floor where he masterfully cut in on Mrs. Maxwell.

The ladies gaped, and Mrs. Cugat backed hastily out through the French doors. Standing there in the dark, she watched miserably. So that was how it was. It was perfectly all right that she be humiliated by gossip—he wouldn't lift a finger—but let him just overhear one little word against his Laura and he rushed to her rescue like a knight!

Her eyes followed their slowly revolving figures. Mr. Cugat was looking down into Mrs. Maxwell's upturned eyes and murmuring in a rather special way he had. She hadn't seen him do it in years. Her knees felt weak. The music stopped, and they sauntered out into the night through a door on the other side of the room. Bolstered by pride alone, she stepped back through the window and doggedly began trying to get up her bridge game. But she had no success and so, after letting pass what she considered enough time to denote unconcern, she went out onto the grillroom porch through the same door that Mr. Cugat and Mrs. Maxwell had used.

Mr. Cugat and Mrs. Maxwell and Cory were sitting there at a small table drinking highballs. Mrs. Maxwell, cool and silent, Mr. Cugat and Cory hotly discussing the Boston Red Sox. Mrs. Cugat, with a grateful smile for Cory, joined them. She watched Mr. Cugat furtively, but his manner with Mrs. Maxwell was once more impersonal. Cory's, of course, was nothing short of ardent—but that was always to be expected.

Mr. Cugat was rather silent on the way home. "What are you thinking about?" she asked.

"Laura Maxwell," he replied promptly and her heart turned over. "It's a damned shame to let a lot of fool stories get started about a perfectly nice girl like that," he said disgustedly. "You ought to try and do something about it."

"Me?"
"Yes, you. You started the whole thing and I should think you'd feel pretty guilty. Poor girl," he went on, "new in town and everything. It must be a little hard on her."

Mrs. Cugat went to bed depressed. . . .
"George must have done a nice job when he taught our Laura to swim," observed Evie Sturm, coming out of the bath-

house onto the gallery that overlooked the pool. Mrs. Cugat's luncheon club were assembled there, sewing for the Red Cross. Several pairs of eyes were lifted questioningly. "I've just been going over the Swimming Meet entries in there," Mrs. Sturm explained: "and Mrs. M is signed up for about five events—including a special diving exhibition all her own."

"Did George *really* teach Mrs. Maxwell to swim, Liz?" asked Caroline Blake seriously.

"Of course he didn't," expostulated Mrs. Cugat. "Thank heaven, this has finally come up while I've got everybody here together. George hardly knew Laura Maxwell but he had a crazy dream about her wearing a green bathing suit and being tattooed with a fish and asking him to give her swimming lessons—you know how weird dreams can be—and I couldn't resist teasing him about it. Only before I could stop it, the story ran away with itself and now everybody in town believes it's true. Poor Laura," she added contritely, "I feel terribly guilty."

"You mean she hasn't got a fish tattooed on her hip?" exclaimed somebody disappointedly.

"Certainly not," snapped Mrs. Cugat. "George didn't see it?"

"Of course George didn't see it—he just dreamed it."

"I can hardly wait to see for myself," murmured Mrs. Sturm.

THE Swimming Meet was the final event of the Country Club season—an event, Mrs. Cugat felt, that she could cheerfully forgo. She was getting sicker and sicker of the Country Club. But Mr. Cugat was on the committee, and her absence under the circumstances, she felt, might be commented upon. She got dressed for it listlessly and descended to the front porch to wait for him to bring the car around—after about ten minutes sauntering back to the garage to see what the matter was.

She found Mr. Cugat trying to remove, with the aid of hot water, soap and Vaseline's nail file, a bannerlike windshield sticker saying "Tell It to the Marines." Cory again, of course. They drove over stiffly.

The pool, bathed in floodlights, was surrounded by flag-draped tiers of seats. The price of admission was a War Bond, and there was a band and little boys selling popcorn and soft drinks and little girls selling cigarettes and programs, and men from the Chronicle, the Spy and the Record taking people's pictures. Mr. Cugat and somebody else, looking very official in

VERONICA LAKE speaking:

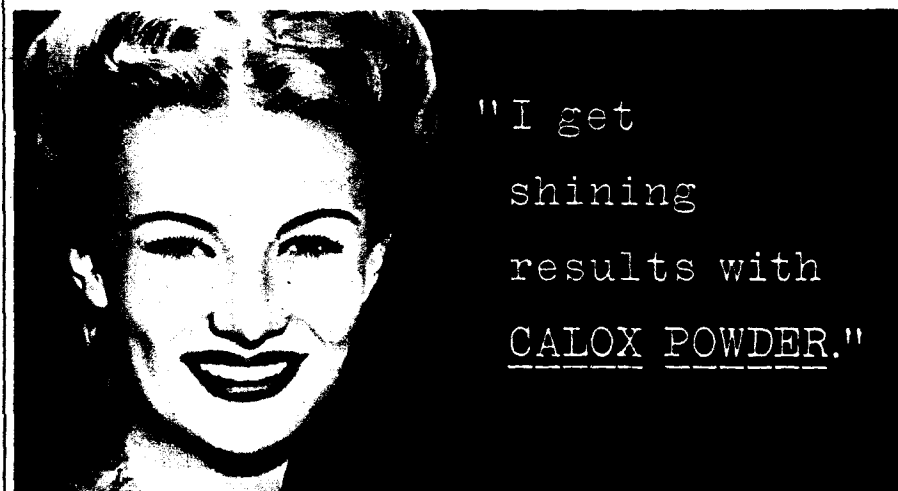
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"Oh, they've been there ever since I can remember"

JACK MARKOW

On the Shores of Lake Erie

Mousseline of Sole at the Cleveland Statler



RECIPE

for mousseline of sole as prepared at the Cleveland Statler

Grind or pound 4 uncooked fillets of flounder ($\frac{3}{4}$ pound) until reduced to paste. Add 1 tablespoon of white sauce, whites of 2 raw eggs, working in well. Press through sieve. Season with $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of salt, cayenne pepper to taste.

Place bowl containing mixture on ice. Slowly add cream (1 cup or more), working in until the mixture stands firm. Pour into greased mold. Set mold in pan of hot water, bake in moderate oven (380°) 35 minutes. Serves six to eight.



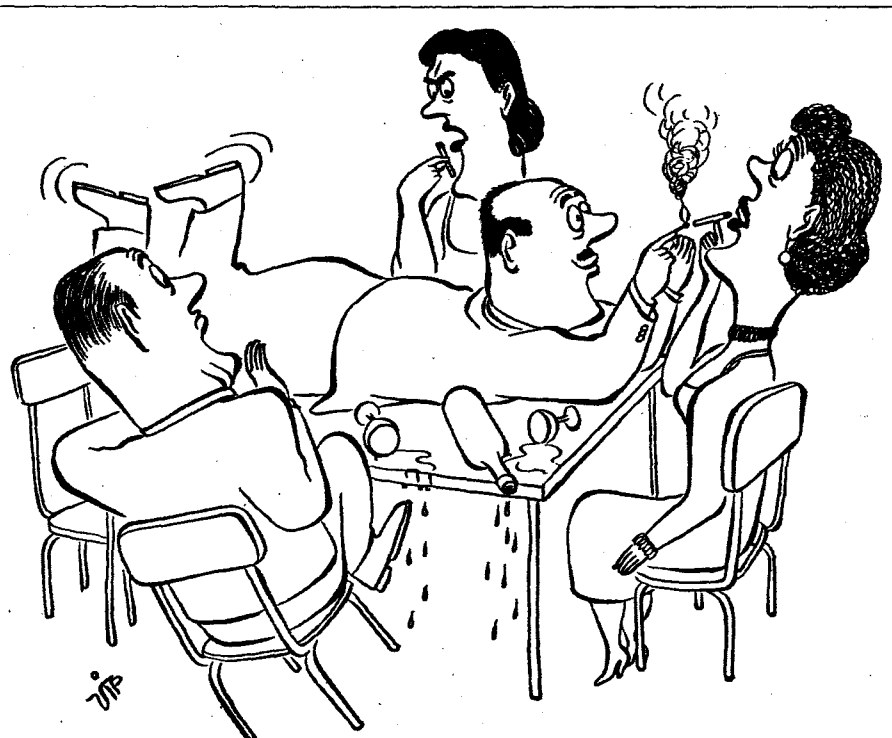
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COLLIER'S

"Now watch him forget me—his own wife"

VIRGIL PARTCH

white flannels, bow ties and no coats, went into a huddle at the springboard.

Mrs. Cugat found a seat over near the end. Cory, the Sturms, the Blakes and Mrs. Maxwell (enveloped in a robe of white toweling) were in a section directly across from her. They waved and beckoned, but she shook her head and remained where she was—in no mood, somehow, for company. Mr. Cugat was now busy lining up eight quivering infants for the first event.

"Who is this Mrs. Maxwell?" asked someone in the row behind Mrs. Cugat. "It says here 'former Aquacade star and holder of the California back-stroke record.'" Mrs. Cugat hastily consulted her program. Sure enough. Well, she thought relievedly, that ought to help spike a few more rumors about Mr. Cugat and his swimming lessons. Mr. Cugat fired his gun and the infants tumbled into the water and started splashing energetically down the length.

Several events passed, the children getting progressively bigger, more adept and less entertaining. Mrs. Cugat yawned and decided to go over and join the others after all. Mrs. Maxwell was now walking, still wrapped in her robe, toward the springboard. The announcer stepped to the microphone. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "this next event will be an exhibition of diving by Mrs. Laura Maxwell, one of the country's leading aquatic stars. Later this evening, Mrs. Maxwell will attempt to break her own back-stroke record made at Palm Springs in 1941. Mrs. Maxwell!" he bowed. Mr. Cugat stepped gallantly forward to assist with the white robe. Smilingly, Mrs. Maxwell untied the cord and stepped forth. Her limbs were long and golden, her bathing suit brief—and green—and high on one thigh was tattooed a fair-sized fish.

A little gasp followed by a murmur of admiration rippled over the audience. Mrs. Cugat stared numbly. Mr. Cugat's expression was enigmatical. Her eyes sought the other side of the pool. Evie and Howie and the Blakes were grinning with delight. Mrs. Cugat slipped out of her seat and stumbled into the welcoming dark.

HE FOUND her there, huddled in the back seat of the car some three quarters of an hour later. "Come on in, I'll buy you a drink," he offered gently.

"Thank you, no."

"Hurry up," he said, opening the car door. Mrs. Cugat got out.

"There now, that's better, isn't it?" he

asked, leaning against the bar at her side and watching while she silently sipped a highball. Tears, maddeningly welled up. Mr. Cugat ignored them. "There's something very funny about that tattoo," he remarked.

"There certainly is!" she managed.

"Do you suppose I'm getting psychic or something?" he asked solemnly. Mrs. Cugat gave him a withering look. Another tear splashed down. "I didn't know she had one—honest," he said.

Mrs. Cugat turned to look at him. "Didn't you—really?" she gulped.

The door of the bar burst open. Cory and a radiant Mrs. Maxwell swung in. "She did it!" he crowed, beaming idiotically.

Mr. and Mrs. Cugat turned. "What?" they asked blankly.

"She broke her own record! Man-oh-man, what a mermaid! Say, you two, how about—" He paused suddenly and then blurted, "What's the matter with Liz?" Mrs. Cugat averted her head. "Child, child, you aren't crying, are you? Holy Mike!" he exclaimed suddenly. "The tattoo! Sweetheart, show 'em!"

MRS. MAXWELL obligingly stuck out a golden leg. The fish was still there but only faintly discernible. "Liz, honey," he apologized, "I never meant you to fall for it. I bribed Laura to let me draw it on with a fountain pen just to give old George a scare. I thought you'd be sitting with us and I could tip you off. But I got so excited watching the exhibition that I forgot all about it. Did you ever see such a stroke? It's perfect! Or nearly—there's one little thing, Baby—"

"There is?" Mrs. Maxwell smiled up at him. "Will you show me?" she asked.

"Will I?"

Mr. and Mrs. Cugat turned back to the bar and leaned there, shoulders touching. "Well," she smiled, lifting her glass, "pleasant dreams!"

Mr. Cugat's eyes softened and he leaned forward and dropped a kiss on her tear-stained cheek. Then he raised his eyes. Mrs. Cugat turned. The biggest Marine she had ever seen was coming through the door. "Could you tell me if Mrs. Melvin Maxwell is here tonight?" he inquired of the bartender gruffly. "I'm her husband—Captain Maxwell."

Mr. Cugat put down his drink. "Mrs. Maxwell just went down to the pool with Private Cartwright," he said pleasantly. "He's teaching her to swim. Can I show you the way?"

THE END

Partners in Blue

Continued from page 46

"Light up and relax," the commander said. "I may be quite a while."

Sally felt the crackle of Evelyn's letter when she took out her cigarettes. She got her smoke going and then extracted the sheets and reread them while certain phrases stopped her eyes and fanned anew the envy she sometimes felt.

"It's heavenly down here this time of year. The swimming is getting good again, and the nights—my dear, you've never seen anything quite so divine as these Texas nights. Two Marine lieutenants, just back from the Pacific, came in the other day for checkups, and I understand they're going to instruct here for a while. One of them looks just like Gary Cooper. . . . Saturday night we're going on a beach picnic. . . ."

Sally put the letter abruptly away. "Snap out of it, Hayward," she said half aloud. "So Evelyn's in Corpus Christi, and the weather is heavenly and there are Marine lieutenants. She probably has to live in barracks. She doesn't have a cute apartment like Claire's and mine, and soon it will be warm here in New York."

Hearing herself talk, she smiled. It didn't mean a thing, this grumbling, or the things she sometimes said to Claire. Everybody had a grumble privately about something once in a while, and even the best job in the world had its dull moments.

And anyway, she told herself, it's not the job. It's the best job you ever had. Your trouble is, it's Saturday and you haven't got a date.

EVEN in the beginning she had liked being a Wave, and thinking back over the past fourteen months she knew it had all been pretty wonderful. She had joined up because she wanted to help. She had no illusions about adventure or uniforms or patriotism, as such. Her brother had enlisted first, and she had sat at her desk at Giles & Reardon's and watched the young men go—men she had worked with, others who came regularly to sell their product to Mr. Giles. Then, one day, she realized that she could not sit idly by while there was a way of helping actively.

They sent her from Boston to Chicago, where she became one of two hundred that were being sent to Stillwater. And now, thinking about that first day, Sally's smile was soft and there was distance in her eyes and a certain nostalgia that was sweet to contemplate.

She had, she remembered, expected a barracks with long rows of cots; instead, she found herself in a college dormitory with Claire Benson from Indianapolis, in a room that had two single beds and two dressers and two desks. It was practically perfect until, just as they were about to go to bed, the knock came on the door.

The girl, still in civilian clothes, was small and blond, with the soft drawl of the South in the cadence of her voice. The draft from the South had just arrived and she had been assigned to this room. She said her name was Alma White and she stood there timid and apologetic when she saw there were only two beds.

"Well, come on in," Claire Benson said. "We can stand it if you can. Do we toss for it and see who sleeps alone?"

And Sally said, "Why don't we shove the beds together and sleep crosswise?"

They decided this might be best. They rearranged the sheets and blankets and turned out the lights. They were trying to adjust their bodies to the unfamiliar contours when the fourth girl arrived.

They sat up, dismayed and a little incredulous, and stared at themselves and at the newcomer. She was tall and amply proportioned; she had chestnut hair and nice teeth and, fortunately, an easy man-

ner and a sense of humor. She saw their dismay and grinned.

"I'm Evelyn Gifford," she said. "From Los Angeles. We were late in getting in. Maybe we could fix a bunk for me in a dresser drawer or someplace."

For two weeks, the four of them used the beds that way, sleeping mostly on their stomachs to keep from getting permanently swaybacked; then the Navy put in double-decker bunks.

ANSWERS TO THE PRONUNCIATION TEST ON PAGE 49

- MAGI**—Soft g like j, both vowels long (as in MAY-jii).
DIRECTED—Short i.
MARY—Not merry or marry but rhyme with Fairy.
JOSEPH—S as z.
- CLEMATIS**—Accent first syllable.
SESAME—Accent first syllable (SES-ah-me).
CYCLAMEN—SICK, not SIKE.
POINSETTIAS—Sound all syllables (poine-SET-ias).
- ERR**—To rhyme with cur.
ERE—To rhyme with care.
APPLICABLE—Accent the ap, not the plic.
ZOOLOGY—Zo, not zoo.
- EXQUISITE**—Accent the ex.
HANDKERCHIEF—Hang, not hand.
GENUINE—In, not ine.
MADRAS—Accent last syllable.
- SAGACIOUS**—Accent the gay.
RESPIRE—Accent first syllable, make the i short.
REPTILE—Till, not tile, except in Britain. Accent on rep.
APIARY—Accent first syllable with long a.
- SANGUINE**—Two g's and short i.
VENEZUELA—Anglicize to Ven-ez-WE-lah.
ORAL—Long o.
AURAL—First syllable as in orb.
- KHAKI**—Broad a, to rhyme with JOCKey.
BREECHES—Short i, to rhyme with ITCHes.
DETAILED—Accent the tail.
COMMANDANT—Accent last syllable.
- LETHARGIC**—Accent second syllable.
PORPOISE—Make the poise pus.
BAYOU—Accent first syllable (BUY-you).
QUAY—Just plain key.
- OATHS**—Vocalize the thz as in clothes.
BONA FIDE—Anglicize (bona FI-dy).
NAZI—Put a t in the middle (NOT-see, not nozzy).
WILHELMHAVEN—Make it German (vill-helms-OFTEN).
- CLIQUE**—Long e for the i, to rhyme with PEEK.
COLUMN—Say um, not yum.
CONJURED—Accent last syllable. (Implored.)
CONJURED—Accent first syllable. (Summoned an evil spirit.)

Perhaps because she had prepared herself for disillusionment, Sally found none at all in the 6 A.M. to 10 P.M. days that followed. She liked the drill and calisthenics, the marching to and from classes, the work itself. There was a half-hour in the morning when she could smoke, another at noon to read her mail and smoke again. Evenings were for study and, thanks to their young resiliency and the good humor of Claire and Evelyn, there was no friction in their room. Even the lack of privacy, the fact that there was but one "head" for a corridor, mattered not at all; for always there was the knowledge that soon she would free a man for sea duty.

They talked a lot about this, wondering where they would be sent, what exactly they would do, and how the men themselves would take it. "Me," Evelyn said, "it'll be my luck to draw a man who doesn't want to be replaced. He'll probably cut my throat."

Sally's section finished its boot training at the end of two months, with each girl getting a rating of yeoman, third class. There had been a lot of wild speculation in the final weeks as to where they would go next, and when finally Sally and her roommates were able to compare assignments, they found that, after their furloughs, Alma was to report back to Stillwater, Evelyn to Chicago, and Claire and Sally to New York.

None knew exactly what she was going to do, but in that final day of excitement and packing and tears it did not seem to matter; it was enough to know that you had made good in your training, that you were part of the Navy.

They reported one Monday morning, she and Claire, and were assigned to the office presided over by Chief Olsen. There were only four other desks then, and two were occupied—by seamen who eyed them suspiciously and treated them with diffidence.

Sally's desk was empty, yet there was evidence—in the tobacco crumbs, the bent pipe cleaner, the circular from a clothing store—that the former occupant had been a man, and even then, that first day when there was not much to do, she wondered what he might be like and where he had gone.

Gradually they worked into the routine of things. They learned that their office served as a stenographic and typing bureau for part of the building; they found the apartment on the upper West Side and got used to having men call, "Hi, Feathers," when they passed them in the halls.

THE diffidence gradually vanished in the two boys who worked alongside them. They shared cigarettes and wisecracks, and Sally learned that the man who had had her desk was named Davidson and that he had reported to Norfolk the Saturday before she arrived.

"Yeah," the chief told her one day, "Tom Davidson. Seaman first, he was, and a fast man with a typewriter. Could have been a yeoman if he hadn't been stubborn. But no, he didn't want that."

"What did he want?" Sally asked.
"He didn't know. All he knew was he had to get away from desks and typewriters."

"Then how did he happen to be here?"
"He used to work for an office-supply house and he was good at typing and he could take dictation and they found out about all that at boot camp. They shipped him down to me because we needed him here."

"Oh."
"He hated it. When he heard you girls were coming, he couldn't wait to get

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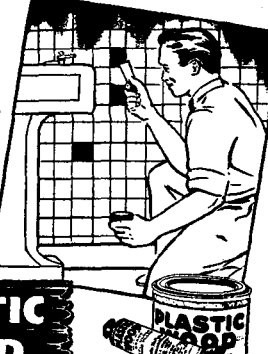
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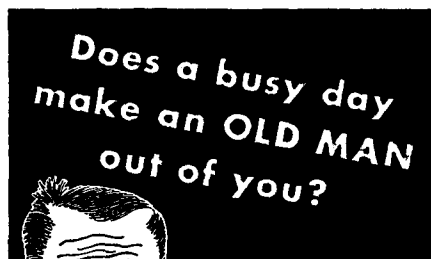
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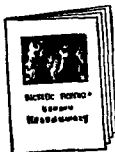




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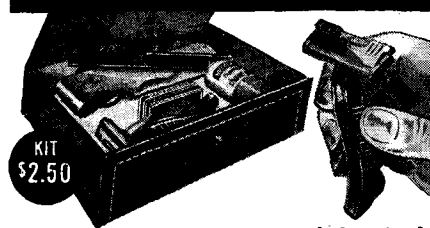
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away. I told him I'd recommend him for a rating; I said yeomen had to go to sea, too, and stand their battle stations, but this Davidson wanted no part of anything that had to do with typewriters. So he got shipped to Norfolk."

"You never heard what happened to him?"

"I could guess," the chief said. "He probably wound up as a deck ape, chipping paint."

The weeks went by and after a while the two men left and two new Waves came to take their places. They had come from Stillwater, too, and there was much in common to discuss, but particularly they wanted to know about the two men they had replaced.

"They went to Newport," Sally told them "To the torpedo school." And she had to tell the girls the men's names and what they looked like.

A few weeks later, two more desks were moved into the office, and two more Waves reported for duty. Then Claire was transferred to Personnel, and her desk assigned to another. It was about this time, when Sally's second-class rating came, that she heard that Alma White had been transferred to the Control Tower at Glenview NATS, that Evelyn Gifford had finished her training at Chicago and was now on Link trainers at Corpus Christi.

SHE reread the enthusiastic letters, and her imagination made the duties of her former roommates glamorous and exciting. Claire Benson was enthusiastic about her new job in Personnel. There was a yeoman, second class, who was instructing her in her new duties before he shoved off for another assignment. He was sort of cute. Claire thought, and the very first Saturday he took her dancing.

By comparison, Sally's work was dull and uninspiring. Pounding a typewriter, cutting stencils, taking dictation.

"But what difference does it make?" Claire argued. "You make ninety-six dollars a month and you get ninety-one-fifty allowances—a hundred and eighty-seven-fifty a month. Is that bad? Did you get that much at Giles & Reardon's?"

"No," Sally had to admit. "It isn't that. It's just that I'd like to do something really worth while."

"Phooey!" Claire said. "You came in to release a man. You did. You even know his name and where he lives. He's out somewhere, fighting the war for us, isn't he?"

But was he? Actually?

The commander's return snapped the continuity of Sally's thoughts. He apologized for keeping her waiting, and she smiled, more at her thoughts than at him.

It was childish, really, even to think that Tom Davidson might some day come back, though for a while she had pictured mentally the very thing Claire was kidding her about that morning—that he would come back and take her to dinner and tell her what he had been doing.

She finished with the commander, promising to have the work transcribed by mid-afternoon, and went back to her office. The chief was not at his desk, and the clattering chatter of five typewriters greeted her with a barrage of sound that vibrated metallically from the very walls. Then, as though a signal gong had rung, the machines were still, and a sudden silence hit the room. Five girls faced her, wide-eyed, eager.

"He was here," they said.

Sally stood still. She examined the faces quizzically, her smile tentative.

"Who was here?"

"The man that had your desk."

"Davidson," someone said. "The chief introduced him. He said, 'Now you girls can see the sort of lads you've been replacing.'"

Sally felt the room rock. Her throat was tight and dry.

"He was cute. . . . He had the Silver Star and Purple Heart. . . . You should have seen him blush. . . ."

In that one instant, she hated them all. Their gushing enthusiasm sickened her. Then she knew she had to say something, anything at all to prove it did not matter. She marched to her desk and put down her notebook. It took tremendous effort to face them, to speak at all; she hoped her smile was all right.

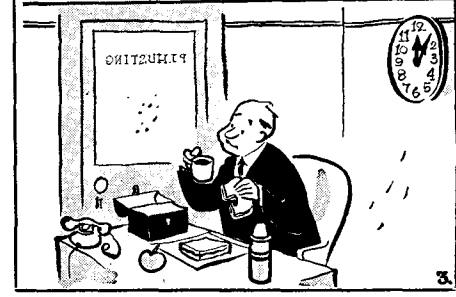
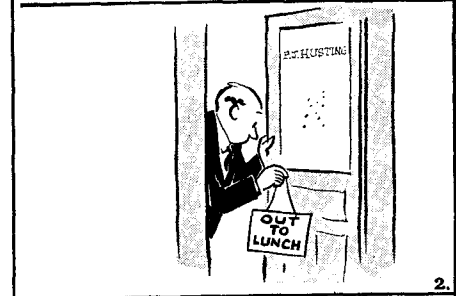
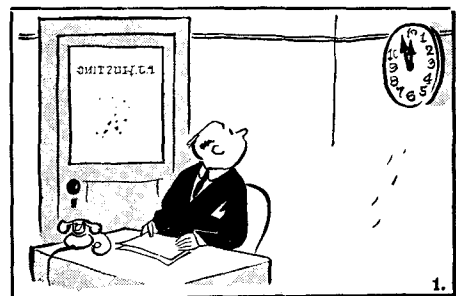
"How nice of him to stop by!" she said. "It would be my luck to miss him."

Oh, darn him! she thought. Couldn't he have waited?

And then she had to get out, quickly, before the burning in her eyes became hot tears. She turned back to the door and spoke past the thickness in her throat to tell them where she was going; then she was in the hall, moving blindly toward the "head" and blinking hard.

Once alone, she smoked a cigarette and bathed her face. She paced up and down, unable to quiet her seething thoughts, or to overcome her bitter disappointment.

"Oh, darn him!" she whispered. "Why



couldn't he have waited? What if I was gone an hour?"

She was all right when she went back, and the typewriters kept clattering as she went to her desk. When the chief came back, she was typing savagely, nourishing the small remaining hope that Tom Davidson had left some word. Presently the chief came over and leaned down.

"Davidson was here," he said. "I told him I thought you'd like to meet him, but he said he couldn't wait."

She kept on typing. She said that was too bad, she said she would have liked to have said hello. But when the chief had gone, her thoughts became defensive as they moved along with the rhythm of her machine. It was, she told herself, just as well she hadn't met him. It was unlikely he would be anything like the way she had pictured him. The chances were they had nothing at all in common anyway.

The trouble was, such thoughts could not sustain her. The hurt inside her was too raw and fresh for mental healing, and the girls themselves would not let the subject drop. Twice when the chief went out briefly, they chattered about Tom Davidson; and Edna March, who had the desk next to Sally, told her that he had just

came from the hospital in Washington, that he had been at Salerno.

In spite of herself, Sally said, "He—he didn't say how he was hurt?"

"No," Edna said. "He didn't talk to us. I just happened to hear him say that to the chief."

Sally couldn't tell Claire at lunch. Later, when she could view the matter philosophically, she would tell what she knew, but now her disappointment was too acute to discuss. In contrast, Claire was in high spirits. Her boy friend's ship had come in the night before, and he had called her from the Yard.

"We're going out to dinner," she said, "and he can get someone for you."

Sally said she guessed not, thanks.

Claire eyed her with suspicion. "You're not sick, are you?"

"Certainly not. I"—Sally had to think of something quick—"I'm going to stay in and wash my hair. It's filthy."

Claire argued but not for long. She knew something was wrong, but she wisely let the matter drop, and for this, Sally was grateful.

Somehow the afternoon passed. Sally finished the commander's work and took some more letters for a lieutenant in Public Relations. She had made up her mind to say nothing more about Tom Davidson, now or ever, but this time it was the chief who wanted to talk. He stopped her as she passed his desk.

"I was right about Davidson," he said.

"Oh?" Sally said disinterestedly.

The chief grinned and leaned back, clasping his hands behind his neck. "Yeah," he said. "He was a deck ape all right—at first. They shipped him out of Norfolk with a draft of twenty for an old four-piper, and sure enough there he was in the Caribbean, chipping paint."

He nodded. "But he knew what he wanted. Signalman. They let him strike for it and he made it, and then he got sent to the Charney, one of the new destroyers. The kid did all right, too. Made a couple of convoy trips and then had a hand in Salerno, supporting the landings."

Sally waited. Finally she said slowly, "Did he tell you about—I mean, why he was decorated?"

The chief shook his head. "No. But they don't hand out Silver Stars just for waving flags around."

SALLY thought it over on the subway going uptown. An unaccustomed weariness had fastened itself about her, and the disappointment was still there, not sharp and painful as it had been at first, but passive, dormant, mitigated by the knowledge that she had done what she had set out to do. She told herself this was all that mattered, that she should be proud that the man she had replaced had done his job so well.

She found him when she came up the last flight of stairs shortly before six. He was sitting on the top step and he jumped up when he saw her and stood back out of the way. Somehow, she knew at once who he was and for a moment she faltered, and her heart skipped a beat; then the odd mixture of resentment and self-pity she had felt all afternoon reasserted itself and she marched on, ignoring him completely as she fumbled for her key.

"Miss Hayward?" His voice was low, hesitant.

She inspected him deliberately, and he was not at all the man she had pictured. He stood with his jacket over his arm, his cap in his hand, the rating of a signalman, second class, on his sleeve. He was not dark and stalwart; he was thin and pale, and in the half-light of the hall, his hair was taffy-colored and unruly.

"Yes?" she said.

"I'm Tom Davidson," he said. "I—I've been wanting to write you. I would have if I'd known your name."

She eyed him steadily, her reserve un-

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broken. She felt frustrated and depressed, and she had no intention of helping him out. Did he think he could come here at this hour and pick her up when he wouldn't even wait long enough to meet her that morning?

Her words were cool, flat: "Why should you bother to write? I mean—I don't know you, do I?"

"I used to have your desk. I stopped down to your office this morning."

"Oh, yes. Of course. The chief told me."

She struggled with the key, and he leaped forward to take her bundles she had picked up at the grocery.

"Here, let me take them."

"I can manage," she said, but already he had the bundles. The door opened, and she went in and snapped on the light. "Just put them anywhere."

He emptied his arms on the table and then he was looking at her again.

"And why should you want to write me?" she asked.

His eyes clouded. She saw they were blue, and there had been a half-smile in them, and now it was gone. Something stirred inside her, a feeling of guilt and uncertainty that battled her self-imposed hostility.

"I wanted to thank you for getting me out of that office," he said slowly. "I didn't like it much down there. If it hadn't been for you Waves, I might have been there yet, and sometimes, standing watch at night on the bridge wing, I'd get thinking about it and wonder if maybe you found it a little dull, too. I thought if you knew how much it meant to me—being at sea, I mean—it might make you feel that—well, that what you're doing really is appreciated."

She saw him clearly now, and the tightness around her heart began to melt away. She saw the decorations on his chest, the service ribbons for the American and Mediterranean areas, and knowing now why he was so pale and thin, a sudden surge of pity and compassion flowed through her, and she was ashamed.

"You didn't wait this morning," she said.

"It was the girls."

"Oh?"

"Five of them." He grinned boyishly, and she saw the even whiteness of his teeth. "I can talk to one—sometimes—but five of them . . . they got me fussed. So I asked the chief for your address."

The grin went away, and he fingered his cap. "And anyway, I guess it was better I didn't stay. I couldn't say the things I wanted to say with a lot of peo-

ple around. I mean, the way I looked at it in the hospital, we were sort of partners. So I figured you ought to have a share in whatever happens at sea, and I thought maybe there were some things you'd like to know. Maybe some questions you'd like to ask about how things are other places. I haven't seen much, but I'd like to tell you what I can. If you'd like me to."

He glanced up and looked straight into her eyes, and Sally felt something warm and tingling twist through her breast. It left her strangely shaken and she wondered if perhaps it was because he was, after all, so much as she had always hoped he'd be. Not dark, not even stalwart, but clean and straight with friendly eyes and a ready smile. And she wanted to see the smile again, for she knew now that already he had been hurt too much.

"Yes," she said, "I'd like very much to have you."

NEW hope kindled in his gaze, and the smile came, broad and quick. "I know it's late to be asking—on a Saturday night. But if you haven't got a date, I thought we might go to dinner somewhere and we could talk about—about whatever you liked."

"All right." She picked up her packages and took them into the kitchen. "I think that would be nice," she said. "And will you tell me about those, too?"

She smiled and pointed to his ribbons, and he glanced down.

"If you want me to. The only thing is"—he hesitated, his grin twisted—"it'll take quite a while. I don't know if I could do it all in one evening and I thought—well, I've got two weeks and I'm going home for a few days, but I think I could cover everything in about seven or eight evenings."

She stopped in the bedroom doorway and eyed him askant. "My!" she said. "As long as that?"

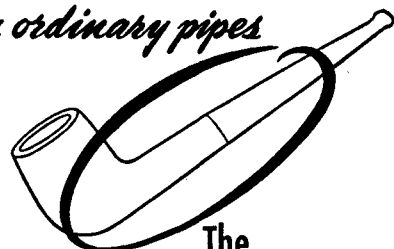
She closed the door, leaned against it happily as she listened to the pounding of her heart. Then, driven by some new excitement, she began to hurry. She laid out a clean blouse on the bed, and once she saw her reflection in the mirror and leaned close, wondering at the brightness of her eyes, her flushed cheeks. She took off her jacket and whirled it gaily toward the chair.

Something crackled in the pocket, and she remembered the letter from Evelyn Gifford. She took it out, put it on the bureau and made a face at it.

"You and your aviators," she said.

THE END

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The PLEASURE ZONE in Smokemaster

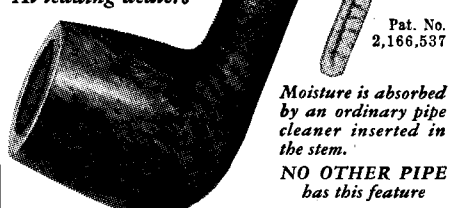
Here's where moisture forms to rob smoking of its pleasure. But not so in Smokemaster—for an ordinary pipe cleaner in this zone absorbs all moisture from the smoke passage. You never draw through harsh, bitter juices. Simple, yet revolutionary in the extra enjoyment you get. Smokemasters are as handsome in appearance as they are outstanding in smoking quality. And we make them in all popular models.

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WOMEN'S APPAREL



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Collier's for March 4, 1944



TOO LATE FOR A LABOR DRAFT

FOR some time after Pearl Harbor, we were pretty well sold on the idea of a national labor-draft law of the kind the President now asks Congress to pass. We came unsold on it, though, some time before the President asked for it, and we're not resold. It looks to us as if the time has gone by when such a law was needed.

If it is argued that we need to cut down war-plant labor turnover for greater efficiency by putting the lives and labor of every able-bodied woman 18-50 and man 18-65 at the federal government's disposal, there are several answers to that.

One of these answers is the recent statement of the Administration's own War Manpower Commissioner, Paul V. McNutt, that we got over the hump of the manpower problem as long ago as last November.

For another answer, we quote from a recent letter to the New York Times by Matthew Woll, respected labor leader:

The fact is—and it is no secret to anybody—that free American labor has already so far outstripped the slave labor of the Axis that some \$9,000,000,000 of war contracts have already been canceled, and unemployment has succeeded labor shortage in certain areas. . . . The fact is that, when our ally Stalin raised his glass at Teheran and toasted the American machines without which the United Nations could not have won the war, he was toasting the achievement of free American labor.

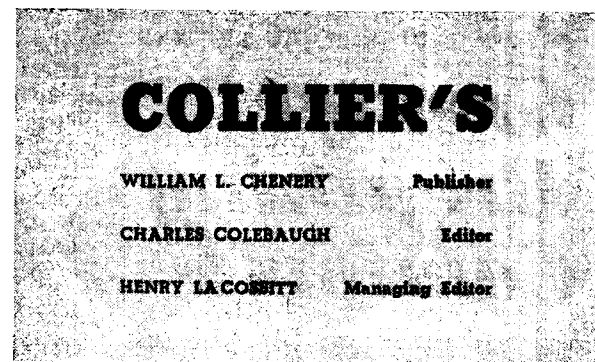
The Administration bases its arguments for a labor draft chiefly on the claim that such a law would prevent strikes. We can't see how.

It probably would prevent strikes which were formerly called strikes. But there are more ways than one in which workers resentful of being the targets of such a law can show their resentment and cut down production. They can slow down on the job. Or they can commit quiet but very damaging acts of sabotage in the plant. Or they can all get "sick" some morning and fail to show up for work, as a lot of disgruntled New York City milk drivers recently did—no "strike," but likewise no milk.

There is, too, the fact, not too well known in this country, that England has had one of these wartime labor-draft laws since three days after the fall of France in June, 1940, but that in 1943, England had more strikes in proportion to worker population than had the United States.

Had our Congress enacted a labor-draft law immediately after Pearl Harbor, public opinion probably would have approved. But the war is now on its way to being won by the Allies. Unless some fantastic upset occurs, the German war is in the bag, though it may take considerable time and casualties to draw the string tight, and the Jap war looks much better than it did for a year after Pearl Harbor.

If some fantastic upset does occur, Congress can enact a labor-draft law almost overnight, and public opinion probably will approve. But until and unless our war fortunes turn sour, let's let American labor stay as nearly free as it now is. It's doing a splendid war job, by and large, and to say it isn't is to ignore the facts in the case as well as to insult American labor.



"FATHER KNOWS BEST"

IT DAWNED on us the other day that most parent-and-child humor in cartoons, comic strips, radio skits, etc., is based on many parents' fondness for posing before their children as all-wise and all-knowing, and on the children's inveterate capacity for unintentionally making fools of such parents.

Now that we've gone and analyzed this flourishing breed of humor, many parents' eyes should be opened, we think—perhaps optimistically.

It's a terrific temptation to pretend that you know everything when your audience is an admiring youngster who is only too willing to agree that you do; but the best advice is: Don't. The trouble is that the child will find you out presently—along about age seven or eight, we'd estimate, if he has average intelligence—and you may never be able to repair completely the slump you'll take in his esteem and respect.

On the other hand, if you will freely admit from his earliest years that you don't know the answer to this question or will have to look up the answer to that one (and then go and look it up, and let him have a detailed answer), you'll keep his respect and, which is far more important, his affection.

Nobody likes a poseur. Everybody likes a candid person who knows he can make mistakes and admits it when he does. That's one of the best of ways to get along with people; and it works as well with children as with grownups.

\$200,000,000 FOR THE RED CROSS

THE American Red Cross wants \$200,000,000 from the American people this year, to finance its multitudinous services. Our advice would be to give the Red Cross any amount you can. In view of what the organization is doing in this war, the \$200,000,000 appeal seems a modest one.

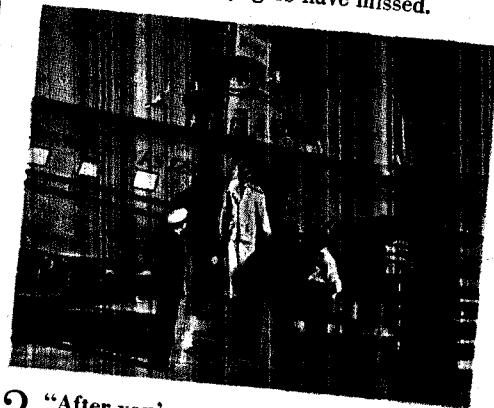
The Red Cross maintains leave clubs for war-weary soldiers in rest areas back of the lines. It runs an elaborate rehabilitation service in hospitals harboring wounded. It sponsors the study of home nursing, to take some of the load off civilian hospitals. More than 1,000,000 persons have completed Red Cross home-nursing courses. The Red Cross also enlists nurses' aides to shore up—and most effectively—the war-depleted nursing staffs of hospitals all over the United States. It collects blood for the invaluable plasma service (5,000,000 pints wanted this year, and have you made a donation yet?). It sends food, medicine, tobacco, etc., to prisoners of war. And, as always, the Red Cross stands by for quick and effective disaster relief on the home front in cases of flood, earthquake, fire, etc.

In wartime as in peacetime, there is no more worth-while charity than this. Your contribution—deductible on federal and most state income-tax returns—is earnestly bespoken.

You'll enjoy what yesterday's travelers missed only

JOURNEY INTO CUBA

1 "Earmark some of your War Bonds for a trip to Cuba," advises the export manager of an American company. "After this war you're going to find that it'll be easier than ever before to fly there... and have time to see things most voyagers have missed."



2 "After you've explored the antiquity and gaiety of Habana, you'll ride out into the sun-bathed countryside of this enchanted land and find new delights at every turn."



3 "In nearby Pinar del Rio, for instance, I saw hand-raised patches of the regal Vuelta Abajo—cigar tobacco as unique, as prized among connoisseurs, as the flavor of Canadian Club Whisky."



4 "And on the same road—sprawling fields of the fat, juicy, sugar-sweet pineapple you'll be ah-ing over in Habana. Other exotic fruits of Eden, too—mamey, fruta bomba. Trees heavy with bananas and coconuts."



5 "Yes, and right within sight of the capital's turrets, I stopped off at a sugar plantation stretching beyond the horizon... where a friendly Cubano cut me a length of succulent cane—tastier than candy."



6 "Another treat, pleasant and familiar, comes whenever you tarry for refreshment. Canadian Club! I mentioned this to a friend on the battlements of Morro Castle. 'Ciertamente, señor,' he replied, 'Canadian Club is Cuba's most popular fine whisky!'"

Once the war is over, it will be easier than ever before to visit Latin America. And when that time comes, you will find Canadian Club Whisky again available there for toasting all those grand "good neighbors" you'll be meeting.

Right now, the distillery is making urgently needed war alcohol instead of whisky; consequently the available supply of Canadian Club is on quota for the duration.

Also, railways must give war materials and food the right of way, and you may sometimes find your dealer out of stock.

Many Canadian Club fans are voluntarily "rationing themselves" these days—by making two bottles go the length of three.

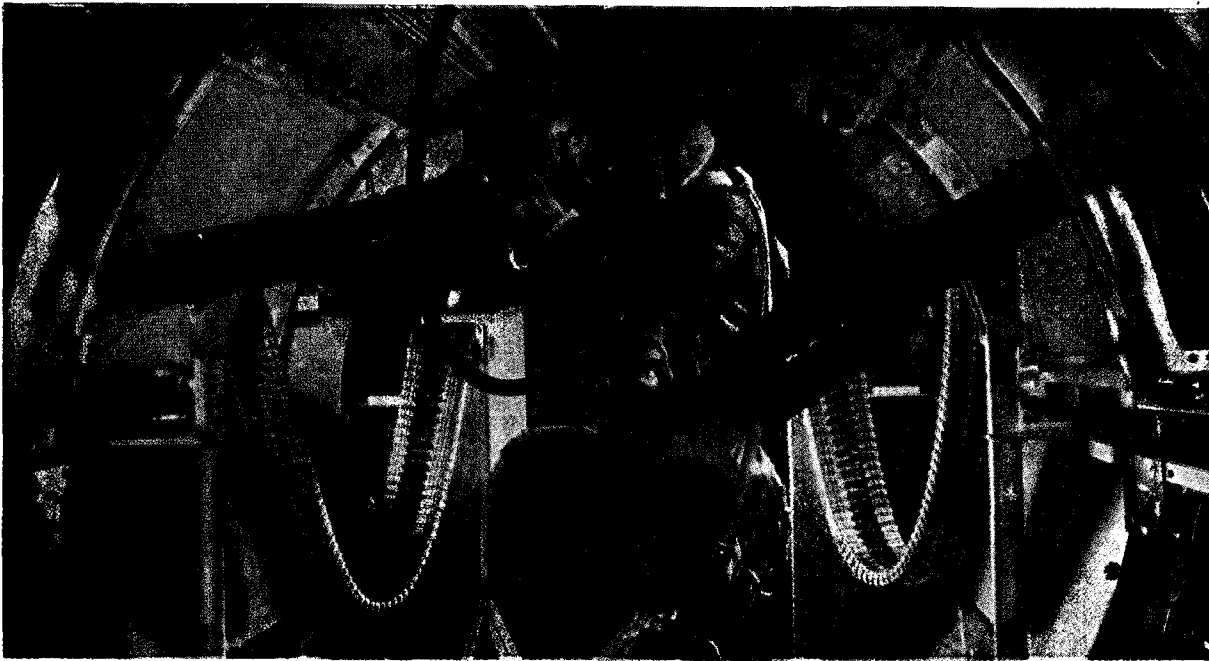
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Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof



THEY PACK A ONE-TWO PUNCH



INSIDE THE WAIST of this "Fort," everything is strictly business. Outside of "office hours"—that's when Camels come into the picture (see right). Favorite with men in all the services,* you'll find Camels extra mild, cool, and full-flavored...and fresh everywhere...CAMELS are packed to go round the world, to stay fresh anywhere!

THEY'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES!

• They're the waist gunners of a Flying Fortress; and come Zeros or Messerschmitts, you'll find them at the two 50-calibre guns at the left. And after that B-17 has set her wheels down, you're apt to find them lighting up a Camel... for, as the gunner below at the right puts it: "Camels have a full, round flavor that says 'welcome' from the first puff. And I know from experience, they're extra mild."

First IN THE SERVICE

*The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel.

(Based on actual sales records.)

CAMELS



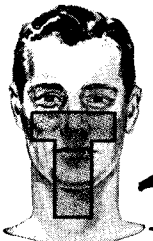
BUY
WAR BONDS
STAMPS

• See those belts of bullets feeding into the 50-calibre waist guns above? Evelyn Begy (right), tester at S. W. Farber, Inc., tests the links that hold those belts together. And like the men who man the guns, her cigarette is Camel. "I liked Camel's rich, fresh flavor from the very first," she says, "and I appreciate Camel's extra mildness."

CAMELS
ARE SO EASY
ON MY THROAT
—AND THEY
ALWAYS TASTE
SO GOOD



Check
Camels
with your *Zone*



If you haven't smoked a Camel recently, give them a try today. Compare them for taste...for your throat...for your "T-ZONE." On the basis of the experience of millions of smokers, we believe you will like the extra flavor that Camel's blend of costlier tobaccos gives. We believe your throat will confirm the findings of other Camel smokers. So try Camels today! R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.